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THE ISLAND OF MANISEES.



THE FISHING-FLEET.

THIRTY miles off the Rhode Island coast-line lies a little speck of land in the midst of the wide ocean, isolated, lonely, the rallying-point of fogs, the target of vindictive surges, the terror of mariners, and the seat for generations of a brave, thrifty, and enterprising people. Practical folks speak of it as Block Island; to lovers of poetry it is better known by its softly-flowing Indian name, Manisees. Few bits of land nine miles long by four miles broad possess such varied elements of interest. The geographer notes its position at the mouth of the Sound,—midway between Montauk Point on the south and Point Judith on the north,—its curious sur-

face-formation, the swift currents that sweep its shores and are depositing it piecemeal in the deeper parts of the Sound. The geologist discovers it to be a geological invertebrate, a mere bank of sand thrown up by the waves of some Devonian sea. Its fertile farms, and its cod-, mackerel-, and shell-fisheries, interest the student of industrial science. The historian gathers here details of the first serious collision between Puritan and Indian, together with not unimportant annals of colonial piracy. The antiquarian discovers quaint and primitive conditions; the novelist, odd characters and situations; and stories of wreck, ghostly legends, and weird tales

of the sea reward the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

Verrazzani, the worthy Florentine navigator, first discovered it in 1524, while coasting along the North-American shores, and named it *Claudia*, in honor of the mother of Francis I., King of France. He described it as being "full of hills, covered with trees, and well peopled." Ninety years after Verrazzani, in 1614, came Adrian Block, the stolid Dutch navigator, creeping down the Sound in a rude yacht made by himself at New Amsterdam the winter before and very appropriately named the "*Unrest*." He was the first European that explored the island, and found upon it a numerous tribe of Indians, who called themselves *Manisees*, but were of the family of the *Narragansetts*, who inhabited the adjacent mainland. The natives, he tells us, received them kindly, and regaled them on hominy, succotash, clams, fish, and game; in return for which the captain on his departure substituted his own harsh and barbarous patronymic for the beautiful and poetic name of *Manisees*,—meaning "*Little God's Island*." Six years later came the Puritans, and began the settlement of New England. They were everywhere,—at Portsmouth, Boston, Plymouth, Providence, Saybrook, New Haven, Hartford,—wherever their pinnaces could effect a landing and be used as a means of intercommunication. It was natural that they should come into these waters, and that one day the trading-shallop of Master John Oldham, of Boston, should anchor abreast of the island for the purpose of trading with the natives. But the latter, instead of trading, killed the merchant and all his company, "to the end," as the quaint old chronicler of the affair observes, "that they might clothe their bloody flesh in his lawful garments."

This event, together with the punishment of the *Maniseans* by stern John Endicott, which quickly followed, directed public attention to the island, and led to its settlement in 1661 by a company of sixteen people, chiefly from Roxbury and Braintree.

From this point until a comparatively recent date there is little in the history of the island worthy of record. It was haunted by pirates in the old colonial days, and much treasure is said to have been buried along its shores. It was ravaged by the British marines in the Revolution, and in the war of 1812 remained neutral and turned a pretty penny by furnishing British men-of-war with water and provisions. Its normal state for two hundred years was that of complete isolation. Its inhabitants had little intercourse with the mainland. They tilled their farms, followed the cod to the fishing-banks, intermarried, buried their dead, sustained their own churches and schools, and formed a sturdy, self-sustaining little republic, independent of their neighbors and careless of the great world without. But within the last decade a new era has dawned upon the island.

A breakwater was the rude iconoclast that shattered the old order of things. Although surrounded by deep waters, the island has no natural harbor; and previous to 1874 communication with it could be had only by means of small boats, and was both difficult and dangerous. At length some of the more progressive among the islanders, dissatisfied with this isolation, began to agitate the question of an artificial harbor by means of a breakwater. Congress was petitioned to aid the scheme; tardy and meagre appropriations were obtained, and in October, 1870, a sea-wall was begun on the eastern or Atlantic side of the island, at a place used by the fishermen from time immemorial as a landing for their boats. The wall—only recently completed—extends into the sea fifteen hundred feet, and forms an admirable protection against the waves of the Atlantic. It is built of heavy blocks of granite, brought from the mainland and heaped carelessly in the peculiar form of construction known as *rip-rap*. By 1874 the work had so far progressed that steamboats could come in and land passengers and freight at a temporary pier which had been constructed, and a rill from the stream

of summer travel was diverted islandward. A regular line of steamers for the summer months was established between the island and Newport on the east and New London and Norwich on the west. A pioneer summer hotel,—the Ocean View,—first-class in all its appointments, was opened the same season and quickly filled with guests. Others of varying grades followed, and the isolated little community suddenly awoke to find itself one of the most popular resorts on the New-England coast.

Almost every watering-place has its peculiar features: our island has its: it is quaint, cosy, home-like. Its patrons seek it for rest and quiet pleasures, not for gayety and excitement. They walk and drive and row and bathe, study its quaintness and simplicity, climb its thousand hills, each one yielding a varied view of sea and sky, follow the cod and mackerel in one of Captain Rose's trim yachts, or angle for the gamy bass in the still waters of the Great Pond, and return season after season to enjoy the same round of simple pleasures.

One may spend many a summer here, however, and yet gain no complete and satisfactory idea of the island. In summer it is comparatively tame. Then the fishing-boats lie idly on the beach, the long, low fish-houses are deserted, the fishermen lounge idly on the strand instead of daring the wild elements. The farmers are prosaically busy; the wreckers doze in the shade of their boats; the ocean roars but tamely. It is not until autumn that the island appears in character,—in autumn, when the schools of codfish, moving south, call every craft to the banks; when the fish-wives turn their gaze from the little sails on the sea-line only to scan the clouds on the horizon; when equinoctial gales have laid scores of wrecks on the sands, calling out the wreckers; when night and mists come quickly, and the sun looks coldly down on a gray and sober landscape. Then the easiest and almost the only way of reaching the island is by the little mail-steamer Danielson, which makes tri-weekly

trips to Newport during the winter. Entering the island harbor at this time, and leaving the breakwater on the left, one stares blankly on a bluff perhaps one hundred feet in height, and crowned by one of the great summer hotels. The huge caravansary is dreary enough at this season, with its summer bravery all fled, the salt sea-spume crusting shutter and cornice, and bits of algae and beach-grass drifting up and down its wide verandas. Below, trailing along the side of the bluff, is a narrow country road, which, after passing hotels, stores, a billiard-saloon, a photographer's cabin, and little groups of boarding-houses and modest one-story cottages, hurries away into the interior, marching up and down the sharp, wave-like hills that compose the surface of the island. Lower down, at the foot of the bluff, is a row of long, low fish-houses, their dim interiors cumbered with tubs and hogsheads and piles of salt, and emitting a strong fishy smell, which you discover comes from heaps of cod and mackerel piled for packing. A broad beach slopes from the fish-houses to the water's edge, thickly set with stout oaken poles, to which, before the breakwater was built, the fishermen moored their boats. Several cods' heads tumbling in the surf introduce the tourist at this early stage of his visit to one of the chief industries of the island. This is the "Harbor,"—the sole port and business centre of the island, its only considerable village, and the home of its summer visitors.

A horseback-ride of fifteen miles will introduce one to all the salient features of the island. The main road, winding and narrow, but fairly smooth, leads directly across it from the Harbor to the west side, and at the Centre branches, one arm stretching down to Sandy Point at the extreme northern limit, and the other to the bluffs and light-house on the southern shore. A mile west of the Centre this road passes Beacon Hill, a little eminence two hundred and fifty feet high, and the loftiest point on the island. On its summit some enterprising genius has erected a tower, from

which in summer floats the American flag, and where for a pittance one may have the use of a good glass and an outlook of miles over sea and land. From the tower one surveys the whole island, which appears as a gourd-shaped dot in the midst of the sea, the bulb being the southern portion, and the neck and stem the long, narrow peninsula terminating at Sandy Point on the north. The landscape, viewed from this eyry, is exceedingly novel and pleasing, comparable with no bit of scenery along the coast, unless it be the table-lands of Montauk, just opposite, across the Sound. It is simply a mass of sand-hills thrown up in every conceivable shape, but every suggestion of barrenness hidden by green pastures and smiling meadows. In every hollow of the hills glimmers a pond, fed from some hidden source, and covered with fronds of pond-lilies, fragrant in their season with great creamy-white blossoms. The hills are treeless, bare, and cut into squares and parallelograms by numerous stone walls,—a form of mural architecture almost universal on the island,—and on their summits, rarely at their bases, are set the farm-houses,—isolated, whitewashed structures, each surrounded by its cluster of out-buildings and communicating with the highway by a grassy lane, which often winds through the fields for a mile before reaching its destination. Five miles north of Beacon Hill is Sandy Point,—a tongue of land continually being devoured by the waves, crowned by the gray tower of the light-house, and thrusting out a long bar which has been more prolific of wrecks than any other point on the island; for here the swift currents that sweep both shores meet and struggle for supremacy, the bar in the terrible combat being alternately laid bare and swept by seas towering fifty feet above its surface. Midway to the Point is the Great Pond, covering one thousand acres and stretching across the neck from the Sound to the ocean. At one time it communicated with the former by a narrow inlet, and the fishermen rejoiced in rich harvests of clams,

oysters, and other shell-fish; but a violent storm closed the inlet generations ago, and it is now a brackish, commonplace lake, tenanted by bass, perch, pickerel, and other fresh-water fish. Farther down the west coast, and nearly opposite the Harbor, we have Dickens Point, where the government has recently established a life-saving station, and where one of the island wrecking companies has its principal seat. On the south shore the cliffs reach their highest altitude, and are cut into every variety of fantastic form by the combined action of wind and rain. Off the southwest point is Black Rock, sunk beneath the surface, and on the southeast bluff the Southeast Light, erected in 1875, and one of the most complete and best-equipped light-houses on the coast. Grace's Point and Dovin's Cove, on the west side, Grove Point, Clay Head, and Old Harbor Point, on the east, are places often mentioned in wrecking annals.

The cod- and mackerel-fishery is the chief industry of the island, and will most interest the average visitor. From the days of the aboriginal inhabitants it has been the principal source of the food-supply of the islanders. In these bleak November days, when the season is at its height, a walk to the Harbor at an early hour in the morning introduces one to a busy scene. The fishermen are there, making preparations for the day's "catch." A fleet of fifty or more nondescript craft are drawn up within the breakwater, some anchored, and some moored to oaken poles thrust in the sand. There are trim smacks from ports along-shore,—Providence, Newport, Stonington, and New London, on the main, and from Greenport and Sag Harbor on Long Island,—dories and lobster-boats, and the odd-looking "double-enders" of the island, which have attracted the attention of nautical men wherever they have wandered. A Block Island boat is *sui generis*. Its distinguishing feature consists in being pointed at both ends, so that stem and stern are alike and will take a sea with equal facility. They are carefully made with oaken ribs and

lapstreak sides of cedar, keel inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, are undecked, fitted with two small masts without shrouds or jibstays, carry narrow, tapering sails, and in skilful hands are said to be unequalled for sea-worthiness. From two to four brawny fishermen man each craft, some busy coiling lines, assorting hooks, and stowing bait, others chaffing their fellows or busy with preparations for getting under way. By and by the

preparations are all completed, the tide is at the proper level, and, with the wind bowling freely down the Sound, the fleet begins to make sail, but not all at once, as you are hoping it will. First a skipper more active than the others hoists his sail, darts through a rift in the breakwater, and passes swiftly out upon the heaving, tumbling waters; another and another quickly follow, until in a short time the whole fleet, in straggling line or two or three abreast, is speeding



GATHERING SEA-MOSS.

over the waves in quest of the "banks." It will be a novel experience, perhaps, if we accompany one of the double-enders and witness her method of securing a cargo, and her disposition of it. The "banks" are the feeding-grounds of the cod, and lie at distances of from five to fifteen miles off the island, chiefly in the narrow channel separating it from Montauk. The cod feeds principally on lobster, crab, herring, and lant,—the last, a small fish about ten inches long, being a favorite tidbit,—and these abound in the numerous reefs and ledges that form the bed of the sea westward of the island. Here the cod resort during their spring and autumn migrations, and here the fishermen capture them. Our craft carries an anchor, cobble-stones for ballast, and lobsters and fish for bait. Each man has two stout lines

twenty fathoms long, furnished with heavy leaden "sinkers," and extra lines, hooks, sails, etc., are stowed in the lockers.

The fleet keeps well together on the outward run, rounding the southern point of the island: the men are in high spirits, laughing, joking, and bandying bets as to who shall be "high hook"* that day. Our skipper—a lean and salty veteran of fifty seasons, the counterpart of Whittier's sailor-man,—

Salt as the sea-wind, tough and dried
As a lean cusk from Labrador—

has decided to try his luck on Cartwright's Ledge, and, once off the Southeast Light, thither he shapes his course. A raw northwester is piping

* In fishing parlance, he who catches the greatest number of fish.

down the Sound and dashing the spray into eyes and nostrils. Our little vessel swings on the long swells with the regular motion of a pendulum. White sea-gulls wheel overhead; a flock of Mother Carey's chickens skims the waves before us; we pass numerous little painted buoys marking the location of lobster-pots, have a fine run with a school of porpoises, leaving them astern, and then, suddenly, we heave to, the anchor plunges into the depths, and we are riding easily on the waves over Cartwright's Ledge. It is ten fathoms down to its cavernous recesses. If the amateur has no special fancy for blistered fingers, cramped limbs, and aching shoulders, he will leave the "sport" to the professionals to whom fishing comes as a matter of course. They go about it with the stoicism of their Manisean predecessors. The hooks are baited and cast overboard, the men standing by to await the result. Surely Skipper Lisk is "in luck" to-day, for scarcely is his line paid out ere there comes a savage tug, and he begins hauling hand over hand, the line whistling in through a little groove cut in the oaken gunwale of the boat by years of service. Sometimes the water begins to foam and bubble, but he betrays no excitement; then a huge, gaping mouth cleaves the surface, and a thirty-pound cod, glowing all over with iridescent hues, is landed in the boat. A dexterous flirt clears the hook; it is again baited, cast, and taken, and another patriarch threshes the boards in his agony. The skipper's comrades are equally busy; with equal stolidity they bait and cast and haul, and the cobble-stone ballast goes overboard with sullen plunge to make room for the constantly growing cargo won from the sea. This is the whole operation of cod-fishing. It continues for an hour, the men scarcely speaking or looking up in the interim, when suddenly it ceases. The school is off, in quest of new feeding-grounds, perhaps, or frightened away by sword-fish or shark. The skipper may follow, or he may stay where he is and await the coming of another school. He chooses the latter

course. The lines dangle idly; the men fill their pipes, light and puff and fill again, and between-times the skipper favors the amateur with a quaint dissertation on the habits of his favorite quarry. "The cod is a curious creetur," he begins. "Three weeks ago he was a-frolickin' on the banks, chawin' up herrin' an' lant, an' narrerly escapin' a berth, I reckon, on the Gloucester or Marblehead smacks. Then he heard the call to winter-quarters, and began coastin' sou'ard,—coastin', I say, because he allers follers along shore, callin' on his old friends at the Cape, whiskin' by the Vineyard and Nantucket, but stayin' longer here at the island, which is a favorite of his'n, I reckon. He's pretty plenty here now, and if you could look under water from here to Montauk, and twenty miles out, you'd see droves of 'em, all movin' sou'ard, regular as the bison on the plains, an' devourin' pretty much everything that comes in their way. How far south they go I can't tell ye. I never heerd of their bein' caught south of the Capes; but they winter South somewhere, and in the spring come North ag'in, bringin' all their relations with 'em. One curious thing about him is outside of the books, I reckon: he'll scent a storm further 'n a b'rometer, and, when he feels a nor'easter comin', swallows pebbles enough to sink him in deep water out of reach of the big waves. It's a fact, sir: many's the time I've found gravel in a cod's gullet, and h'isted sail and p'inted for port; and many's the time I've had a hundred skippers to wind'ard, looard, and astari', all doin' the same thing for just the same reason, an' we never one of us got in a minit too soon, either." But at this juncture the lines tug and straighten again: another school has struck the ledge, and the skipper cuts short his yarn for a fresh bout at casting and hauling.

This school completes the cargo, and at one o'clock we are ready for the homeward run. Our success, however, is phenomenal,—what the toilers call "fair-weather fishing." Not often nowadays can they so readily fill their boats.

Often they toil all day and take nothing. Sometimes a storm breaks almost before the anchor is dropped, and they are forced to fly for their lives; or they are lost in the fog and drift helplessly for hours, and then reach shore only by riding on the back of the biggest of the "three brothers;" and again the storm strikes them without warning, and skipper and crew return never again to wife or sweetheart waiting on the strand. But to-day no such mishaps occur, and by mid-afternoon the whole fleet is in motion, standing into the harbor. Safely moored at last, we remain to witness the final disposition of the "catch." The island fisheries are conducted largely on the "share" principle, the catch of each boat being divided into as many shares as there are partners, and equally divided, the boat drawing one share. The method of division is a primitive one. The fish are thrown on the shore and heaped by skilled hands into as many equal piles as there are partners. Then the skipper turns his back, and one, pointing to one of the heaps, asks whose that shall be, the skipper naming one of the partners in answer; and this proceeds until all the shares are disposed of. There is no appeal from this judge, and no murmuring at his awards. Each man then proceeds to dress his own fish, removing head and viscera with a few dexterous passes of his long, sharp fish-knife, while a long line of farmers' carts receives the offal, which is used as a fertilizer for the fields. Dressed, the "catch" is carried to the fish-house, counted, and placed in pickle preliminary to "drying." Then the coveted honor of being "high hook" is bestowed on the fortunate winner, and the weary and bedraggled fishermen wend their way homeward to the bright welcome of their firesides.

A rival of the line-fisherman, and one which he regards with unmitigated disgust, is the "pound." A "pound" is a marine counterpart of the corral. There are four on the shore of the island, all on the west side. The "pound" has three divisions,—a "leader," a "heart," and the pound proper. The "leader"

is formed of a row of oaken spiles driven firmly in the sand, extending from the shore eighteen hundred or two thousand feet into deep water. To these posts a fence of cotton netting is fastened, which rises from the bottom of the sea several feet above the water. The sea-end of the leader terminates in a "heart"-shaped structure, which is also constructed of spiles and netting. At the small end of the heart is the pound proper, from fifty to sixty feet square, and formed of spiles and netting like the leader. Netting forms the bottom of this structure as well as its sides, and it communicates with the heart by an aperture seven feet wide. Adjacent to the pound are two "cars," twenty-eight feet by twenty-five, constructed of the same material and of the same depth as the pound, and used as magazines for storing the fish caught in this marine corral. The operation of the pound is very simple. Cod, scup, mackerel, blue-fish, foraging along the coast, and approaching from either side, are stopped by the fence, and proceed to swim around by the deep-water end, since they cannot pass on the shore side; at the end of the leader they enter the heart, and, still seeking deep water, enter the pound through the seven-foot aperture, from whose intricacies they rarely escape. Every morning the pound-keepers row out and lift one side of the pound, thus throwing its inmates in a heap on the other, whence they are taken out with wire baskets, and either transferred to a smack which delivers them in New York, or placed in the "cars" for safe-keeping until needed.

The visitor will wish to tarry long at the Centre, which lies west of the Harbor, a mile and a quarter distant. The term is used in a political rather than a geographical sense, the village being nearer the eastern than the western side of the island, nearer the southern shore than the northern. Here are the town-hall, the Baptist meeting-house, three stores, several farm-houses, and stone walls and green fields in abundance. One has only to pass a week of autumn days here, and nearly the whole life of the

island will pass in review before him. All the trade of the west and south sides centres here. Stout, sunburned farmers drive up in vehicles of antique pattern, heavily laden with corn and barley, or patient sheep, or carcasses of beeves and hogs, or bundles of geese, ducks, and turkeys, for which the island is noted. Anon comes a florid dame, chirruping to an antiquated steed, her stout person flanked by pots of golden butter and baskets of eggs, and a pile of goodly cheeses weighing down the springs behind. She has come to "trade," and be sure she will hold her own in the wordy warfare with the merchant. A weather-beaten fisherman from the west side succeeds, his wagon loaded deep with bales of white, flaky codfish. Next comes a fisherman's lass, bright-eyed, agile, scant of skirt, bearing a bundle of nicely-dried sea-moss; a lad with an egg in each hand, another with a pullet under each arm, a woman with a huge bundle of paper rags, a wagon with a rattling load of old junk, succeed; and so the procession continues endlessly, there being few moments in the day when the varied stores of the merchant—dry-goods, wet-goods, hardware, crockery, wooden-ware—are not called into requisition by some needy customer. At night the "store" becomes an animated club-room, where all the local quidnuncs gather, to retail village gossip, talk politics, and banish dulness by stirring tales of adventure and hair-breadth escapes on sea and land.

It is on the west side, however, rarely visited by the summer tourist, that nearly all that is wild, primitive, and picturesque about the island is found. Every summer the cities send their culture and refinement to the east side, which has been brought fully abreast of the times; not so with the west side, where the good old customs and traditions of a hundred years ago still prevail. From the Centre a pleasant walk or ride of four miles will bring you there. The road winds and twists through the hollows and over the hills, and gives you fleeting views of the sea, with its white caps flying, the sails flitting hither and yon, and mayhap

gray phantoms of fogs stalking up and down. The sea-breeze blows shrewdly and covers every exposed part with rime. Stone walls abut closely on the road, enclosing pastures still green, where sheep, pigs, ducks, turkeys, and geese feed amicably together; little round ponds fill the hollows, broad meadows succeed, then a lane branches off and leads up to a quaint old farm-house nestled in the midst of a little community of hay-stacks, cattle-pens, and out-buildings. The prosaic structure takes on new interest when you reflect that there, possibly, pretty Catherine Ray made the famous cheese which was presented to Benjamin Franklin, of which the great philosopher makes frequent mention in his letters and of which Mrs. Franklin was so proud, or that there General Nathaniel Greene wooed and won Catherine Littlefield, the modest Block Island maiden, who, later, followed him to the camp and became intimate with Madam Washington and other stately dames; for these things happened somewhere on the island. Other pastures and meadows and farm-houses succeed, and in an hour's time you descend into a little shingly rift in the bluffs that shelters the life-saving station, and are on the west side.

It is a strange, weird, mysterious coast that you look out on, buttressed by huge cliffs, at which sea and wind are continually gnawing, patrolled by unquiet ghosts, and pounded by as violent a surge as of old smote the thundering shores of Bude and Bos. One who strolls along its bluffs from Sandy Point to Black Rock will receive impressions not easily effaced. The strong ocean-currents that come in at Montauk set fiercely against this shore. Nights of storm and darkness are frequent, and on one of these some gallant vessel—stanch East-Indiaman, or whaler full laden, or mayhap but a lumbering collier—is sure to enter the Sound at the gateway of Montauk. The fog lowers, the gale shrieks, the strong currents whirl her insensibly but irresistibly toward the island. Suddenly the breakers foam beneath her bows, then comes a sicken-

ing crash, and vessel and crew are swallowed in the boiling surges. The relics of a thousand such wrecks are scattered along this coast or buried beneath its sands. The sea plays with them like a dog with the bones it has picked, now burying them deep in the sand, now unearthing them and leaving them bare and ghastly in the sunlight. You meet them everywhere in your stroll, scattered along the beach, thrown up under the cliffs, or collected in "yards" by the wreckers, to be used as fuel or for the repair of buildings, boats, or fences.

The man of gentle fancy will be apt

to linger long about these yards: their twisted bolts, battered planks, and spars ground to pulp mutely witness to the terrible power of the sea, while no great stretch of fancy is required to rehabilitate them in their old-time grace and beauty and send them out again into the coral seas, by dim, treasure-haunted cities, for the precious freights that once enriched them. Quite as pathetic are the little sea-side cemeteries scattered along the bluffs, where sleep the unknown waifs cast up by the sea. Wind-shorn, bare of everything but grass, with only rude headstones, nameless and dateless, marking the mounds, they are the



THE PHANTOM SHIP.

sole mementos of many a goodly ship's company that has perished on this terrible coast. Several passengers of the famous ship *Palatine*, one of the crew of the *Warrior*, a baby from the ill-fated *Metis*, are among those who fill these lonely graves. At intervals rude roads wind down the face of the cliffs to the beach, traversed in summer by bare-footed moss-gatherers on their way to the fisheries on the rocks below. This moss is the carrageen or Irish moss of commerce, and grows luxuriantly on the rocks of the west coast, often below low-water mark. It is gathered by the fishers' wives and daughters, who wade into the surf, often waist-deep, and pluck

it from the rocks, then dry and bleach it in the sun, and barter it at the stores for home-necessaries. In autumn these cliff-roads bear other burdens, — great oxen and farm-carts, the latter loaded with sea-weed taken from the beach below, which, spread over the island farms, contributes materially to their fertility. Up these roads, too, the wreckers haul spar and mast and the shattered *débris* of wrecks to the yards above.

Cottages of wreckers and fishermen are scattered all along the coast. They are one-storied, low-roofed, strongly built, nestled in sheltered places, out of the reach of tempests, and generally

surrounded by green fields, in which cattle, sheep, and poultry are feeding. The wrecker is almost always a fisherman, but not all fishermen are wreckers. The fisherman's domicile is generally denoted by the "flakes"—long, low stagings for drying codfish—in the yard, and by the nets strung along on the palings. He has a sovereign contempt for government harbors, and makes a landing on his return from the banks in the old-fashioned way,—by riding on the back of the largest of the "three brothers." The "three brothers," we may premise, represent the rhythmic measure which the surf beats on these shores, the waves breaking in an unvarying series of three, of which the first is at the bottom of the gamut, the second far up the scale, and the third drops again to the level of the first. They are best represented to the eye by the following series: — — —. It is on the largest of these that the surfman rides ashore, his boat being thrown by it far up the strand and beyond the reach of the smaller wave that follows. Woe to him, however, if he attempts to come in on the smaller wave: he will be followed and overtaken by the monster behind, his boat thrown end over end, perhaps broken into fragments, and he himself, if he escapes drowning, hurled, bruised and bleeding, on the sand. It is rarely that such mishaps occur, however, so expert are the boatmen.

Perhaps the island wreckers form the more interesting class. One can easily tell their cottages by the insignia of their calling scattered about,—surf-boat, empty oil-casks, rusty cables and anchors, hawsers, tackle, piles of old junk, and fragments of wrecks. They differ widely from the haggard, ill-omened ghoul of half a century ago, who kindled false lights to lure vessels ashore and then hastened down to seize whatever of value the sea cast up. The modern wrecker is the friend of mariner and underwriter, saving each year millions of property and no inconsiderable number of lives. Of the island wreckers there are two organizations, known respectively as the Old Protection Wrecking

Company and the New Wrecking Company, the former having been organized in 1860, and the latter several years later, when the success of the first was well assured.

As little has been written concerning the coast wreckers, a short sketch of their method of proceeding may be interesting. Their members live all along shore, and act as so many vedettes for the early discovery of wrecks. There are stations at intervals, where the gear is kept, and where the men gather on an alarm being given. The "gear" consists of surf-boats, hawsers, ropes, anchors, cables, blocks, strong windlasses, and empty casks for buoying up the vessel. A steam-tug in many cases is indispensable. At the alarm of a wreck, the men gather at the station, launch the surf-boat, and, if possible, row out to her. If the vessel is in a critical condition, the captain and crew will return with them, but if not, they may stay by the vessel and take the chances: in either case the captain enters into a contract with the wreckers to get his vessel off and into port for a stipulated sum, generally from two thousand five hundred to three thousand dollars. As soon as practicable the wrecker begins operations. He lightens the ship, and learns from a careful survey how much and what kind of gear is required to get her off. If she rests lightly on the sands, he will buoy her up and trust to a tug to haul her off. If she is hard aground, however, other measures must be resorted to. Stout anchors, each capable of holding a ship in a gale, are sunk in the sea several hundred yards abaft of the wreck. Immense hawsers stretch from these anchors to the ship, and are there secured to stanchions, masts, and windlass by a net-work of ropes, which distribute the strain to all parts of the vessel and give her the appearance of a fly embedded in the spider's toils. A strong windlass firmly attached to the vessel applies power to the hawsers by pulleys attached to the shore ends, the object being to haul the vessel away from shore and out to her anchors. These preparations completed and the

cables hauled taut, the wreckers await a flood-tide, and then apply the force thus created. The power of the windlass when thus applied is enormous, equal to that of a dozen tugs, so great that the anchors are sometimes dragged by it. Yet it often happens that the ship, firmly embedded in the sand, fails to respond. In such a case the wrecker awaits a storm heavy enough to loosen the wreck from the grip of the sand: it may be days and weeks in coming, but it comes at last, and in the height of its fury the men stand to the windlass, the power is applied, the seas toss her, the tide lifts, the anchors tug seaward with the power of a thousand horses; by and by she moves slightly, again and again, and at last, with a supreme effort, she leaves the bar and shoots out to her anchors. But not yet are her perils over. She may have been so damaged on the bar as to leak and fill, carrying her rescuers with her, or her hawsers may chafe and part, letting her dash again into the breakers. But, if neither of these mishaps occurs, the wreckers will weigh and slip her anchors, spread her storm-sails, and take her gallantly into port, there to receive the plaudits of her owners and their own hard-earned wages.

Many exciting tales connected with the wrecker's calling are current on the island. Perhaps the most characteristic of these is that of the rescue of the *Laura E. Mercer*, which occupied nearly the entire winter of 1874-75, and in which the skill and bravery of the wreckers were displayed to good advantage. The *Laura* was a three-masted schooner of seven hundred tons, bound from Newport to Baltimore. She struck on Sandy Point, at the extreme northerly end of the island, and, as has been remarked, one of the most dangerous points on the coast. Being lightly laden and the tide at flood, she was driven high on the bar, and the wreckers saw on their first examination that more than ordinary efforts would be necessary to get her off. An eye-witness on the island gives a very graphic account of their proceedings. "The men

were ready, their gear consisting of immense hawsers, smaller ropes, blocks, anchors, etc. An ingenious net-work of ropes over the deck, fastened to stanchions, masts, and windlass, distributed all the power to all parts of her, and also concentrated it all on two great hawsers that led from the bow to the anchors out in the ocean, one of them extending out two thousand one hundred feet. To this were attached three heavy anchors, at proper distances from each other. The other hawser ran out parallel with the first nine hundred and sixty feet, and to this was added a chain four hundred and fifty feet long, making a cable fourteen hundred feet in length, and to this were attached two heavy anchors. One of these five anchors was sufficient to hold a ship in an ordinary storm, but they all had a power applied to them that would move them at times. This was done by the windlass and pulleys on the deck,—the best windlass,' the old captains said, 'that they had ever seen.'

"Trim and beautiful she sat upon the beach, high and dry, and every timber groaning under the terrible strain. Moons waxed and waned, tides rose and fell, storms from the wrong direction came and went, and only a little gain was secured by wheeling her bow toward the deep. Almanacs were consulted for moons and tides; and, as the highest tide came at midnight, the wreckers were to be ready then for action. On that night, amid the storm, Mr. Day and I walked four miles to see her off; and, oh, what a sight was around that vessel! Such a commotion where the two seas met! such a roaring of winds and waves! Some had gone aboard in the early evening, others slept at the light-house close by until twelve o'clock at night. Then the old 'sea-lions' rose, lighted their pipes, and put on their oil-suits with a solemn silence like that when men go into battle. They knew their danger,—for if she should leave the beach and be hauled out to her anchors it was possible for her hawsers to chafe and break, and then she would be driven on the bar again, amidst breakers where every life would be lost. With lantern in

hand we stood upon the shore in the howling storm and saw the wreckers one by one ascend the ladder leaning against the wreck. Soon we heard the rattle of the windlass, and watched patiently for the 'jump,' as she might rise upon a swell and quickly yield to the strain from her anchors. Her masts were seen in the dim light to sway a little, but she hesitated until the wind shifted, the tide fell, the waves were cut down, and she 'stayed,' while Mr. Day and I walked home through the falling and drifting snow. How many more moons must wax and tides flow before another favorable combination of wind and tide should occur, not one of Daboll's almanacs could tell. The number of pipes to be filled and smoked while discussing the damage likely to be done to that five-thousand-dollar gear none could guess. At last the day came. Wreckers from all parts of the island were there. At sunrise she 'jumped' at the chance to leave the bar as a heavy surge for an instant lifted her from the sand, and she darted for the deep water. The wind was off shore, and she went beyond her anchors and wheeled about, as if to look back at the place of her confinement. With no cargo, light, and bow to the wind, she seemed to writhe with impatience to escape. After waiting for an hour, we saw her last anchor weighed and hawser slipped, and a scene was before us so beautiful that in a quarter of a minute we were paid for all our long stormy walks to the wreck. At that instant she was completely freed, a huge swell lifted high her noble prow, the jib was hoisted, the gale struck it, and she wheeled hurriedly, and seemed to say, 'Good-by, Block Island: you'll not catch me there again,' while her colors were run up and she proudly began her flight for Newport."

Instances of individual daring and rescue by the wreckers are equally numerous, and substantiate their claim that before the life-saving stations were established they furnished needful aid to the shipwrecked. We will cite but one instance out of a hundred,—that of the brig *Moluncus*, which drove on Grace's

Point one dark stormy night in the year 1855. The wreckers soon boarded her, and brought off captain and crew to a house on shore, where the former signed a contract with them for getting off the vessel. Although it was still many hours from daybreak, the men rowed out to inspect the vessel and determine on the gear necessary to relieve her, when, to their surprise and chagrin, she was gone: wind and wave had floated her off and out to sea. Nothing daunted, the crew put out in their little surf-boat after the derelict. For several hours they were tossed about in the chaos of winds and waters, catching no glimpse of the prize. At length they saw the outlines of a brig, rocking in the deep troughs, her tall masts almost touching the waves as they swayed to and fro. It was the vessel they sought. To board her in such a sea required nerve and seamanship; but it was done. Watching until her lee side was buried in the brine, the boat was forced alongside: a sailor sprang upon the gunwale and passed a line to his fellows, who by means of it pulled themselves astern, and thus gained the vessel's deck, where they hoisted sail and steered for Newport, arriving there safely in the early morning with their prize.

No coast has been more prolific of wrecks than this dot of land set in the path of all the sails that crowd the Sound, its powerful currents, like great arms, drawing many to its embrace that would otherwise have escaped. Between the years 1854 and 1868, the loss by wrecks on the island reached the sum of three hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars; in the seventeen years between 1860 and 1877, the Old Wrecking Company got off and carried into port vessels to the value of one million two hundred thousand dollars, besides losing five of an aggregate value of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. In June, 1846, six vessels came ashore in one day; the same thing was repeated in September, 1850. To guard this dangerous coast, government has two life-saving stations (Nos. 4 and 5, third district, the former on the east and the latter on

the west side of the island), and two light-houses, one at Sandy Point, at the extreme north, and the other on the southeastern point of the island. The latter only is furnished with a fog-horn,—an omission that seems unaccountable in view of the fact that a large percentage of the wrecks on the island are caused by fogs. The islanders also characterize the placing of the South-East Light on its present site as an error of judgment, and say it should have been built on the southwest point, where by far the greater number of wrecks occur. A volume, novel and interesting, might be filled with records of these wrecks. The old men love to recount them snugly seated by their fires of peat, while the blast shrieks fiercely without. Saddest of all, they say, attended with greatest loss of life, was the wreck of the *Warrior* in 1831. She was a large two-mast schooner, a packet carrying goods and passengers between New York and Boston. The night before her loss she was becalmed a little to the westward of Sandy Point, and anchored. During the night a fearful gale arose, and in the morning she was driven with terrible violence on Sandy Point. By the dim light she was seen hard aground on the "hog's back," in the very vortex of the conflicting currents that make this point a seething caldron even in moderate weather. Now waves mast-head high were pouring upon her decks, and, although she was but one hundred and fifty yards from shore, the wreckers who soon gathered there saw that no mortal power could aid the hapless people on her decks. The end came quickly: her masts had been unstepped at the first shock, and soon fell, ripping open her main deck: then a wave broke over her, and in a moment tore her into fragments, while the horror-stricken spectators saw passengers and crew dropped into the boiling surges. Of the twenty-one souls on board not one was saved, and only eight bodies were recovered. Many other notable wrecks the old sea-dogs love to recount. There is one, however, that they rarely touch upon,—the most famous of all,—so famous, indeed, that it has been

celebrated in song and story, and is known the wide world over,—the wreck of the ship *Palatine*, whose ghostly figure, wreathed in flame, is still seen gliding down the Sound of nights, awakening the awe of the superstitious and the futile researches of the learned. Whittier, in his fine poem "*The Palatine*," has given wide currency to the legend. His version is that current on the mainland, but it is false in every particular and does gross injustice to the islanders. In this poem, it will be remembered, the vessel is spoken of as being lured ashore by "false lights over the rocky Head," and the wreckers are pictured as swooping down like birds of prey, tearing out the heart of the wreck, and afterward burning it, that no traces of their crime might remain.

The true story of the *Palatine*, however, is almost the opposite of this, and runs as follows. About the year 1720, nearly two hundred emigrants from the German Palatinate embarked at the Hague in a vessel bound to New York. Many of them were well-to-do burghers and bore with them a store of guilders for the purchase of land or for purposes of trade. This treasure the officers of the ship coveted, and agreed on a plan to secure it: accordingly, they treated the poor passengers with the utmost rigor, penned them up in narrow, filthy compartments, starved them with insufficient food, and kept the vessel so long at sea that nearly all the emigrants were sick or dead ere she sighted the American coast. Passing inside Montauk, she came ashore on Block Island, probably by design, and the surviving emigrants were hurriedly put ashore, leaving their effects on board,—all except one woman, who persisted in remaining by her treasure. At flood-tide the vessel floated clear, and, with the woman and crew on board, drifted down the Sound. She was never seen in her material form again; but it was currently reported that the crew burned her to hide their crime, escaping to the shore in boats, and that the woman perished with the vessel. But now comes the strangest part of the tale. A year after

the disappearance of the *Palatine* (for so the ship came to be called, from the poor *Palatines* her passengers, although no one ever knew her real name, or the name of her officers, or had seen her papers), a strange light began to be seen hovering about the coast. At first it appeared like a ship's jib, dancing over the water, sometimes near the surface, and again elevated as high as a mast-head above it; in a short time two of these sails of flame appeared; and before the first year had passed, the entire ship—hull, decks, masts, shrouds, and sails—had been seen, sharply defined in fire, and madly careering over the billows. The hardy fishermen soon discovered that her appearance heralded storm and disaster, nor were they slow in connecting her with the *Palatine* which had drifted away from their shores the year before, and which they believed was now being purified by purgatorial fires, her cruel officers doomed to man her fiery decks and haunt the scene of their crimes until this should be accomplished. The apparition caused a great excitement among the simple fishermen, and throngs of the curious came to see and judge for themselves of this strange appearance. For a hundred years the light continued to linger about the island, and then suddenly disappeared, and it was believed that the unquiet spirits were finally at rest. But within the last two years it has suddenly reappeared, and the local public is again agog with speculations concerning it. It is certain that such a phenomenon does appear off the western coast of the island, between it and the mainland, and the fact is worthy the investigation of the scientist. Dr. Aaron C. Willey, a reputable citizen, formerly residing on the island, in a letter published in 1811 averred that he had several times seen it, and had studied it critically. The first time was at early twilight in February, 1810; the second on the 20th of December of the same year, when he mistook it for the light of a passing vessel, but soon discovered his mistake. "It moved along apparently parallel with the shore for about two miles," he says,

"then it remained in one place for some time, when it moved off quickly for several rods, and again made a halt. Alternately in a state of motion and then of rest, it finally disappeared altogether."

We have no authentic account of the *Palatine* light appearing to any one since 1832, until the summer of 1880, when the phantom was suddenly presented to Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, an estimable citizen of Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island. In a letter to the local newspaper, that gentleman thus narrates his experience: "When I first saw the light, it was two miles off the coast. I suspected nothing but ordinary sails, however, until I noticed that the light upon reappearing was apparently stationary for a few moments, when it suddenly started toward the coast, and, immediately expanding, became much less bright, assuming somewhat the form of a long narrow jib, sometimes two of them, as if each was on a different mast. I saw neither spar nor hull, but noticed that the speed was very great,—certainly not less than fifteen knots,—and they surged and pitched as though madly rushing upon raging billows."

As to the causes that produce this singular phenomenon, the writer ventures no opinion, content with introducing it to the notice of investigators; but while on the island he made a point of gathering all the data to be had concerning it, and the proof as to its existence and characteristics was conclusive. There was also an entire unanimity of opinion as to its nature and origin: all declared it to be the spectre of a burning ship. Gnarled and grizzled veterans, strong of nerve and keen of eye, had seen it rise suddenly before them while out on lonely fishing-cruises, every mast, spar, rope, and sail perfectly outlined in fire. There were strong young men, too, rather sceptical than otherwise of the existence of the supernatural, to whom it had appeared under like circumstances, and who became firm believers in the existence of the phenomenon. There were fishers' wives, too, who had seen it from their cottage doors careering down the

Sound, in summer and winter, in storm
and calm, on the eve of birth and death,
and always assuming the appearance
either of a sail or of an entire ship.

Not all connected it with the story of
the unfortunate Palatines, but all were
ready to take their oath as to its ex-
istence. CHARLES BURR TODD.

A RELIC.

WE found, that night, when, free from pain at last,
She slumbered in the darkened room below,
In her old Bible pressed and folded fast
A flower gathered fifty years ago.

Wondering we scanned it there, so brown with age,
So withered, and with curious eyes read o'er
The writing traced beneath it on the page,—
A date, a dim initial,—nothing more,—

And asked, with eyes that filled we knew not why,
And hands that touched it gently, reverently,
What dear memorial of days gone by
This little faded floweret might be.

Why had she kept it hidden there away
Through all those years? What hopes, what joys that were,
What golden memory of some far day,
Spoke softly from those withered leaves to her?

What potent talisman was this, to start
To life again that old forgotten time,
Renewing in her chill and wintry heart
The flush and fragrance of her youth's glad prime?

Had hand of lover gathered it that day,
That fair, bright summer day, so long ago?
What sweet, shy dreams lay folded there away?
What maiden hopes and fears? We might not know.

Silent we stood. We felt a sense of shame,
As those who, wandering, enter unaware
Some holy place. Ah me! we were to blame.
Softly we turned, and left it lying there.

But when we gathered for our last long look
Upon her, in her calm and tranquil rest,
We drew the flower from the worn old book
And laid it gently on her peaceful breast.

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

FAIRY GOLD.



"WE HAD BY THIS TIME REACHED THE LITTLE GATE IN THE WALL."—Page 562.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. HUBBARD had travelled wide, seen much, been a part of all that he had met, and now remembered everything with the mental grip of an ardent gossip. He went out from our rather over-brilliant reception that afternoon with strong convictions which he at once confided to Fanny Burt and Snow Morris. In Mrs. Darcy, he declared, he had almost instantly recognized a variety actress who had attained some success in certain parts fifteen years before, then lost her voice and failed. Her stage name, he said, had been Madeline Darcy, and she had possessed brilliant beauty: by this time she had aged and coarsened, but she was Madeline Darcy still, in tone, look, and manner. Whether this was triviality, absurdity, mistake, or truth, the hint was eagerly seized, and before midnight the clue

was being worked out. If it had any results, Mrs. Darcy was likely to have bungled sadly in forcing herself upon our party that spring day and unguardedly giving a name which told so much.

Fanny was at first inclined to tremble at the possible effects of the awkward encounter, for which Mrs. Newmarch and Mrs. Fox might hold her responsible. But a little experience at first hand was not unwelcome to these fine ladies, who had never had a chance to meet anything so audacious, so wicked, and perhaps so piquant, as Mrs. Darcy. It was easily surmised that she was the plaintiff in the impending law-suit, and before noon next day every one of the guests of the preceding afternoon had either called or sent a note to ejaculate, commiserate, or ask for explanations. I was both object and victim of a sympathy and curiosity which took different

forms moulded by individual instincts and prejudices. Mrs. Fox wished to carry me off at once and hedge me safely in away from such ordeals. Mrs. Newmarch, on the other hand, liked a fight to the bitter end, and, having rather rudimentary ideas concerning legal procedures, offered to sit by me through the trial, evidently believing I was to be held for some crime. We could wear, she remarked, the deepest mourning, with long veils, and I should be obliged to raise mine only once for the judge and jury to identify me. As for Hildegard De Forrest, she had always, she affirmed, considered me an object of envy, but never so much as now, when I had real interests at stake, like a man, real antagonistic forces to encounter, real blows to parry or endure, real enemies to contend against.

With real enemies it was a comfort to find real friends. And I was glad that everything at last was known, and that I had no longer to bear the burden of what had seemed an almost guilty secret.

I had not met Claude De Forrest for some weeks, when one morning in May he came to see me in a suit of dark blue with knickerbockers, carrying a sprig of white hawthorn in his hand.

"It is a genuine May day," he said, "and hawthorn hedges ought to be everywhere; but I was obliged to buy this little branch from a florist."

His usually pensive mood was not changed; his face was placid, and his eyes, although particularly brilliant, looked aside, as if his mind held them to its own workings and not to outside realities.

"I needed to feel spring freshly and vividly to-day," he proceeded. "These dreary stone streets and high houses disenchant one; but, fortunately, one may create one's own atmosphere. I wanted to get the whole beauty of the May day into my mind before I came to you,—to be drunk with it, as it were,—impregnated with its rare subtle meanings."

His words suggested sublime frenzies, but his tone was gentle and his face beamed kindness. I had grown used to his little phrases, and knew that he liked

high color. I asked him if he had been painting lately, and he said he had brought me a sketch which he had made that very morning, and he now produced it. He had had, he declared, an impression of the morning, the light and warmth and upshooting of all that grows. He had felt the vibrations of coming summer in the air, and tried to catch the glory and gleam of its upward wave. The sketch startled me a little, because, slight as it was, I recognized myself in it, picking flowers.

"It is more like me than the portrait you made in the winter," I exclaimed.

"I did not venture to paint you then," he said quickly.

"Why not?"

"You were too rich then," said he. "I could not bring my mind to the point of marrying a rich woman: it would have stopped my development. A man has to mould his own destiny with the utmost care, and must avoid any want of harmony in the proportions if he wants a perfect life. Now, I need a wife who is devoted to me and to my ideas,—not one whose views are daring and original and who would perpetually administer shocks to my moral world. Thus I was afraid to ask you to marry me then; and, accordingly, I did not venture wholly to give my heart to you. Yet to paint you successfully I required a certain set of emotions, and not giving myself up to them I had to be contented with a half process: so I painted you from the outside, just as I did the bric-à-brac of the picture. But, now that I hear you are likely to be poor, I have dared to sketch the actual woman."

I listened, a little bewildered; for, soft, even tender, although his words were, the expression of his face made them seem far off and dream-like.

"You are rather fanciful," I said, half confused and half laughing.

"I can make a great picture of you now," he went on. "There is a charm about you difficult to catch; and going to you as an artist must go to a rich woman, I could not seize hold of it. Now, if you will come to me as the beggar-maid to King Cophetua, I can

paint you. Not that I mean to call myself a king. I have something to begin with. I will work hard and make myself independent. We will leave this sham, trivial, idle, shackled life, and live with nature and art."

I began to believe he had spoken truly when he said the day had intoxicated him. His words, however, left an hiatus which his look and manner did not fill up. He still held the sprig of hawthorn in his hand, and once or twice, while he spoke, pressed it to his nostrils, looking at me all the time intently with an expression of clearness and sweetness impossible to define.

"Hitherto," he went on, "I have not been in love. Until Hildegard told me last night about your changed prospects, I had declared to myself I had neither part nor lot with love. But now it is different. The moment I thought of you as poor, I became so glad and excited I could not sleep. I am here to-day to tell you that I love you and that I want you to marry me. If you consent to love me, it will be the keynote,—the key to the harmonies and the mysteries I could not get at before. Don't you feel that from the first there has existed between us a close, even if unacknowledged, bond?"

"I think there has been a very pleasant friendship," I returned, a little puzzled to know how to answer him. "I should not like to put any more meaning than that into your words."

"I put all the meaning into my words they are capable of expressing. I am deeply, madly in love with you."

"Don't say that. It would be a painful surprise to learn that you cared for me except in a certain way."

"It surprised me at first," Claude insisted gently. "All you have to do is to give yourself up to the emotion: once accept it, and you will feel yourself uplifted and borne on as by the sweep of wings. Then the feeling will no longer be painful to you, but a joy."

There was an ambiguous quality about all this, for I had heard him speak in the same way about music and art, and if he now aimed at any more personal

meaning the force of it was not yet clear enough to my perceptions to allow me to answer him. It had, of course, dawned upon my mind that what he wanted to tell me actually was that he had loved me for a long time, but had not wished for a rich wife, but now came forward.

"It seems that you have heard I am likely to be poor again," I said.

"I have heard that, or I should not be here."

"That is very generous of you."

"I hope it is you who are going to be generous. Do promise to marry me."

"I can't promise to marry any one just now," I said, laughing a little. "Nothing is very constant and fixed in my mind save that resolution. And as to your wanting me for a wife, I really think, dear Mr. De Forrest, you are too young, too absorbed, too many-sided, to marry. Your harp has a hundred strings, and I should feel that I limited and hindered you if I kept you playing my one little tune."

"I shall be absolutely satisfied if you will marry me," asseverated Claude. "I will limit my wants, my needs, to you. If I have been many-sided, it was that I have not found the opportunity I required for concentrating myself. I used to turn from one beautiful thing to another and wonder which it was. I longed for a thousand things, but I have found them all in you."

He said this with supreme delicacy of expression, but I shook my head.

"I have never for a moment thought of you in that way," I said.

"Begin to think of me now: it will all come to you. Everything may be cultivated. Look at the subject simply and candidly."

I could not help laughing at this. He seemed sufficiently in earnest up to a certain point; but he halted there and left a blank I was not ready to fill up.

"We both love the beautiful," he went on; "we have the same tastes."

"No," said I wilfully, "we differ on many essential points. Some of your ways to me are absolutely hideous, and—"

He interrupted me with a swift gesture.

"Those collections of mine have been mere substitutes for—for—a definite inspiration."

"Besides," I went on, "it may, after all, turn out that I shall keep all my money. Your uncle, Mr. Morris, is of the opinion that the claimant is an impostor."

He regarded me solemnly.

"As a rich woman I am likely to have so many whims and caprices that you would be quite worn out," I went on. "I might be a very disturbing element in your life. I might wear colors which you disliked." He shuddered visibly. "I am an eminently healthy person," I insisted, "and I like to live as my heart and mind direct, not choosing and settling beforehand what I shall say and feel and counting the pulses of my ardent feeling by the watch."

Claude began to argue the matter, but it was evident that I had given him a shock, and that he began to doubt if I were absolutely to be the poetic and shaping spirit of his life. He saw clearly at least that he must wait a little, so dismissed the matter and began to tell me about a new picture he had seen.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARION HUBBARD had sent for me to go and see her, and I obeyed with a distinct mental impression of what I was to hear from her. Fanny had picked up the news that Mr. Harrold's series of text-books had had great success, and a paragraph had gone the rounds of the papers that he had accepted the position of Greek professor in the ——— University. Once he had counted on such success as a means of winning me. I had been his inspiration, part and parcel of his hoped-for reward. But now Marion was going to tell me of her own engagement to him, and what I had to do was to listen, smile, and wish the two God-speed.

She came toward me serious and rather pale.

"I wanted to tell you something," she began at once, laying her hand on mine,—“something which ought to be known, yet which is terribly difficult to put into words.”

"But what if I already know it?" I asked, with some forced archness.

"Why, if you did, then the thing is of no consequence," she said, with a little laugh. "For, if you know it, others are aware of it, and all I care is to have it understood by Mrs. Burt."

I looked blankly at her. My prepossessions were so distinct that I could not at once rid myself of my little circle of ideas, which only in fact fastened the more firmly upon me.

"I have told no one," I exclaimed. "But it is generally understood; and as for Fanny, she knows it quite as well as I do."

"What makes you so certain Mrs. Burt knows it?" Marion asked, with abruptness.

"She heard your father allude to it."

"Oh, did papa speak of it?" Marion cried, with an air of unmistakable relief. "I never find papa quite calculable. If he proclaims it, I can gracefully be silent."

"Perhaps I ought to add," I went on, rallying myself and laughing a little, "that Mr. Harrold himself spoke of it to me."

"Mr. Harrold? I should hardly have expected that if he had known it he would have given the subject a thought."

"Of his engagement to you?"

We exchanged a conscious, critical look.

"My dear Millicent," murmured Marion, then looking away, "what are you talking about?"

I had been sadly off my guard, and I now perceived that when a woman is anxious to confide to you a secret it is well to let her bear the burden of the recital, and not, by endeavoring to help her, betray what is too much in your own mind.

"Did you think," asked Marion, with a peculiar little smile and a very soft voice, "that I was going to tell you I was engaged to Mr. Harrold?"

Having thought of nothing else, and now my ideas all flying about like leaves in a whirlwind, I could only assent.

"What could have made you think so?"

"Your father suggested it, and I confess it seemed most probable. Then, too, Mr. Harrold,—I must have misunderstood him,—but—" I broke off, feeling incompetent and helpless.

"It is quite likely papa suggested it. He has the most picturesque imagination, and bubbles over with the most romantic ideas. But surely you heard no allusion of the sort from Mr. Harrold?"

"He said something about his good fortune."

"That was about his appointment as Greek professor. He had never had a thought of me. I have no existence for him,—none."

For some moments after this we did not speak. Marion sat very quietly, her little hands folded tightly in her lap, her face luminous, her eyes burning. I had her secret, and the moment was painful to me in spite of my own selfish throb of joy. Novel and forcible impressions took hold of me with distinctness. I had believed that in the quiet currents of her life a great happiness lay deeply hidden. She seemed to have gained so much, while all the worth and charm of my existence were lost in the mere eating, sleeping, yawning, and making attempts to divert myself and others.

"I have not seen Mr. Harrold for some weeks now," she remarked, when the pause had grown heavy. "He is going away from New York soon. His future will be quite different from his past. He has been sadly encumbered and hampered; but both his sisters are to be married next month, and he will be altogether free to live out his own life."

"He is very fortunate," I contrived to say.

"I think," said Marion with decision, "he is a singularly fortunate man."

She looked up at last, and our glances

met. She leaned forward, her passionate, youthful face losing everything for the moment except a pathetic, weary little look. I kissed her, the sad, dumb, hungry spirit in her eyes stirring a stinging sense of pain in me.

"What I wanted to tell you to-day was this," she now said. "It is about papa and Mrs. Burt. It seems to me he goes to see her all the time."

"It is something that way, actually."

"He makes little allusions to possible changes in the future. He seems more captivated with his own company than ever before while he is at home, and has long and apparently pleasant reveries. I confess he seems to me to be really in love."

"I have thought so at times."

"If it is so, I hope Mrs. Burt loves him dearly," Marion continued, looking away, "and that she knows papa is poor."

I could not conceal my surprise. "Poor?" I exclaimed. "I supposed that he was very rich."

"The miserable thing about it," Marion went on, flushed and pained, "is that the money which would have been mamma's was all given to me. Mamma died a few months before her father, and he did not feel too kindly toward papa, for he tied up the money in a way that allowed it to profit him only through me. And I have no control over it for five years to come. I will be very good to Mrs. Burt if she should marry papa; but it has worried me lest she should feel this arrangement something very different from what it would be if he had an ample income of his own."

Having more than once heard Fanny recapitulate the drawbacks to such a marriage and balance them against its advantages, all of which hinged on Mr. Hubbard's possession of twenty thousand a year, it was hard to accept this news as if it did not change the aspect of things. It gave me a difficult task on both sides, and I had it in my heart to wish Marion had chosen to tell Fanny herself.

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM a certain perturbation I had observed in my cousin Snow I had long drawn the conclusion that matters concerning the law-suit were not settling themselves satisfactorily. The two witnesses upon whose evidence he depended concerning the plaintiff's identity were not likely to be forthcoming. One had declined to obey the summons, the other had first accepted, but now was trying to evade it, finding it perhaps undesirable to mix himself up in concerns whose substantial profits could be counted, while the risks were not so easily measured of uncomfortable results from the glare, dust, and fatigue of an encounter with hostile counsel. Thus Mr. Hubbard's hint had been very timely. I had seen Snow rarely of late, and when he did come in in his old way he was so evidently restless, with so little of his usual calm if the conversation drifted toward personal matters, that everything was unreal and unsatisfactory in our intercourse. Fanny liked to probe him a trifle: it had not often been her experience to find him assailable, and now she used her chances to revenge herself for his old attacks made when he was perfectly well equipped for the social battle. It was indeed singular to see him ill at ease, jumping up from one seat after another, to walk about, push aside the curtains, knock over the knick-knacks, and seem at a loss for safe conversational material. Our intuitions were keen enough to find his disquietude ominous of disaster. As for me, I hated the suspense and longed to be free of it. I was tired of holding without the grasp of actual possession, and felt more and more every hour that there would be something inspiring, almost exhilarating, in losing all my inheritance.

The case was to come on the third week in May, and the time was very near when one Monday morning Snow Morris sent a message early to the effect that he had important news to communicate and that Fanny and I must go down to his office. We set out at once. My imagination had played me too many tricks, given me too many spectres and

vague shadows, to allow me now to spend much force in mere conjecture as to what I was to hear.

"There is a brilliant vagueness about our prospects to-day," Fanny remarked, as we sat side by side in the carriage rolling down town; "but it may end in something definite."

"Perhaps so."

"Snow would never have given you all this trouble for the sake of telling you bad news."

"I am not sure."

"If everything does go right, what shall you do this summer?"

"I don't in the least venture to look ahead."

"There is a splendid immensity about one's chances, certainly, when they take in everything from bitter loss to the most absolute good fortune. You will have a keen sense of freedom if you are well clear of all this."

"I hope I may."

"You have not so much spirit as I once gave you credit for," she continued. "If your money were mine, I would never give it up: I would fight for it inch by inch and step by step. Mentally you renounced it weeks ago. You don't believe in your own right to it. You have spent nothing of late: the money has been in your hands, but you have not fastened your fingers upon it more than if it had been flowing water."

"You called it 'fairy gold' once, Fanny," said I. "That has often been in my mind since. It is fairy gold: it turns to dry leaves, and does no good to me or to anybody."

Fanny opened her eyes. "You have had the spending of a good deal of it," she exclaimed. "When our coach turns into a pumpkin and our horses into mice, then I shall believe that I named it right. I know that I was disagreeable at first, Milly dear. It seemed dreadful to have these tumults invade our pleasant life. But, on the whole, I've behaved pretty well and been tolerably faithful, haven't I? I am not capable of what one calls romantic devotion, but practically I think I am a fairly good friend."

I looked at Fanny with some eager-

ness. "I have had something to tell you for days," I said, "which may test your faithfulness."

She gazed back at me, her bright, pretty face showing the liveliest interest: she guessed that something out of the common was in store for her.

"I wonder," I began, ill at ease and rather timid, "if Mr. Hubbard has ever told you just how he is situated with reference to his daughter."

The color had leaped to her face at this name, then faded away. "No," she said under her breath.

"The money is all hers. He has no control over any of it. It came from Marion's grandfather, and is all hers."

Fanny continued to stare at me, the color quite gone from her cheeks and lips and all her features assuming an expression of fright.

"I thought you ought to know," I continued; "but perhaps I have done wrong in telling you."

She regained her self-consciousness, and with it a little ease in carrying off the matter lightly. "I am the unluckiest woman in the world," said she. "After this, I expect to hear Snow tell us that everything of yours is swept away. Oh, it is horrible, this taking a commercial interest in people and in things! If I were going to try my life over again, I'd be sentimental, I'd be romantic, I'd be everything that is disinterested. I would have some feelings to fall back upon: it makes life so poor and vacant when one has to lose like this."

"Dear Fanny—" I began, singularly at a loss in deciding what her actual mood was.

"It has always been just so. There is a flaw in everything: I can never be quite happy. Why did he not tell me?" she went on, half laughing, but with a little spark of resentment in her blue eyes. "If I had known that he had only his own fascinations to rely upon, I might have scrutinized them more closely, instead of gilding them all and letting rainbows play over them." She was trying to make her tone tally with her consciousness of the need to conceal

her discomfort, for her perceptions were rarely more than a moment clouded as to what was incongruous and ridiculous. She went on talking with a certain exaggerated volubility until we stopped in front of the office in Wall Street, and without enlightening me as to the extent of her disappointment.

The moment we were at the end of our journey our thoughts naturally reverted to our errand. An office-clerk was opening the carriage door for us, and in another moment we were in Snow's private room. If I had feared bad news, my fear would have vanished at sight of my guardian, and I wondered indeed what could be this startling good news which had so transformed him. There was something striking, even touching, in the unwonted softness of his face as he came toward me and took both my hands between his. "You are safe," he said, with suppressed emotion. His exultation made him slip the leash of the reserve which usually held him under control. He looked younger, stronger, freer.

"What is it, Snow?" Fanny demanded impatiently, while I waited, feeling myself face to face with the old Snow Morris I had known and believed in months before.

"The woman is an impudent fraud, a tricky impostor. Their whole case is a wind-bag of lies, and is exploded into thin air."

"Who found it out?"

"Harrold sent me the news,—Felix Harrold. I have had two detectives at work ever since December, and what they failed to establish, even to scent, he found the clue to at once. He would have got hold of the truth even if Mr. Hubbard's guess had not helped him."

"Do you mean that Mr. Harrold is in Louisiana?"

"Yes. Weeks ago he came here, and we discussed the case. He wanted to get to the bottom of things. He attacked my management with the eye of a hawk and the grip of one, and gave it a good shaking. We were in full accord, some capable man must be on the spot; and he offered to go." Snow stopped

short and looked at me, as if something in my face surprised him.

I roused myself to smile and say, "Well, what has he found out?"

"I have had six telegrams from him since Saturday. Your uncle's wife died years ago, Millicent, of yellow fever. This woman is her cousin, Sara Boncourt. The two grew up like sisters, and resembled each other closely. In fact, if the question of identity had rested upon mere likeness, the testimony might easily have gone in her favor. As it is—" He paused again and looked at me, then laughed. "Don't take it so seriously," he exclaimed. "It's immense good luck. You don't begin to realize what good luck it is."

"I know it is."

"Then why do you not look delighted? What are you sorry about?"

"I think I feel sorry for the woman. It's a terrible disappointment for her."

"I shan't take that to heart. If she had not come upon the scene anxious to throw herself into a contest, she would have had a better chance. In fact, they had made rather a pretty case of it, and they are bitterly disgusted with this news. They took it up at first half doubtful, but their confidence grew. Riddell was a little captivated by the woman. She is a born actress, and he was completely the dupe of her art. She went through her part very well, and seemed to believe in the illusions she had created. Harold says her story is this. She went on the stage when a very young girl, and soon married a man by the name of Hobart; then he divorced her. She had three children, of whom only one survives. She is supposed to have married again some five years ago, but whether she was actually married is not clear. This idea of victimizing Harry Farnham or his heirs has been probably a slowly-developed one. No doubt she first intended to fasten the child upon him as the issue of his marriage to her cousin; then the accident of his death suggested the further extreme."

Fanny went on eagerly asking a hundred questions, for which I was grateful, since they covered my almost ungracious

silence. Together with the feeling of relief had come a strange, exquisite intimation which kept me doubtful and timid. I could not help, too, a tremor of dismay at the thought that all the problems and secrets which had haunted and vexed me must find their solution now. I was at once so agitated and so reserved, so bewildered and yet so grave, that Snow, who had evidently looked forward to a great pleasure in telling me the good news, was disappointed and half wounded. He went on brightly, however, narrating all that had happened. A visitor had just gone out,—Mr. Ardle, the counsel who had acted with Riddell, on the other side. He had taken up the case with some enthusiasm, not suspecting its flimsiness and shiftiness. "He heard from New Orleans yesterday that we had got hold of important witnesses," Snow said, "and came in to tell me he had resigned his position as counsel. He went to see the woman last night, and cannot sufficiently express his disgust at her and the whole affair." Snow looked at me with his brilliant smile. "It is a nightmare off my mind," said he. "Ever since December the conviction that there was something incontrovertible in the woman's claims has lain at the bottom of my heart like lead, weighed upon my tongue, clogged and hampered my free action. And yet it was all false from beginning to end."

I knew this very well. His forebodings, his sceptic doubts, had impressed me as well. Now that they had been dispelled, he was gay, assured, complete master of himself. Having told us what he had to tell, he sent us home. Fanny talked gayly all the way back. The thought of danger and risk was over and done with for her. Let me live as long as I may, my old thoughts, my old longings, my deliverances and my failures, can never leave my mind: they are a part of my consciousness for evermore, my gauge of the past, my hope and prediction of the future.

Fanny had forgotten everything except that there were summer plans to make. She turned over a dozen pretty schemes.

We would make a tour of the British Isles, go to Switzerland, or have a cottage at Newport. I was a princess again, with ample powers in my own right. She caressed me, she flattered me. I held again the golden key to all the pleasures she coveted.

As for myself, I was growing tranquil. Not in vain, not in vain, I was saying to myself, should my fortune be redeemed for me! I yielded to the feeling of relief, of security, of hope. I was glad that this first moment of my success was not vacant of opportunity, but that all my energies must at once gather to the point of finding help for the woman and the child who had so strangely entered and disturbed my life. It had been a hope for them, even if a mad and wicked one: losing it, they lost much. She would need substantial help, and at once. I must give it in a way which would make it come with a voice to urge, to help, to comfort: I must make it seem no temporary expedient, no make-shift, but a lasting benefit. The woman's possible tragic fate impressed me. The miserable creature, so prodigal, so wasteful, was poor, and to her, as to others, poverty was a temptation. She, too, loved elegance, ostentation, comfort, and she had the temperament which had made her long to break down the barriers that hedged her in with limitations. How to put some of her eagerly-coveted opportunities within her power was at the root of all my thoughts, and I went over the problem again and again all the way home.

Fanny dropped me at the door and set off herself to tell her sisters the news, and I went up the stairs alone. My hand was on the knob of the door, when I heard the sound of a spirited altercation inside.

Edith was exclaiming, in a tone of passionate indignation, "Put it down! put it down, I say!"

"It is mine," somebody answered.

"It is not yours. It is Millicent's."

"It is mine. Everything of hers is rightfully mine," the other voice replied. "Take care of yourself, mademoiselle. You've no right to be meddling with me."

I had opened the door, and, leaving it wide, I ran toward the library, where I saw Edith struggling with Mrs. Darcy, who, excited, flushed, dishevelled, was rifling my cabinet, which she had wrenched apart, breaking in one compartment after another to get at the secret drawer.

"What is this? oh, what is this?" cried I, at once sorrowful and bitter.

The woman looked up and saw me. "I will have something. I will not be robbed of everything," she cried fiercely, and at the same moment struck Edith out of her way with a powerful hand. The table was between me and the two, and the unequal contest lasted but an instant. Perhaps I might have effected something, but I had not, like Edith, risen to the emergency. I stood gazing, silent and aghast, smitten with wonder at the folly and infatuation of the woman. I was stifling with the conviction that in thus robbing me she was despoiling herself. I wanted to say it, I longed to stay her, but there was no time. Before I could speak, she was out of the room, the child, whom I had not before seen, was huddling after her, and we heard the pair rushing down the staircase like the wind.

Edith gathered herself up, bruised and bleeding, but inspired with the liveliest courage. She ran to the window, flung the shutters wide, and looked out. "There she goes!" she shrieked. "There she goes up the street!"

A policeman was sauntering down in a leisurely way, and she tried to arrest his attention, but it was too late.

"She has taken your diamond horse-shoe, Millicent," the girl then said, coming up to me and grasping my hands, while her angry eyes and flushed cheeks turned to pallor and streaming tears. "She has stolen those beautiful diamonds, and lots of money."

CHAPTER XXIII.

So this was the way I lost the diamonds my poor uncle had given me; and, little although I had grown to love them,

the way of their going grieved me deeply. The theft was odious and monstrous, and was, besides, so inexpedient an act, it filled me with a sort of incredulous horror. I had so wanted to be generous to this enemy! I had so sincerely intended to be generous! but either she had no belief in generosity, or her discernment was utterly false, and when she felt herself beaten she was impelled by an irresistible instinct to use the only weapon she had and clutch at what she could get.

She had come to the door and inquired for me,—declared that she must see me, as she was about to leave the city, and that she would come in and wait. Edith, who was at home a little ailing, was asleep on the sofa in her mother's room, and roused herself at the sound of something being first pried at and then broken. For a few moments she had lain, wondering lazily what the noise could be, then, interested to investigate it, came out and found the visitor working at the little lacquered chest with a slender Damascus dagger, used for a paper-knife, which lay close at hand. The rest had passed under my own eyes, but so far transcended anything within my experience that nothing could seem more unreal to look back upon.

Now that the woman's history was known and could be clearly looked at, this incident seemed tolerably consistent with the rest of her career. Her unreasonable temper and blind obstinacy had more than once dismayed and confounded her counsel. Whatever was in her heated fancy at the moment shaped her actions, and anything beyond was chaos to her perceptions. She seized an idea in rather a bold and original way, and, anxious to put herself into picturesque positions, neglected good sense and caution, and generally brought herself to grief.

My victory was considered rather brilliant, but Edith was the heroine of the hour. She had acted with decision, promptitude, and an absolutely masculine courage.

Snow Morris came to see me in the evening. The whole story was in the

papers, and he had heard the comments of half the town upon this singular turn of events. He congratulated Edith upon having made her *débat* in the actual world with some *éclat*, and predicted that she would never subside again into an insignificant school-girl. The only thing to lament, he declared, was the loss of the diamonds; but one was willing to pay a high price for safety. I might solace myself by the thought that this heavy sacrifice would appease destiny. Like Polycrates, I had had my best jewels swallowed up by the black sea.

"That is an ominous comparison," I said. "You know very well that Polycrates' gift was not accepted by the Fates. They sent it back to him."

"Well, I won't try any more metaphors," he returned. "Your diamonds will not come back. They were superb stones; but money will replace them. Let them go. Don't regret them. Don't regret anything."

"There are some things I regret very much; but I do not regret that I have been obliged to find out what a poor, half-possession my money was. It perplexed and humbled me at first to realize how much of what was called my success rested solely on my material prosperity. Then I counted up what would be left me if I became poor again, and I took heart. After all, the world I had entered was not what I wanted most. Its accidents, failures, and triumphs were beyond my powers,—could never be managed by any contrivance of mine: all I could do was to control the spirit with which I took them. So when I had settled on that I was content to look on and wait."

"I don't believe over-much in your philosophy," Snow retorted.

"Having mentally renounced my wealth, I did not feel that I had very much at stake. Still, the suspense was irksome."

Fanny and Edith had gone out and left me alone with Snow. He had been standing before the open window, but now came and sat down with a look of leisure and large content opposite me.

"It was I who had everything at stake," he now remarked, and, whatever he had risked, he looked to-night as if he had gained it. "Suppose now," he went on, "you had been obliged to give up your money, or a part of it, what would it have cost you?"

"These pretty rooms, this gown, and all my foolish finery, most of those who call themselves my friends, all those who call themselves my lovers, except perhaps one."

"Is that I?"

"Indeed, Snow, it is quite a different man." My words and my manner tried him a little. When he spoke again his voice had roughened slightly, and there was something of emotion in his tone and emphasis.

"You spoke to me once of feeling like a queen who had but a hundred days to reign. It startled me when you said it. I knew that I was keeping back facts you had a right to know, and your words sounded prophetic. Do you remember it?"

"Very well."

"You said that if a queen were to lose her kingdom in such a way, and had not the comfort of feeling that she had gained a friend who loved the woman that survived the queen, she was likely to suffer much. I have asked myself a thousand times since why I did not tell you then and there that I was the one man in the world who loved you in that way."

When Snow said this, looking at me with cool but tender scrutiny, it seemed hardly strange that a little of my old feeling for him returned, enough at least to show him that his allusion touched me.

"For I did love you," he went on. "I have loved you devotedly ever since we first met. I am going to tell you everything to-night," he continued, a sudden flush rising to his forehead, "and you must listen, and not prejudge me. Promise me you will not prejudge me."

"I will try not to do so."

"Put your hand in mine and promise me faithfully you will not." He leaned

forward, stretching out his white, shapely hand, smiling into my eyes with an audacity which defied my power to resist him. I thought it unnecessary to make so serious a matter of a mere friendly assurance, so I drew back, laughing slightly.

"I feel most kindly toward you," I said. "Indeed, you seem more like the first Snow Morris I met than you have for a long time."

"And you liked that Snow Morris?"

"Very much. I had never seen any one so apparently the master of the world, himself, and—"

"And of you! Master of you?"

"To a degree. He made me feel that he was far above both my experiences and my powers."

"Then you began to be disappointed in him!"

"I admired him at first because he had conquered the world. When I found the world had in reality conquered him, I was, I confess, disappointed."

Snow listened with a little frown between his brows. "A young girl's imagination is a terrible thing," said he. "She is in love with ideals, and resents the actual qualities of a flesh-and-blood man as if he could not be allowed the failings of mortality. You made a demi-god of me."

"Call my fancy by that name, if you please. I thought you grander, nobler than others—"

He cut me short with a gesture. I had at first spoken archly, but at last with the old grievance haunting me.

"Let us wait for the rest. Don't freeze the words on my lips," said he eagerly. "You have told me you liked me a little to begin with; now let us go back to that day we first met. Then you sat in the garden, your cool, clear face framed against the greenery, your pretty hands crossed on your lap. You had heard my name, and were wondering what had suddenly stirred this far-away cousin to come and see you. You knew nothing of the good fortune within your reach. Now, as I advanced along the garden-path, I had the advantage of knowing what your prospects

were. I had known for weeks that you were rich, and I had told myself, 'That girl may prove to be the wife for me.' You see, I wanted a rich wife, and the idea of a pleasing young girl who had lived out of the world, possessing the wealth I coveted, made the conquest seem easy. I did not count on my heart's beating when I saw you. I had determined to take things coolly. Nevertheless, my heart did beat. 'By heaven!' I said to myself, 'she shall be my wife.' That was the way we met." He had ventured the whole truth rather brutally. "You see," he went on in a different vein, "there were the two feelings working together from the first. I wanted money, yet I fell in love with you. I could hardly believe in my own good luck. For years, in spite of a superficial good nature, I had been bitter over the way life had gone with me. I had been forced to waste my youth, my time, my chances. It did not seem to have been my own fault that I had been galled by debt,—forced always to be working for the past instead of the future. Now here was a chance to clear away all arrears and begin the race anew. Besides, the happiest sort of fate was made ready for my hand if you would but take me. For you charmed me, Millicent. It was not alone that you were rich, but you pleased my eye, you bewitched my ear,—you made me love you." He bit his lip and stopped short. There was a look in his eyes as if they were moist with tears, although he was smiling. "Other men have told you they loved you," he continued, after a moment's hesitation. "The word comes readily enough to a man's lip when he is young. But I was a hard-headed and hard-hearted fellow, who had held himself aloof from all passionate emotions. For a battered man of the world like me to fall in love is to regain youth,—I will not say, like Faust,—perhaps rather like Mephistopheles: instead of eating sawdust he tastes fresh fruit again, color and scent return, a longing for simple pleasures comes over him. One of these days, Millicent, I will tell you what it was for me to relax, unbind, shake

off my apathy, my torpor, my cynicism."

He looked at me so kindly that my eyes drooped under his. He moved me, and I did not wish to be moved. He was master of the arts of appeal, and forced an answering emotion in me both dangerous and misleading.

"My dread of a foolish marriage had been the habit of years. Again and again I had sworn to myself I would not hang that mill-stone round my neck! And it was just such a feeling as I had for you with which I associated the petty miseries of a married life without sufficient means. So I constantly said in my own mind, 'I must not commit myself too rashly.' I was afraid to obey my impulses, having subordinated my heart to my discretion so long. I was to go to New Orleans in December for two weeks, and when I returned, having tested my feelings by absence, I might be ready to press my suit. All through my journey South I was haunted by your face,—all your tender, impetuous, unspoiled ways. I wanted you for my own." He got up here, crossed the room, then turned on his steps, and sat down as if mechanically. "That woman began to trouble me in New Orleans," he said softly. "She gave me a cruel shock of surprise. I was credulous enough to believe her story at first. There was in my mind that long-sustained consciousness of disappointment which made me accept the conviction of my own bad luck. I said to myself, 'At least I have not been such an ass as to have counted too securely on the advantages of marrying Millicent.'" His voice had grown hoarse; he had flushed crimson, and his features worked. "Pitifully small, was it not?" he said, with a poor sort of smile.

I had sat passive until now, but I could bear the humiliation of it no longer. I burst out, "Why do you tell me this? I don't want to know it."

"It was not falseness, it was not coldness," he cried.

"No: it was cowardice."

"Call it cowardice, if you will. I call

it the result of my civilization,—of the ideas instilled by my family and by society and stamped by experience into the very fibre of my being. It was a brief craze. If I loved you with any common love, if I now asked for any common love in return, I should not dare to tell you this—" He stopped short and looked at me. He had counted on carrying me along with him, but now saw that I was cold. "Good God, Millicent!" he cried, "don't you believe me? Don't you see it all came from the habit of doubt, of cynical disbelief, of regarding expediency? I dared not throw the whole of my soul's desire into my actions. I halted,—I wavered." He reached out his hand and touched my dress. "If I had been actually put to the test—" he said.

"What test?"

"If the worst had come to you, I should have shown you that I had a heart." A passion leaped to his face. He gave a powerful thump with his clinched fist upon his knee. "I wish the worst had come," said he: "then I could have stretched out my arms to you and cried, 'Here is shelter, here is comfort, here is wealth for you!'" He had spoken with a trembling voice, and now sprang up and came closer. "Let us begin anew, Millicent," he said. "Let us forget these old memories. But tell me first that you forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive."

"Don't say that. I would rather have you declare you are unforgiving. Be angry with me,—furious,—anything rather than indifferent."

He looked into my face with such a trouble in his that I began to tremble.

"My little love, my little love," he half whispered, "you must be mine, you know. I cannot bear it otherwise. I want a chance to prove to you that I love you tenderly."

I wanted to tell him that I did not ask the proof. More and more I dreaded the feeling that lay behind his agitation and his words.

"You may say," he went on, "that I once had the chance and failed. But you love me a little,—I will swear you

love me a little,—and you will be kind and give me another. How your color comes and goes! Those burning lips and those feverish cheeks tell me a story I long to know. You are a proud woman, Millicent; you have doubts and you have scruples; but don't trouble yourself with vague apprehensions. Be content to be happy. Don't you know that I can make you happy? Heaven seems spread out before me when I think of you as my wife. You know as I do this outside world is dim, gray, dreary: inside is happiness. . . . If happiness can't tempt you," he pursued, preserving a certain lightness in his tone in spite of the fervid passion in his look and words, "listen to duty. It is your first duty to marry me. You, and you alone, may make a good man of me. The faults you see in me are faults you can count. I am not the hero of your first fancies: I am only a world-tried man who loves you deeply and gratefully, and who longs for the blessing of a love and care like yours."

My courage almost failed me. I did not love Snow; but what, after all, is a girl's love? I could think of no good reason to plead: a thousand reasons, not only in his look and tone and words, but in my own consciousness, seemed to urge me imperiously to marry him. What his happiness in gaining me would be, was a reality to my mind vivid and overwhelming; while to give him keen pain revolted me. He had shown me his heart. He was trying to work out of his slough of selfishness, discontent, and apathy. His real needs had taught him to love something better. Some men are born with clear insight; others find out what life means only so deep as they live. Snow realized the worth of truth by the wretchedness of what his experience had proved to him as false: he hated the results of dishonor, so clung to honor. To marry him would be to give up my independence, many of my best hopes, perhaps my peace of mind; but if it were actually my duty I might, after all, gain much.

"Give me a single reason," he insisted, after remaining silent a moment,

"a single reason why you ought not to marry me."

"I do not love you, Snow."

"You loved me once." His tone was abrupt and rather fierce. Agitation and anger were rising both in his face and in his manner. He began to walk up and down the room. "Millicent," he said finally, coming back and speaking with a look and voice of entreaty, "if I have not justified myself, tell me how to do so. For my folly, my selfishness, my cowardice, my penitence is deep: if you knew how deep, I verily believe you would concede that it is greater than my offences ever were."

I looked back at him pitifully.

"To have almost gained you," he muttered, "to have had you as men have entertained angels unawares, and then to have lost you! I can't lose you,—I won't lose you. You must love me, Millicent! If you loved me a little once, there is no reason why you should not love me more now."

I looked at him and tried to smile. He had frittered away the momentary influence he had gained over me. My mood had shifted.

"Will you give me a definite answer?" he asked, and there seemed to me not only irritation but irony in his words.

"I will give you a definite answer," I returned.

He stopped me with a vehement gesture. "Not to-night," he cried; "not to-night. I have worn out your patience, and you are angry with me."

"Well, not to-night, then."

He was standing still, trying to regain the self-command he had lost, but his effort was fruitless. "It is that teacher—that Harrold—who stands between us," he said, in a bitter tone.

I was under the pressure of such complex feelings that the worth of any simple statement might have been magnified beyond its actual force. But Snow's words touched something which flamed up with intense and sudden brilliancy. He had spoken the truth: that was the truth,—the solemn fact of my life, which answered all cravings,

settled all questions, banished all dangers for me.

Having said this against his own will, Snow looked at me with a sort of despair. "Is it really so?" he asked.

Then, when I kept silence,—for indeed I found it impossible to answer him,—he made some inarticulate exclamation and left me on the instant.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE was a great stir and talk in our little rooms now that our painful ordeal was known to be over. Fate spins a single isolated thread for most of us when our experience takes us through the dark places of life; but in our fortunate days our strands are braided in with others, warp and woof, and take all the bright colors of the existences which come near ours.

Fanny had halted a little in suspense and hesitation, and doubted whether she was to keep on in the highway to pleasure; but now that she felt that I was free there could be nothing before me, in her imagination, save the widest and sunniest horizons. And indeed everybody thought the same. I was the luckiest of girls; life lay before me; all gay and happy things called and beckoned, and the entire world seemed anxious to sail on to pleasure in my company.

Mrs. Newmarch had cabled the good news to her son that he had gone abroad to wait for, and had promised him that I should sail with her for Europe the 1st of June.

"Charlie is getting terribly impatient to see you," she told me, when she came to arrange this plan. "He wanted to return at once, but his father thought that unnecessary, so he will meet us in Liverpool."

One of the most difficult feats in social intercourse is successfully to parry blows of good fortune that one does not want. It was a difficult matter to persuade Mrs. Newmarch that I had no intention of going to Europe with her, and, above all, that the raising of the

Newmarch portcullis did not open for me the gates of paradise. I had a kind thought for Charlie, and no rebuke for him that he had run away to wait for the turn of tide in my favor. I knew that in any case he would be happy. He was still in the golden age, and the apples waved on the trees temptingly, and called to him, "Come and pluck us," and enough laden branches were in reach to make him disregard the bough which would not bend for him. When Mrs. Fox begged me to go abroad with her, I entreated that she should ask her niece Hildegard instead, and it was Hildegard De Forrest who was married to Charles Newmarch at the embassy in Paris the following August. The bride had a trousseau for which Mr. Fox paid, and which he declared outstripped in price that of a daughter of a royal house who was married at the same time. Charlie and Hildegard were thrown together at Thun, where they chanced each to be staying for a week. Charlie's head and heart were full of heaven only knows what romantic hankerings and regrets, and he found the answer perhaps to something he had dreamed of in the girl's beautiful eyes; for the fancy came back that it was, after all, his old flame Hildegard with whom he was in love. She wrote me when they were first engaged. She was very happy, on the top wave of the social world, and yet so sweetened, so brightened, so thrilled by intimate personal hopes, that she seemed to have developed a fresh sense toward the common facts of life. All her family were with her at the time of her marriage, Claude among them. He had sent me this little note weeks before:

"DEAR MISS AMBER: Your good fortune impoverishes me. I have nothing to offer a woman who is rich and happy. To have had dreams about possibilities which can never be fulfilled,—to have stretched out for summer blossoms my hands can never reach, coveted lips my own may never press,—that should be perhaps the fate of any man who sets out to live for art alone. You have passed over my life like the flight of a

swallow over the flowers. The swallow may forget,—the flowers never. But you have shaped and directed my life.

"Yours always,

CLAUDE DE FORREST."

He has not yet returned from Europe, but he sends his pictures every year. They are never commonplace. He seems to have picked up ideas everywhere, as a man collects bric-à-brac; but the public talk about them, go to see them,—do everything save buy them.

And now, to dismiss those who belong least to my story, and take up matters which lie closer to myself, I must go back to Fanny Burt. She had ostentatiously vaunted her theory that friendship and love were mere speculations, and that she insisted on generous returns for her least investments. To put so much of her capital—that is, her time and her fascinations—into the keeping of an elderly man of no moneyed resources, seemed at variance with all her ideas of life. She wanted the shortest road to success: nothing must be allowed to impede her chance of the best place, the nearest view, the highest seat. Not that she was always interested in the spectacle or hungry for the feast, but that she knew once in a second place her day was over. Yet for months now she had let Mr. Hubbard devour her time without scruple; other women had walked past and eclipsed her, while she sat talking to her admirer, their talk interspersed with jocund laughter over each other's witticisms. I had expected to see a change after her enlightenment as to his actual means. But, to my surprise, Mr. Hubbard came oftener than before; he stayed longer; his tone grew more intimate with Edith and with me; he was almost domesticated among us. In fact, his spirits, always buoyant, rose to their highest pitch after his sagacity in recognizing Mrs. Darcy, for he now felt that he had substantial claims upon us. But one day I chanced to meet him going away crest-fallen and out of spirits, and Fanny came to me at once to be petted and sympathized with. "Isn't it too absurd?" she asked, half

laughing and half crying. "That man thought I had heaps of money."

"Mr. Hubbard thought so?"

"Yes. He has offered himself to me. He told me he had only the thousand a year allowed to him by his daughter's trustees for pocket-money, but that his ardent admiration, his deep love, forced him to aspire to me."

She laughed loudly, but as the unhappy laugh. "Isn't it too ridiculous?" she went on. "Each of us began by thinking the other a desirable match, then gradually we grew to like each other. Most people are so stupid; they call it something else,—that they are superior, proud, dignified, or elegant; but the fact is they are stupid. They see nothing, hear nothing, get no amusement out of life. And Mr. Hubbard and I find it all immensely diverting. I really think it is a sad pity we are too poor to spend the remainder of our existences together."

I commiserated Fanny, and listened to her patiently besides. She alternated between a tone of banter and sentimental regret concerning her lost love-affair. She said she should miss Mr. Hubbard: she had become used to him and me: a piece of furniture taken away leaves a void. She compared her acquaintance with him to that of Mme. du Deffand and M. Pont de Veyle, and told a story of the gay old marquise sitting blind in her easy-chair, and calling out to her friend, who was as usual opposite, "Pont de Veyle!" "Madame!" he replied.—"Where are you?"—"On the other side of the chimney."—"Lolling on a chair, with your feet on the sofa, as we should do with our friends?"—"Yes, madame."—"It must be owned there are few friendships in the world of so old a date as ours."—"Very true."—"It has lasted fifty years!"—"Yes; more than fifty."—"And in all that time we have never quarrelled nor had the shadow of a quarrel."—"That is what I always admired."—"But, Pont de Veyle, has it not been because at bottom we were always extremely indifferent to each other?"—"That may very possibly be the true case, madame."

But after hearing Fanny talk about Mr. Hubbard for a fortnight I began to believe that in her case no extreme indifference lay at the root of her feeling for Mr. Hubbard. She showed in every way that she experienced a novel sensation: she called herself deserted, hopeless; she was ready to throw away the prizes of life hitherto most esteemed and coveted by her.

We had been a little irresolute what to do in the summer, and it now seemed my duty to undertake a journey which should interest Fanny and restore her old spirits. Edith regarded her mother with dismay, and, little understanding the real state of things, began to dread illness or misfortune for her. Thus she was my zealous co-operator in a plan for an excursion to the sea-side and mountains: we were to set out the 1st of July, and I sent word to Marion Hubbard that she must come and bid me good-by.

"I have felt for a long time like the daughters of Lear," she said to me, almost without preamble. "I have robbed my father of his kingdom. He is the most unhappy man in the world." I found that she was disquieting herself a good deal for interfering materially with the apparent designs of Providence, and accordingly I told her what I had learned about the mutual mistake respecting ways and means. I found her so interested in Fanny's affairs that I went on and gave her the whole story of her first marriage and her perpetual struggle through her widowhood to keep her old plane on an insufficient income. Then, with a desire to do justice to Fanny where I had always in part done her injustice, although silently, I told Marion that I could not help believing that she was sincerely attached to her father,—that she had been of late almost engulfed in a great wave of disappointment which had blotted out her old landmarks and made it a hard task to regain her old footing in life again.

I poured out this rather sentimental confidence without expecting more than Marion's sympathy. But next day Fanny came to me with a brilliant ani-

mation lighting up her face. "Do you know what is going to happen?" she asked me.

"Are you going to marry Mr. Hubbard, after all?"

She nodded. "That is just it," she said. "It has all come right. It has all been made right. That girl is an angel. She wanted, she told her father, to see him happy and settled; and, as nothing would make him happy and settled except being married to me, the sacrifice had to be made. Mr. Hubbard came to me two hours ago, and the real truth is we are the two happiest people in the world."

I was very glad that Fanny was to be happy, and as for Mr. Hubbard, I begrudged him nothing. He belonged to the class of people who do nothing, yet accomplish and gain everything in life. He had never worked, yet found others always working for him. He had made debts, and others had paid them; he ate rich feasts while others were sent empty away, flourished where others withered, and enjoyed where others found nothing but bitter tears.

Fanny liked him, however, and the two were to be married at once. They had an ample income from Marion's property, and, in spite of the terms of her first husband's will, Fanny was never called upon to relinquish her claim to the remnants of his fortune.

CHAPTER XXV.

FANNY was to be married the 1st of July, and would sail with her husband directly for Europe. Edith considered the nuptials an affair both absurd and trivial, but she had been well trained to understand social economies, and tolerated the idea of a second papa for the sake of utilizing him for the few months or years which remained before she herself might marry and be free of chap-erons.

As for myself, I was not anxious to commit myself to any special plan of action. I had to begin anew. I was to have what mortals rarely have,—a

fresh chance, practically unhampered by my mistakes, my omissions and commissions. My year had put plenty of memories into my life, and, now that these intimate figures were vanishing and that their voices were to be heard no more, I felt that I had had much and lost much, and told myself regretfully that the fashion of this world changed too often with me.

Snow Morris was perhaps of this opinion as well. After the interview which I have given elsewhere, he stayed away for weeks, but as soon as the news of Fanny's coming marriage reached him he resumed his old visits and brought with him his old manner. He had ample social resources, and I found myself meeting him without embarrassment and finding pleasure in his society. He treated me with much of the tenderness one accords a child, and a strong dash of imperiousness was mixed with it. He made me understand that he considered me capable of unlimited caprice, but that he knew the science of life to be the knowledge of opportunity, and that everything may be done at the right moment. Once he said to me, "I shall give you up when you are married to another man, and not till then." I begged him not to put this useless ingredient of strong feeling into our intercourse, which else might be so friendly. "Light gunpowder," was his reply, "and tell it to burn slowly and safely."

I may confess here that there were times when this fate which Snow Morris sought to impose upon me seemed the probable and indeed the only one for me,—when my power of choice seemed gone. I told myself in these moments of depression that long before and quite unconsciously, knowing little or nothing of what I was doing, I had thrown away the threads of my destiny and left them for any one to pick up. I had made a mistake,—accepted fiction for reality, glamour for substance. When I discovered how much Mr. Harrold had undertaken in my service and how much he had effected, I wrote to thank him for his work in Louisiana. He wrote back so coolly, with so entire a rejection of

my gratitude and with so explicit a statement that the whole matter had been arranged between my lawyer and himself, without reference to me, that I could only regret having made any acknowledgment. Among the friends who were vanishing Mr. Harrold took his place, and asked no part in my future. I had once chosen, and I must abide by my choice, although I had now come to understand what the real outcome of my youth was,—a feeling which had been hidden away in my heart for years, unsuspected by myself until I had tested life a little and found out my own needs.

The days went past one by one. So many preparations were going on that it hardly seemed to count that no pleasant schemes for me were among them. Snow Morris asked me now and then what I was to do after Fanny went away, and smiled when I told him I had not yet decided. But little by little I had made a sort of plan, and the last day in June, when Fanny's wedding was only twenty-four hours off, I set out on a little expedition to make arrangements for it. I stole away early, leaving word with Edith that I was going over to see Madame Ramée for a few hours. The morning breeze was still stirring, and the river was all alive with motion and light when I reached it. The soft silvery blue of the sky, the marvellous blending of lovely hues on the water and in the hazes which melted dreamily away to far horizons, gave me a feeling of serenity and peace. Difficulties vanished; my vision cleared; my strength came back to me unimpaired, and I felt that I might once more dare be happy.

I stood on the forward deck as the boat moved tranquilly across. There were few passengers away from town at that early hour, but as we neared the opposite landing-place there was the usual crowd of business-men, shoppers, and travellers. My eyes, which had been ranging from water to sky and back again, were suddenly compelled by some instinct to scan the nearest group: Mr. Harrold was among them.

I passed close by him as I crossed the plank, and he took off his hat.

"What a place to find you in!" I exclaimed.

"It seems very familiar to me," he returned rather reluctantly, and followed me slowly into the ferry-house. "Are you going to Madame Ramée's?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"She has gone to town, and will not be at home until twelve. She sent for me yesterday, wishing to ask my opinion about some new plan of hers, and begged that if I called I would wait until her return."

I looked at my watch. It was just half-past ten. "Now that I am so far, I think I will go there and stay until she comes back," I murmured.

Mr. Harrold stood looking at me with some indecision.

"Are you going to cross on this boat?" I inquired.

My question seemed to end his irresolution. "Yes. I must go now."

I said nothing, but moved on with a slight inclination. I was disappointed, a little wounded; and when, the next moment, he came running after me, I felt with intense embarrassment that my eyes were tearful and my lips tremulous.

Mr. Harrold said nothing, however, except that, after all, he had nothing to do, and that he might as well help me to find the way. "Have you been often to see madame?" he asked.

"Not often. Madame at first took my change of circumstances as a direct grievance, and was not inclined to be gracious."

He glanced at me with a little lifting of the eyebrows. "Your old friends were rather jealous of your good fortune,—knowing that they could be no part of it," he now remarked.

"They might have guessed that my good fortune left me lonely and doubtful of the worth of things when everything seemed swept away from me at once. It showed how little any one really cared for me who believed that my love, my friendship, my sympathy, were not likely to survive the change."

Mr. Harrold bent his eyes on the ground and said nothing.

We were walking slowly up the clamorous city street, and the heat and glare of the market-place became oppressive. Neither of us spoke again until we reached a more quiet spot.

"Will you go in at the garden gate? I brought the key of it to-day," said Mr. Harrold, laughing slightly as he took it from his pocket and twirled it on his finger. "It would, I fancied, renew some powerful associations to let myself in that way."

We turned down the side-street which led past the rear of the house.

"There is the clock on the church tower," I said. "I used to think my life was set to that, and in those days I declared at times I hated it. Now, of my own accord and from a feeling that nothing else attracts me so much, I am going back to ask Madame Ramée to let me stay with her a few weeks,—through the summer vacations at least. If she has a journey in prospect, I can take care of things in her absence, just as I used to do; and if she is to be at home, I will write letters for her in the day-time and play cribbage with her in the evenings."

"Are you in earnest?" demanded Mr. Harrold, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Entirely in earnest. In fact, I seem to have trodden a circle which brings me back naturally to this point."

We had by this time reached the little gate in the wall, with the slats in the upper half, overgrown by the ivies and wisterias. As he opened it, I went in, and the old garden, with its graceful unpruned luxuriance of roses and honeysuckles, greeted me with the refreshment of my childish dreams.

"How natural it all seems!" I exclaimed. "And there are the two little Cubans playing under the laburnums, just as I taught them to play a year ago."

Bella and Anita came timidly toward me at my call, and, after I had spoken to them, stood looking at me in bewilderment.

"I like this," I said, sitting down in my old seat under the acacias. "I shall enjoy living here again day by day, or rather hour by hour."

Mr. Harrold had followed my steps, and stood looking at me from a little distance. "I suppose," said he, "you are over-excited, over-tired. You want to grow calm, to let the vivid and painful impressions of the past few months die away, before you take up your new life. Still, I cannot understand it."

"What? my coming here? How little you know my need of quiet, of a chance to think out my thoughts, to determine the meanings of my experience and their bearings upon my duty!"

"I supposed," he observed, in a dull voice, "that your duty was well defined."

"Nothing is definite, save longing to do and to be something better."

"Has anything new happened?" he asked, in an abrupt and almost stern way.

"Nothing new. This feeling has been growing on me for months."

He did not speak again for some time, nor did he look at me; but, for all that, his coldness somewhat abashed me. I went on telling what had been in my heart and mind,—how if I had lost the money my poor uncle had left me it would have been almost a relief, since in that case my burdens and responsibilities would have fallen elsewhere; how, as it was, all question as to my actual title having vanished, my doubts as to its possession were deepened and intensified. There must be some way of using it well, I pleaded, of making it help me to a wide usefulness, which should in some feeble way atone for evil, if evil there had been, in the way it had been gained. It ought, too, to teach me, by its power of doing good, how to live without this perpetual self-disgust, this weariness of others, this disbelief in the worth of anything within my grasp.

"I want to be good," I said finally. "I want to be happy, if I can; but first I want the rest and security of a good life."

The little girls had listened to me at

first, and I had not minded the solemn gaze of their soft black eyes. But now, tired of my story at last, and puzzled, too, by this incursion upon their playground, they had withdrawn behind a rose-thicket, and were whispering to each other. Mr. Harrold came nearer with a movement as if clogged by some power he could not throw off. He sat down beside me, but with a far-off look, and when he spoke his tone was distant and cold. "I cannot understand you," he said. "If these were real regrets, real struggles—" He broke off, then said, in a different tone, "Here you are, an enchanted princess in a fairy-tale, a magic wand in hand which brings you every gift, talking as if shut out of the sunshiny paradise you long for and shivering in outer darkness."

"Not quite so bad as that. But I feel lonely and rather dreary. Fanny Burt is to be married to-morrow; Edith and Marion are going to Canada for six months. Everything I have had and counted on has passed away."

He reached out his hand and touched my arm. "You are engaged to marry Snow Morris," said he.

"No, oh, no!"

He regarded me doubtfully: "It has been broken off?"

"I have never been engaged to him for a day, for an hour. Everything conspired to throw us together. He was my relation; he was, besides, my guardian and trustee; he had known my uncle."

"Then I have been grossly deceived."

He was looking at me with the expression of a man dazzled by a sudden illumination which hides objects near at hand. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you are free?"

"I am free."

"Snow Morris does not count in your plans of a future life?"

"No."

He looked at me with a straight, strong gaze. "The thought of you in any trouble, any dilemma, left alone, uncherished, unregarded, cuts me like a lash," said he under his breath. "I can have but one instinct in the matter."

His words stung me. I seemed to see all at once that I had been making a plea for his sympathy, and I met his look with my cheeks on fire, my eyes burning, while my heart throbbed so fast I trembled all over. I started up. "I will go into the house," I murmured. "I want to see—"

"Not yet," said Mr. Harrold firmly. "Wait until I know more or less. I have some rights in the matter. I was told two months ago, by some one whom I considered excellent authority, that you were Morris's promised wife. When I met you to-day I considered you engaged to him. Even now, so strongly have I been impressed by the conviction that you were lost to me, I hardly dare say to myself, 'She is free.'"

"But I am free," I exclaimed, with intense indignation against him, against all the world.

He had risen, and stood close beside me: "There is only one feeling in my heart or that my tongue wants to utter."

I was quivering all over with my foolish resentment and humiliation.

He put his hand on mine, but I snatched it impatiently away. "I want to tell you—" he began.

"Do not, do not. Wait: I want nothing here to-day which—"

"Why not, here in the old place? But, after all, you know my story so well it needs no telling. I have gained no new worth, no new powers of pleasing you; but, Millicent—"

I had tried to rise, but he detained me, and I sat still, doubting if this were happiness or pain.

"Dear," he said very softly, "I love you so much I am blind to everything save the wish to win you. There may be others; but you have had a year to choose from them. Perhaps it is asking too much; but it will be something to have a man take care of you who loves you—loves you—loves you as I do. I promise to take care of you faithfully. And you say you want to be good. With all the power that is within me I will do my best, and we will both be as good as we know how to be. And as

to the money, there are plenty of ways to use it well, and you shall not need it for yourself, for I am no longer a poor man. If, Millicent, if you would believe this, if you would trust in me, if you would just look at me a moment, just stretch out your little hand—"

Something of radiance and peace

seemed to have opened before me. It was not unreal. There was a sweetness and depth in its reality which sustained me. But I could not look at Mr. Harold yet: so I just stretched out my hand.

The Author of "A Lesson in Love."

[THE END.]

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

OF all the German composers there is probably none who for the last thirty years has been so universally popular in England and America as Mendelssohn. In England, Mendelssohn's music is the only German music, save Händel's, which, until within these last years at least, can fairly be said to have become domesticated. For this great popularity of Mendelssohn in England there are, of course, some accidental reasons. England loved him because he first loved England, because he spent so much time in England and became so closely related with English musicians and their enterprises. Of the men who chiefly control current opinion in the English musical world, as composers, performers, or critics, some still feel the charm of his personal influence, and most were trained in its fresh traditions; his memory is not yet dead in the orchestras, and many of the older members of the choruses of Birmingham and London cherish as their most sacred recollection that of the days when they answered his *bâton*. But there are other reasons than these personal ones for Mendelssohn's peculiar popularity in England, and the most important is, that of all the great German music Mendelssohn's is the least German and the most comprehensible, that which appeals most strongly and directly to sentiments characteristic of the English people and typified in the English Church. The Church of England has been the nursery of a type of piety altogether peculiar and most winning in its catholicity, humanness, gentleness,

reliability, and repose,—a piety so sweetly pictured by George Herbert and in Mr. Hare's "Quiet Life," and so attractive to every one of us, whatever one's theology or ecclesiastical politics. It is not the sort of Church which likes religious enthusiasm. Robertson and Kingsley used to say it would endure no heroism, no *dash*; but it likes limits, it likes serenity, it likes decency and dignity, it likes the simple and domestic, it likes good order and good taste.

With such a sentiment and temper what could more completely harmonize than the music of Mendelssohn, free alike from mysticism and strong passion, neither sensuous nor profound, but finished in its form, chaste, elegant, and simple, essentially "well bred," and always religious? The English must needs love Mendelssohn for the same reason that they love their Church, or that their Church is what it is. Where there is revolt from the Church, or where within the Church itself men are moved by some strong impulse not native to the type of religion we have pictured,—as in the Oxford Movement,—there we see an instant turning to a different and a deeper music. But neither Bach nor anybody else is likely to dispossess Mendelssohn speedily either in the English choir or in the rectory. The symphonies of Beethoven, indeed, are so supremely great that they burst the bounds which culture fixes, and, like the Sistine Madonna of Raphael and Shakespeare's plays, speak truly and satisfyingly

to every man, to each according to the measure of the fulness of his life. But it is only to the reflective and the speculative that the greater works of Weber or Schubert or Schumann can have charm or meaning, and only the man who has entered genuinely into the German spirit and become possessed of something of the German lore who can grasp the purpose of "Tannhäuser" or follow with true pleasure the movement of the "Nibelungen." Wagner and the appreciation of Wagner are, and we believe must remain, *national*, or the belonging of the philosophic few; but there is nothing in the simple, melodious work of Mendelssohn that shuts it from the common, unspeculative Englishman or imposes strain upon him.

It was probably with the introduction of the "St. Paul" that Mendelssohn's popularity in America began. The taking up of the "St. Paul" by the Händel and Haydn Society of Boston, says Mr. Dwight, in his invaluable musical chapter in the new "Memorial History of Boston," marked an era in the history of that society. This was in 1843, and during the forty years from that time to the present there has been almost no great musical festival in the country in which Mendelssohn has not had a prominent place. With the Händel and Haydn Society itself he has constantly maintained the same peculiar popularity into which he stepped with the first performance of the "St. Paul." The society has given the "St. Paul" at least a dozen representations since 1843, and the "Elijah," which it took up immediately after its production in England, fifty representations,—the "Elijah" being the most popular, after the "Messiah," of all oratorios. For many years the society has given the "Elijah" at Easter almost as regularly as it has given the "Messiah" at Christmas. At the inauguration of the Music Hall, in 1852, the beautiful chorus "Happy and blest," from "St. Paul," constituted one of the numbers of the programme; at the memorable jubilee-concert on New-Year's Day, 1863, in honor of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the

solo and chorus from the "Hymn of Praise," "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" and the chorus, "He, watching over Israel," from the "Elijah," were sung; at the dedication of the great organ, in 1863, some of Mendelssohn's noblest organ-work was given; and at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Händel and Haydn Society, in 1865, the "Hymn of Praise" and the "Elijah" were among the choral works, and the "Scotch Symphony" was also performed. At the first triennial festival of the society, in 1868, the "Reformation Symphony," the "Hymn of Praise," the "Ninety-fifth Psalm," and the "St. Paul," all entered into the programme.

This passing reference to the record of our leading choral society—for even the Cincinnati people, we think, will still concede the honor of being that to the Boston society—is simply to illustrate the prominence which Mendelssohn's greater works have had in our more important musical programmes; for the work of the Händel and Haydn Society is a pretty reliable index to the work of the various important choral societies of the country, for which it has generally furnished the key-note. And the parlor bears yet stronger witness than the concert-room to the peculiar hold which Mendelssohn's music still has upon the American heart.

The life and character of Mendelssohn, also, are doubtless more familiar to our general musical public than those of any other of the German composers, not only because he is nearer to us in point of time and because the memories of his acquaintance and his personal influence are still so common and so fresh, but chiefly perhaps because he was himself so good a literary man, because he has taken us into his confidence so charmingly by his own letters and has become the subject of so much interesting and really excellent literature. In once more going over, therefore, the smooth and sunny story of his life and work, it is not for any new thing that one can hope to say, but for the simple pleasure many of us take in reading or repeating a twice-told tale.

There are certainly no men whose biographies are more interesting, as a class, than those of the great composers,—none of more singular and striking character and personality. Very often all that is interesting about the writer, even the poet, is his book; not only is his life in the world a dull and uneventful one, but there is nothing in himself, outside his page, that exercises any spell upon us or holds our interest. But there is almost no one of the great men of music whose life is not as interesting as romance, even to the man who knows nothing of operas or symphonies,—so crowded are they all with strange vicissitudes, “disastrous chances, moving accidents,” so rich in revelations of energy, heroic suffering, aspiration quick and faithful through neglect and dramatic triumphs, so strong, intense, and beautiful the natures of the men. How many homeless nomads among them! how much of genius in the attic! what unearthly precocity! what excitement! what life-long disappointment! what consuming melancholy! Where are there more touching tragedies than the lives of Schumann, Weber, and Beethoven? what lives of stranger surroundings and episodes than those of Chopin and Liszt? what pictures more memorable than that of Bach at his old organ among the school-boys, of Berlioz at his *feuilletons*, or of Händel bringing out his “Messiah” before the handful of London snobs? what contrasts more dramatic than those in the career—in our own time—of Verdi, now creeping to the top of La Scala to hear the opera for sixpence, and now magnate of Italy, or of Wagner, between the days of half starving in Paris, before the “Flying Dutchman,” and the triumphs of the Baireuth festivals?

There is little of this sort in the life of Mendelssohn,—no contrast of want and jubilee, of neglect and idolatry, no lonely struggle or hard chances, little suffering of any sort, and still less cause for suffering, but an almost unbroken course in the sun of good fortune, easy opportunity, and instant recognition. Mendelssohn was not, indeed, a man of genius in any such sense as Beethoven

and Mozart were men of genius,—his greatest admirers would not claim that for him,—or as Wagner is such. Some of the critics choose to say that he had not genius at all, but only—keeping to the old antithesis—the highest order of talent. Original in striking degree Mendelssohn certainly was not. He was a diligent student of the masters who had preceded him,—as Palestrina was, and much more than most modern composers have been,—and beyond doubt was affected by his masters more than many; but to say of him, as Liszt has done disparagingly, that he was a mere imitator of Händel, is to say what is most unfitting and untrue. With equal propriety might he be called an imitator of Haydn, or of almost any of the earlier masters, who quite rightly, as some of us believe, ascribed to melody a greater virtue and importance than our more modern composers are wont to do.

Of all the great composers, Mendelssohn was certainly the most versatile; and the saying that those who do good work also do much work was never more strikingly exemplified than in his case. There is almost no variety of composition which he did not attempt and in which he did not succeed. He wrote two of the four greatest oratorios which have been written; he wrote five symphonies, including the “Scotch,” the “Italian,” and the “Reformation;” he wrote an opera and an operetta,—the “Walpurgisnacht;” and he wrote overtures, concertos, sonatas, scherzos, cantatas, motets, psalms, hymns, and songs innumerable; besides the famous music to “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” “Athalie,” “Antigone,” and “Œdipus.”

He was one of the greatest pianists who have ever lived. “Mendelssohn’s playing,” says Clara Schumann, “was to me a shining ideal. He could carry one with him in the most incredible manner. One forgot the player, and only revelled in the full enjoyment of the music. I have heard him in Bach and Beethoven, and in his own compositions, and shall never forget the impression he made upon me.” “Mendelssohn’s playing,” says Hiller, “was to him

what flying is to a bird. When he sat down to the instrument, music streamed from him with all the fulness of his in-born genius: he was a centaur, and his horse was the piano. What he played, how he played it, and that he was the player, all were equally riveting, and it was impossible to separate the execution, the music, and the executant. This was absolutely the case in his improvisations, so poetical, artistic, and finished, and almost as much so in his execution of the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or himself."

He very rarely played from book, and the feats of memory that are related of him are prodigious. An instance is mentioned by his father in which, after Malibran had sung five songs of different nations, he was dragged to the piano and improvised upon them all. He knew the long and complicated Passion Music of Bach by heart. Schubring relates that one evening, after accompanying one of the choruses at the piano without book, he said, "At the twenty-third bar the sopranos have C, and not C sharp." In his descriptions of the ceremonies attendant upon the installation of Gregory XVI., which he witnessed at Rome, down to the smallest details of the music, he rivalled Mozart's famous accomplishment.

He loved the organ almost as much as the great Bach himself, and some describe him as even more at home there than on the piano-forte. His extemporizing on the organ was something which electrified those who heard it. His organ-playing, on the occasions of his visits to England, was always most eagerly watched. He was the greatest of the great German organists who had visited England; and the English organists, some of them no mean proficients, learned more than one lesson from him. "It was not," wrote Dr. Gauntlett, "that he played Bach for the first time here,—several of us had done that. But he taught us how to play the *slow* fugue, for Adams and others had played them too fast. His words were, 'Your organists think that Bach did not write a slow fugue for the organ.' He

brought out a number of pedal fugues which were not known here; and even in those that were known he threw out points unsuspected before. One thing which particularly struck our organists was the contrast between his massive effects and the lightness of his touch in rapid passages. The touch of the Christ-Church organ was both deep and heavy, yet he threw off arpeggios as if he were at a piano." He played the organ very often, during his English visits, at Christ Church and St. Paul's, and at Manchester and Birmingham,—sometimes at St. Paul's with his friends at the bellows and the church empty. The story is told that on one of the occasions of his playing at a regular service at St. Paul's, the vergers, finding that the congregation would not leave the cathedral, withdrew the organ-blower and let the wind out of the organ.

But, quite aside from his music, no composer ever had so many pursuits as Mendelssohn. He was an accomplished artist with brush and pencil. A great number of his sketches and drawings are still preserved, beginning with the Swiss journey in 1822. The Scotch and Italian tours are both fully illustrated, and so they go on, year by year, till his last journey into Switzerland in 1847, of which fourteen large, highly-finished water-color drawings remain.

His correspondence is even more remarkable than his drawing. During the last years of his life, few eminent men in Europe wrote more letters than he; and there is scarcely anything in recent literature more delightful than the volumes of his letters which have been published,—“the happy mixture of seriousness, fun, and affection, the life-like descriptions, the happy hits, the *naïveté* which no boldness of translation can extinguish, the wise counsels, the practical views, the delight in the successes of his friends, the self-abnegation, the bursts of wrath at anything mean or nasty.” His letters were all written in a finished and elegant hand, the lines all straight and close, the letters perfectly formed, no word illegible. An autograph letter of Mendelssohn's, as

has been said, is a work of art: to the folding and the sealing, everything is perfect. How he found time for the vast number of these long and exquisite letters in days crowded so full that it makes the head swim to read of them, is a mystery; but he seems to have found time for everything, and was never driven into a corner. He composed "Antigone" in a fortnight, and many others of his works with equal rapidity. He appears to have made few preliminary sketches, but to have arranged his music in his head at first, as Mozart did, so that his swiftly-written scores rarely show any corrections. He had a remarkable power of order and concentration, and the practical business habit of doing one thing at a time, and doing it well, which most artists, and especially most of the great musical composers, have so lacked. Händel possessed it in some degree; but with that exception Mendelssohn seems to stand alone.

Mendelssohn was a scholar. How profound and subtle his understanding of the Greek tragedians and of Shakespeare was is proved alike by his music and his letters. The overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" was written when Mendelssohn was only seventeen years old, and was the immediate result of a closer acquaintance with Shakespeare, through the medium of Schlegel and Tieck's version, which he and his sisters now read for the first time. Just now, too,—in 1826,—he entered the University of Berlin, where his old tutor Heyse, the father of Paul Heyse the novelist, had become a professor. For his matriculation-essay he sent in a translation in verse of the "Andria" of Terence, which was afterward published in a volume with a preface by Heyse, and was the first attempt in German to render Terence in his own metres. At the university he attended, among other classes, those of Hegel,—including one course on music,—and he took especial pleasure in the lectures of the great Carl Ritter on geography. His culture was ripened and rounded by his extensive travels in France, Italy, and England; and his father's house was the

constant resort of the masters in every department of thought, including such men as Humboldt and Hegel, for which latter worthy alone a card-table was provided. Mendelssohn became acquainted with Goethe in his thirteenth year, and maintained most intimate relations with him until the poet's death. He visited Goethe three times at Weimar, and the opportunities which he enjoyed of seeing and knowing the poet in his own house gave an impulse to his whole life, strengthening and fostering that love for perfection and that dislike for everything mean and morbid which always distinguished him. In all the Mendelssohn literature there is hardly anything more interesting than the little book on "Goethe and Mendelssohn," by Carl Mendelssohn, the composer's eldest son. He was taken to Weimar first by Zelter, who was a great admirer of Goethe and wanted to show him his wonderful pupil. The boy had already written two operas and nearly finished a third, had composed for the Berlin Sing-Akademie a psalm in four or five parts, besides a number of symphonies, fugues, and songs, and was as much the wonder of the musical world as Mozart had been in his boyhood. Goethe when in his fourteenth year had heard Mozart, in his seventh year, at Frankfurt, and, like all the rest of the world, was astonished at his extraordinary execution. "But what your pupil already accomplishes," he said to Zelter, "bears the same relation to the Mozart of that time that the cultivated talk of a grown-up person does to the prattle of a child. What this little man can do in extemporizing and playing at sight borders on the miraculous." Goethe quite idolized the boy. Generally reserved and indifferent to strangers, for the "little Berliner" he laid aside all his ministerial dignity, and stroked and patted his head with such fatherly tenderness that the boy soon lost all bashfulness and gave way to his tremendous spirits in all their youthful freshness. Felix played Beethoven to him, and Bach fugues, of which Goethe was particularly fond. Goethe asked for a minuet, upon which

the boy cried out, with flashing eyes, "Shall I play you the most beautiful one in the whole world?" and played the Minuet from "Don Juan." "Every afternoon," says Felix in one of his letters home, "Goethe opens the Streicher piano with these words, 'I have not heard you at all to-day, so you must make a little noise for me.' Then he sits down by me, and when I have finished (generally improvising) I beg for a kiss, or else I take one. You can have no conception of his goodness and kindness, nor of the quantity of minerals, busts, engravings, statuettes, and large drawings which this pole-star of poets has in his possession. That he has an imposing figure, I cannot see: he is really not much bigger than my father. But his look, his language, his name, they are imposing. His voice has an enormous sound in it, and he can shout like ten thousand fighting-men. I don't think any of the pictures are like him; and one would never take him for seventy-three, but for fifty." All this shows remarkable power of observation in a boy of twelve. The little Berliner became the favorite of the whole family. Goethe entered heartily into the uproarious spirits of the young people, and wrote some little poems for Felix and his sister; and when, at the end of a fortnight, Zelter began to talk of going home, he seriously reprimanded him. He specially inquired how Felix was educated at Berlin, and whether he was not too much coddled. He did not like to see so much fuss made with the boy. "These women here," he said, speaking of the court ladies, before whom Felix had given several concerts, "are doing all they can to spoil the boy for me."

"You are my David," said Goethe to Mendelssohn on the second visit to Weimar, "and if I am ever ill and sad, you must banish my bad dreams by your playing: I shall never throw my spear at you, as Saul did." A frequent correspondence was kept up between the two. As an acknowledgment for the dedication of the B-minor quartet, Goethe sent his young friend a beautiful "love-letter;" and when Mendelssohn

was composing the "Walpurgisnacht" in Italy, Goethe expressed his approbation and pleasure, and sketched out for him the fundamental ideas of the poem. Before going to Italy, Mendelssohn went to Weimar for the poet's blessing; and this was the most interesting of all the visits. "I had to tell him all about Scotland, and Hengstenberg and Spontini, and Hegel's aesthetics," writes Mendelssohn. "From the Bach period downward," writes Goethe, "he has brought Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck to life for me, has given me clear ideas of the great modern masters of *technique*, and, lastly, has made me understand his own productions and given me plenty to think about in himself." Every morning they had a music-lesson, which consisted in Felix's playing to him for an hour pieces by all the great composers in chronological order, and then explaining what each had done to further the art. All the while Goethe would sit in a dark corner, "like a Jupiter Tonans, with his old eyes flashing fire." He commissioned a painter to make a portrait of the young artist for a collection of his friends' likenesses which he had for some time been making, and he gave him a sheet of the autograph of "Faust." He talked to him about the opera and the theatre and pretty girls,— "My dear fellow, you must go to the women and make yourself very sweet to them;" he talked about the year 1775, and how "liberalism, Jacobinism, and all other inventions of the evil one cropped up;" and he talked of Schiller. "There was something terrific in Schiller's progress," he said to Mendelssohn. "If you had not seen him for a week, you found him quite changed, and did not know what to make of him for astonishment. He went forward unceasingly till his forty-sixth year, and then came the end." Speaking of Schiller at another time, Goethe said, "In his youth he was too much influenced by physical freedom, and in maturer life, when he had had enough of physical freedom, he drifted into ideal freedom. And I might almost say that this idea killed him. For it caused him to make

demands on his physical nature which were too much for his powers. He used to force himself to work for days and weeks when he was not well, with the view of making his powers obey him and be at his command at all times. I have all possible respect for the 'categorical imperative,' and know how much good may proceed from it; but one must not push it too far, for then the idea of ideal freedom can lead to no good."

When Mendelssohn came to the poet's room to take his final leave, he found Goethe sitting before a favorite picture of Ostade's,—of a peasant family at prayer. "We must not part from one another without a moment's devotion," he said, 'and so let us look at this "Prayer" together for a little while.' Then he told me that I was to write to him sometimes, and then he kissed me, and we drove off to Jena."

To Mendelssohn Goethe's words about Schiller supplied a fresh spur to increased activity. Well would it have been if they had operated as a warning. With a temperament strikingly like Schiller's own, what Goethe said of Schiller's restless and self-consuming energy became prophetic for himself: "There was something terrific in his progress; he went forward unceasingly" till his thirty-eighth year,—that fatal age for genius,—"and then came the end!"

Mendelssohn's temperament was most sensitive and intense. His power of enjoyment of everything in nature and in art was boundless. His spirits, when he was happy,—and he was almost always happy,—were uncontrollable and like a boy's. His manner was peculiarly fascinating. Few men had fewer enemies abroad, and he was loved devotedly at home. He had a great capacity for being angry, and anything like meanness or deceit roused his wrath at once. "There was a great deal of manliness packed into his little body," says one of his English friends. Toward thoughtlessness, negligence, or obstinate stupidity, he was very intolerant, and under such provocation said things the sting of which sometimes remained long after, and which he himself deeply regretted.

His figure was lithe, light, and mercurial. His look was dark and very Jewish, the face ever varying in expression, full of brightness and animation. His hair was black and abundant; and when thoroughly agreeing with one he would nod his head violently, so that the hair came down over his face. When especially amused, he would quite double up with laughter, and shake his hand from the wrist, to emphasize his merriment. Indeed, his body was almost as expressive as his face. His mouth was unusually delicate and expressive, and had generally a pleasant smile at the corners. But the most striking part of the face was the large brown eyes. When he was playing extempore or was otherwise much excited, they would dilate to twice their ordinary size and give an extraordinary brightness and fire to his face. He had a slight lisp or drawl to the end of his life, but this only made the endearing words and pet expressions which he was fond of applying to his own immediate circle all the more affectionate. He was passionately fond of society, and he had troops of devoted friends. In the musical world he knew Moscheles, who was for a time his piano-teacher, Spohr, Hiller, Hummel, Halévy, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Cherubini, Spontini, Chopin, Paganini, Joachim, Liszt, Schumann, Berlioz, Gade, Ole Bull, Jenny Lind, and Sterndale Bennett,—many of them intimately. But his affections centred mainly in his own family, upon his father and mother and sister, his wife and children. "The best part of every pleasure is gone if Cécile is not there." Never was a more beautiful picture of family life than that which is revealed by the Mendelssohn Letters.

There was no particle of vanity or false pride in Mendelssohn. He was most deferent to all intelligent opinion, and he was a severe critic of himself. But he could not bear public criticism or disapprobation: it made him sick. The sneers of the press after the first production of his "Camacho" undoubtedly caused the long despondency which fol-

lowed, and laid the foundation for his dislike of the institutions and the very soil of Berlin; and the rejection of his "Reformation Symphony," quite as much as the Parisian insults to Weber and Bach, led to his dislike of the French character. He never set foot in Paris after it. It was not that he might not himself sometimes share the very feelings of his critics, but it seemed to him that he was loved so much the less, and that the world was so much the colder, and coldness or the lack of love his sympathetic, craving nature could not for a moment bear. What would have become of Mendelssohn if he had had to face the criticism which Beethoven and Wagner met, or if he had had to fight disease and mental torture like Schumann, or if he had been exposed to those conflicts with poverty and long neglect which have been the lot of so many of the great composers, it is hard to imagine. "I do not in the least concern myself," he said, "as to what people wish or praise or pay for, but solely as to what I myself consider good." He was certainly very fortunate in being able to disregard "what people pay for." Born in affluence, idolized by family and friends, he was a favorite from first to last, and his path was strewn with flowers from the cradle to the grave.

The worries and troubles which in the end killed Mendelssohn began with his acceptance of the post of Director of Music in the Berlin Academy. He believed, to begin with, that Berlin was one of the least influential and Leipsic one of the most influential places in Germany in the matter of music. But it was chiefly the coldness and hypercriticalness of the Berlin public and the pretentiousness and wearisome pettiness of Berlin officialism which wore upon him. His free and radical spirit revolted against the officialism and etiquette of a great and formal court, and he denounced roundly "the mongrel doings of the capital,—vast projects and poor performances, the keen criticism and the slovenly playing, the liberal ideas and the shoals of subservient courtiers, the mu-

seum and academy and the sand." He superintended several series of concerts at which large vocal and instrumental works were performed, he brought the cathedral choir to a high state of efficiency, and he fulfilled faithfully the various duties of his position; but his feelings toward the musical and official circles of Berlin constantly grew colder, and he was happy enough when the king at last freed him from all duties which would oblige him to reside in Berlin, and he turned back to his beloved Leipsic. "The first step out of Berlin" was to him "the first step to happiness."

London, Mendelssohn loved as much as he hated Berlin. "That smoky nest," he exclaims, thinking of his old quarters in Great Portland Street, amid the sunshine of the Naples summer, "is fated to be now and ever my favorite residence: my heart swells when I think of it." His father accompanied him on one of his visits to London, and his letters are full of little hits at the fog, the absence of the sun, the Sundays, and other English institutions, and at his son's enthusiasm for it all. But Mendelssohn himself was always full of happiness in London. The enthusiasm for him in London was always greater and greater, growing into perfect ovations; and this was all the more welcome after the irritations of Berlin. He visited England no less than ten times. He was more widely known at each visit, and every acquaintance—Dickens was among them—became a friend. Upon his first visit he was elected an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society,—it thus being an English body which gave him his first recognition as a composer. He travelled this time all over England and Scotland; and it is interesting for us to read that at Liverpool he went aboard a new American vessel and played a sonata upon a Broadwood piano in the saloon. "I was never received anywhere with such universal kindness," he wrote, during his seventh English visit, "and have made more music in these two months than I do elsewhere in two years." He conducted many concerts in

London, Manchester, and Birmingham; and it was at Birmingham, on the 26th of August, 1846, that "Elijah" was performed for the first time, under his own direction. On his last visit to England, in the succeeding year, the "Elijah" was performed at Exeter Hall. The Queen and Prince Consort were present, and the prince addressed Mendelssohn as a second Elijah, faithful to the worship of true art, though encompassed by the idolaters of Baal. Mendelssohn was highly appreciated by the royal family, and two of his most interesting letters are accounts of charmingly informal visits to Buckingham Palace. Mendelssohn plays on the organ his chorus from "St. Paul," "How lovely are the messengers," the queen and Prince Albert joining in the chorus, and the prince managing the stops; and then the queen sang for Mendelssohn his own song, "Schöner und schöner schmückt sich!"—"sang it quite charmingly; only in the line 'Der Prosa Lasten und Müh,' where it goes down to D, and then comes up again so closely, she sang D sharp each time. The last long G I have never heard better, or purer, or more natural, from any amateur."

None of the great German composers since Händel have had so much to do with England as Mendelssohn. He was long looked upon as half an Englishman. He spoke and wrote English freely. His first important work was founded on Shakespeare; his last, the "Elijah," was first brought out in England; and both his oratorios are performed much oftener to-day in England and America than in Germany. The "Scotch Symphony," the "Fingal's Cave" music, and the "Hebrides Overture," are the results of the influence of British scenery upon him. The best life of Mendelssohn, it is also right to say, has been written by an Englishman,—the sketch by Mr. Grove, to which I am so much indebted.

Of Mendelssohn's oratorios, the "Elijah" has always been the most popular both in this country and in England, taking its place almost on a level with the "Messiah" in public favor,—and rightly so, for there is nothing in the

whole range of oratorio-music finer than the double quartets in the "Elijah," the "Thanks be to God," and the exquisite trio. The "Elijah" is Mendelssohn's undoubted masterpiece. He worked upon it for nine years, from the completion of the "St. Paul" almost to the time of his death, and it was his last great work. He had begun a third oratorio, the "Christus," but only eight numbers of it were completed fit for performance. Nothing could have been more interesting than this finished work, enabling us, as it would have done, to compare Mendelssohn and Händel on the same ground. The "Messiah," of all musical works, is certainly the richest in great melodies; but it does not have the unity or the dramatic force of Bach's "Passions" or of the oratorios of Mendelssohn. It is, if the expression may be forgiven and turned into something better, a magnificent patchwork. To Mendelssohn, the oratorio is a drama, its personages "not mere musical images, but inhabitants of a definite active world." Händel did not compile the words of the "Messiah;" but Mendelssohn prepared the librettos, as well as the music, for his oratorios, although assisted on the "Elijah" by Schubring and on the "Christus" by Busen. He knew his Bible well. "The Bible is always the best of all," he said; and in his oratorios he followed it implicitly. "Whilst writing the 'St. Paul,'" he says, in one of his letters, "I have felt with renewed pleasure how forcible, how exhaustive, and how harmonious the Scripture language is for music. There is an inimitable force in it, and a rhythm which has often seemed of itself to suggest the music to me." He turned from opera to oratorio largely because of the low *morale* of the opera-librettos of the time. "If that style is indispensable," he said, "I will forsake opera and write oratorios."

Mr. Grove observes, with reference to the "St. Paul," that perhaps the nature of the subject does not wholly lend itself to forcible treatment. We are compelled to dissent from this authority, eminent as it is. It seems to us that Mendels-

sohn could have hit upon no more striking subject in the whole compass of the Bible history, and none better suited to his own peculiar genius. And his treatment of it, both in choice of words and in music, and especially the first part, seems to us masterly. We have in one of his own letters a sketch of his plan. "The subject of my present oratorio," he writes from Düsseldorf in 1835, "is St. Paul. It begins with his presence at Stephen's trial; and this, with his persecution of the Church, and his conversion, as far as the conversation with Ananias, forms the first part; the chief points in his after-life—the conversion of the heathen, the worship offered him at Lystra, his imprisonment with Silas, the parting with the elders at Ephesus—constitute the second and last part."

With all his love for London and the English, Mendelssohn was nevertheless a true German; and the place where we feel the presence of his spirit most is Leipsic. It is no wonder that Mendelssohn loved Leipsic as he did. Is there in all the world another place so dear to the lover of music? With nothing of the stateliness of Munich or Berlin, with no art-galleries, like Dresden and Cassel, to hold the traveller, there is an indefinable something about this old Saxon town which makes every stone in every one of its gray and crooked courts and alleys as beautiful to the student—whether of music or philosophy—whose home it has once been as the lime-trees upon its Promenade and the quiet ways in the woods of the Rosenthal, through which he walks at evening when the nightingales are singing. It is not that Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul, "the Only," once lived here; it is not that here the "Battle of the Nations" raged; it is not that it is the town of Bach and Mendelssohn; it is not that the people are *gemüthlich*, the beef good, and the lodgings and the garden-concerts so cheap; it is not that Brockhaus is here, and Taubnitz, and Breitkopf, and Härtel; it is not because of the Thomauer-Chor and its Saturday Motet, nor because of the Gewandhaus and the Conservatory and

the University, with all its free student-life. When all these are told, the old Leipsic student feels that the charm of Leipsic is not half explained; and for himself he does not bother about explaining it, but simply cherishes it as one of the good things that have come into his life.

It is to the Gewandhaus that the music-student hurries first when he finds himself upon the enchanted soil of Leipsic. How his heart beats as he turns into the old court where the Conservatory is, and climbs the bare stone stairs, and finds himself in the little hall which is so identified with all that is purest and best in music! What a little hall it is! and how devoid of ornament! Only above the orchestra there is one medallion,—a marble profile. It is Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn conducted the Gewandhaus concerts from 1835 to 1843, and in this latter year he founded the Conservatory. The idea of the Conservatory was due entirely to Mendelssohn, by whom the King of Saxony was induced to allow a sum of twenty thousand thalers, bequeathed by a certain Hofkriegsrath Blümner "for the purposes of art and science," to be devoted to the establishment of a "solid musical academy" at Leipsic. It opened under the modest title of the "Music School," with Mendelssohn, Hauptmann, David, Pohlenz, Becker, and Schumann as the teachers. The relations of Mendelssohn and Schumann were thoroughly good on both sides, and nowhere can we get so good a picture of this brilliant period in the musical life of Leipsic as from Schumann's letters. The two men differed much on some matters of music. Mendelssohn believed in the absolute and obvious "meaning" of music. "Notes," says he, "have as definite a meaning as words." He thought that everything should be made as clear as a composer could make it, and that rough passages were blemishes which should be modified and made to sound well. Schumann, on the other hand, was equally fixed in the necessity of retaining what he had written as representing his intention. But such dif-

ferences of opinion never affected their intercourse: they were always friendly, and even affectionate, and loved to be together.

Almost every German who has been eminent in music since Mendelssohn's time has been connected in some way with the Leipsic Conservatory; and among the hundreds of Americans who have studied there are Paine and Mills, Peter-silea, Perabo, Parker, and William Mason. Otto Dresel, who lived so long in Boston and exercised so strong and wholesome an influence upon the musical life of that musical capital of America, is one of the finest instances of Leipsic culture, and is now living and teaching in Leipsic, as well as working and studying with his old friend Franz, now totally deaf, in Händel's birthplace, Halle.

The most brilliant period of the Gewandhaus concerts was during Mendelssohn's conductorship. Upon the opening of the Conservatory and the assumption of the direction of the church music at Berlin, he relinquished the regular control of the concerts, and was succeeded by his friend Hiller. The conductors since Hiller have been Gade, Reitz, and, since 1860, Reinicke.

Leipsic, as we have said, was particularly congenial to Mendelssohn. He was the idol of the town, he had an orchestra full of enthusiasm and devotion, and he was relieved of all business cares; and Hiller's letters upon his home life at Leipsic show how simply and happily a great and busy man can live. At Leipsic he died, on the 4th of November, 1847. The public feeling was intense. It was as if every one in the town had sustained a personal loss. "It is lovely weather here," writes a young English student, "but an awful stillness prevails. We feel as if the king were dead." On Sunday the body was borne to the old Pauliner Church, the band before the hearse playing the "Song without Words" in E minor, the pall borne by Moscheles, David, Hauptmann, and Gade. Then came a student of the Conservatory, with a cushion, on which lay a silver crown; then the professors

and pupils of the Conservatory, the members of the Gewandhaus orchestra, the officers of the town and of the university. In the church the chorale "To Thee, O Lord!" and the chorus, "Happy and blest," from "St. Paul," were sung, and the service closed with the concluding chorus of Bach's Passion Music. Then, at night, the coffin was conveyed to Berlin; and on the road, during the night, the choirs were gathered, and chanted their farewell songs as the train waited at the stations. His tombstone is a cross: "Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn - Bartholdy, geboren zu Hamburg am 3. Feb. 1809. Gestorben zu Leipzig am 4. Nov. 1847." He rests between his boy Felix and his sister Fanny. His father and mother are a short distance behind. It is in the old Dreifaltigkeits Kirchhof, close outside the Halle-thor, at the south end of the long Friedrich Strasse. At the north end of the Friedrich Strasse, in the old church-yard, by the Oranienburg gate, sleep Fichte and Hegel.

There is little in Mendelssohn's music that is strikingly original, nothing that is startling. He marked no new departure in anything, like Bach or Händel, Haydn, Beethoven, or Wagner. His music is the product of the purest feeling and most exquisite taste and the finest and most symmetrical culture. It is like his life. "Few instances can be found in history," says Mr. Grove, in his admirable summing up, "of a man so amply gifted with every good quality of mind and heart, so carefully brought up amongst good influences, endowed with every circumstance that would make him happy, and so thoroughly fulfilling his mission. Never, perhaps, could any man be found in whose life there were so few things to conceal or to regret.

"Is there any drawback to this?" asks Mr. Grove; "or, in other words, does his music suffer at all from what he calls his 'habitual cheerfulness'? It seems as if there were a drawback, and that arising more or less directly from those very points which we have named as his best characteristics,—his happy,

healthy heart, his single mind, his un-failing good spirits, his simple trust in God, his unaffected directness of purpose. It is not that he had not genius. The great works enumerated prove that he had it in large measure. No man could have called up the new emotions of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream Overture,' the wonderful pictures of the Hebrides, or the pathetic distress of the lovely Melusina, without genius of the highest order. But his genius had not been subjected to those fiery trials which seem necessary in order to insure its abiding possession of the depths of the human heart. 'My music,' says Schubert, 'is the product of my genius and my misery; and that which I have written in my greatest distress is that which the world seems to like best.' Now, Mendelssohn was never more than temporarily unhappy. He did not know distress as he knew happiness. Perhaps there was even something in the constitution of his mind which forbade his harboring it or being permanently affected by it. He was so practical that as a matter of duty he would have thrown it off. In this,

as in most other things, he was always under control. At any rate, he was never tried by poverty, or disappointment, or ill health, or a morbid temper, or neglect, or the perfidy of friends, or any other of the great ills which crowded so thickly around Beethoven, Schubert, or Schumann. Who can wish that he had been? that that bright, pure, aspiring spirit should have been dulled by distress or torn with agony? It might have lent a deeper undertone to his Songs, or have enabled his Adagios to draw tears where now they only give a saddened pleasure. But let us take the man as we have him. Surely there is enough of conflict and violence in life and in art. When we want to be made unhappy, we can turn to others. It is well, in these agitated modern days, to be able to point to one perfectly-balanced nature, in whose life, whose letters, and whose music alike all is at once manly and refined, clever and pure, brilliant and solid. For the enjoyment of such shining heights of goodness we may well forego for once the depths of misery and sorrow."

EDWIN D. MEAD.

A CONGENIAL COUPLE.

AS Mrs. Vincent Sharpe fastened the last adornments of pale tear-roses, streaked with carmine, in hair and bosom preparatory to attendance at the Butler reception, she was made very pleasantly aware, by the gratified looks of the attendant monitress who faced her in the long mirror, of the complete success she had attained in the matter of costume. Nothing could be more becoming than that long sweeping robe of lustrous cream-colored stuff, with its garnishings of rich yellow lace, relieved by bits of crimson satin peeping here and there from beneath ruffle and fold.

"It's a perfect fit," she murmured in

tones of subdued emotion, as she turned a side- and shoulder-view to the aforesaid monitress.

Some of Mrs. Sharpe's more critical friends—she had no enemies, only critical and uncritical friends—would have agreed, could they have put their feelings into words, as to the entire appropriateness of her new costume. Its mild neutrality of tint, armed at vulnerable points with a sly dash of the most reckless color, served as external symbol of a mental disposition which hid beneath an exterior of lady-like decorum not only a girl's love of fun, but a coquette's love of intrigue. But abstruse specula-

tions on the laws of correspondence were quite beyond the reach of the feminine intellect of B——, for it need hardly be said that these critical friends of the lady in question were confined to her own sex, whose distrust, however, was of the most covert order.

So amiably disposed was Mrs. Sharpe toward all her fellow-creatures that she numbered almost as many intimates among women as admirers among men,—intimates selected with unerring tact, it being generally observed that the latest particular friend and confidante was a near relative of the most recent admirer. Just now Arthur Donney, a youth of twenty summers, figured in the latter rôle, having transferred his attentions from the immature misses of his own set to pretty Mrs. Sharpe. He took her for frequent drives behind his new pacer "Jenny Dare," spent his afternoons in lounging on her piazza or in a desultory game of croquet, and constituted himself her ready escort to the picnics and excursions at which Mr. Sharpe would have been too much bored. Society would, indeed, have severely discountenanced this sort of thing had it not at the same time been witness to the affectionate interest Mrs. Sharpe had lately evinced in young Donney's eldest sister,—a hard-working, sad-visaged school-teacher, who had her own knowledge of her brother's tastes and habits and her own little code of social rules and manners. It was also observed that Mr. Sharpe was on terms of excellent companionship with his friend Donney, always ready to join in a good cigar or to take his turn in watching the paces of Miss Jenny Dare. Plainly, it was nothing but a case of family friendship, and Mrs. Sharpe had the pleasure of hearing herself praised for the attention she bestowed on "poor uninteresting Miss Donney."

Mrs. Sharpe's place of leadership in the first circles of B—— was none the less secure that she held it in right of her pretty face and engaging manners, instead of by virtue of the more solid acquirements of bonds and mortgages which distinguished the two or three

social magnates of the town. When she first came to B——, a bride of eighteen, her beauty, wit, and unflinching amiability made her a speedy favorite. The lapse of nearly five years had wrought but little change. The face had lost but a shade of its girlish contour and bloom, though the eyes may have shone with a somewhat less soft and innocent lustre, requiring the dexterous use of heavily-fringed lids to prevent their betraying too much.

No wonder Mrs. Sharpe was inclined to prolong her mute but agreeable converse with the radiant figure reflected in her glass; but she heard her husband impatiently moving about in the room below, and, taking her gloves and fan, descended to join him.

Vincent Sharpe was by no means a handsome man, but he had a certain faultlessness of appearance which, combined with an air of cool self-command, gave him a distinguished bearing more to be envied than good looks. He was a man of too much mental force to be visibly disturbed by such a petty trial as waiting an hour after the appointed time for the appearance of his wife, and his present gloomy and abstracted manner indicated some deeper cause of annoyance. He was leaning against the mantel, looking moodily down at the figures on the fire-rug, when his better and finally-dressed half entered the room and crossed to where he stood, her rustling skirts conveying that pleasant sense of triumph which, consciously or unconsciously, betrays itself in the well-dressed woman.

"How do I look?" she asked, in a little mocking tone, and demurely folding her hands before her in the attitude of a pretty child.

Vincent Sharpe and his wife were as much in love with each other as was possible to people of their peculiar natures. They shared the same taste for an easy and care-free existence, and the same disposition to gratify this taste at the expense of their more wealthy and generous friends. Marriage to some ardent, overflowing souls means the daily outpouring of libations of happi-

ness to all around,—the constant giving of a doubly-enriched self,—while to others it means but the union of two grasping wills into what becomes a confirmed habit of hardened selfishness and egotism. To get a maximum of the good things of life at a minimum expenditure of money and feeling was the ruling aspiration of the Sharpe household, between whose united heads there existed the tacit understanding that friends were desirable in so far as they were useful. Mrs. Sharpe always had a score of intimates on hand who were continually bestowing small but very acceptable favors upon her, which she returned with the most gracious smiles and thanks; while Mr. Sharpe had that superior air of indifference and command which led his acquaintances to propitiate his good will by the offer of various convenient benefits in the shape of choice Havanas, free passes, etc. Aside from their common gratification over this favorable adjustment of their little world to themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe enjoyed such connubial satisfaction as ensues when husband and wife admire and believe in each other considerably more than in anybody else. Mr. Sharpe, in spite of a few lost illusions, still regarded his wife with the same fond adoration as when he first wooed and won her. When a bridegroom of a few months, the knowledge disagreeably forced upon him that his young wife was not so engrossed in her new affections as to be insensible to the admiration of other men had been eminently unpleasant; and there were times when, even as a sobered husband of five years, he fell into inward rages over her continued appreciation of promiscuous masculine attentions. Generally, however, he was able to mask such feelings under an air of calm and easy security, and in the mean time he had learned to avail himself of the privileges, by no means contemptible, afforded the husband of a popular and fascinating woman.

Mrs. Sharpe was also in love with her husband, so far as the previous engagement of her affections to herself would permit. To do her justice, she consid-

ered him her proudest conquest. None of the other men she met were half so shrewd and brilliant as he, and she had a thousand-and-one ways of conveying this opinion to him, infinitely flattering to his self-love. On the whole, Mr. Sharpe felt well assured of his wife's devotion. Once he might have been inclined to look upon her as a spoiled child, with a child's wilful fondness for dangerous sweets; but time had taught him that a woman's heart, full of daring ambition, beat within that supple girl's frame, and the knowledge had not particularly displeased him. He would have been deeply chagrined had he found himself tied for life to a pretty doll; but Fate had always been kind to him, Vincent Sharpe often reflected, preserving him from those foolish mistakes which wreck the lives of other men. He had married a charming woman, sure to bring him plenty of friends and make life agreeable in many ways,—sure, too, fully to appreciate himself. Mr. Sharpe liked to be appreciated, and Mrs. Sharpe, as we have said, was proud of her husband. Being *her* husband, she wished him to succeed in life, meant that he should succeed, and had set her heart on his going to Congress next term, flattering hopes of which had been held out to him. In four days the convention would meet which was to determine whether the vacant seat for the Tenth District in the House of Representatives was to be given to Reuben Stowe, a wealthy farmer and one of the original settlers in the district, whose native integrity and wit were fast being blurred over by the fumes of too much alcohol, or whether that post of honor was to be more fittingly bestowed on Vincent Sharpe, the rising young lawyer of B——.

The latter turned slowly at his wife's gay challenge, and surveyed her with that look of careful attention which a preoccupied person often bestows on the object farthest from his thought. As his eye rested on the shapely figure before him, with the face of rich bloom and dark eyes overrunning with roguish laughter raised to his, the habitually

satirical expression of his face gave way to one of unwilling admiration. But disagreeable thoughts were uppermost in Vincent Sharpe's mind, which were not easily removed. He felt himself to be in one of his rare moods of genuine ill temper, when he was likely to say dangerous things.

"Well?" said the lady in waiting, who was not accustomed to such prolonged verdicts.

Once more he looked her over, this time very coolly and critically, an ironic smile playing about his lips.

"Upon my word," he said, "you are ambitious."

She frowned a little: "Don't be enigmatical. Don't you like it?" with an anxious uplifting of the delicate eyebrows.

"Oh, it is charming," he replied, with a broad smile, which, however, quite failed to light up his features, save as it revealed a row of dazzling teeth. "We shall all like it. You'll be the prettiest woman in the room,—the envy of all the rest; but you're used to that. But Mrs. Morey and her friends will hardly approve of this." And his fingers rested lightly a moment on the bare round arm.

There was a little defiant toss of the brown braids: "Is it Mrs. Morey you wish me to please? If it is, I had better put on my black silk and a muslin tie."

He shot a quick, sharp glance at her, as though he suspected a double meaning in her words; but she was fastening the fifth button of her glove with an absorbed air which indicated entire oblivion of all lesser matters. Her indifference to any possible trouble of his seemed to combine with some hidden sense of injury to anger him, and, when he replied, the tones usually so even quavered with feeling.

"That would not be necessary," he said, "and it would be a pity to practise such mortification for nothing. You could please her, yellow dress, no sleeves, and all, if you cared to try. It doesn't take much to satisfy any one of us." There was a movement of surprised attention on her part, and, in

spite of his attempt to regain his old playful irony, his manner grew more intense as he proceeded: "But you are right. It is altogether too insignificant game. There's nobler prey afield. There's young Donney, for instance. Poor devil! I suppose he'll be laid on the shelf some day, like—" But here he seemed to become suddenly aware of the import of his words, and checked himself.

This astonishing speech was received with an air of cold *hauteur* which had the effect of making the listener appear several inches taller than her natural height. In her way, Mrs. Sharpe was a model of discretion. Nothing could be more awkward than sarcastic allusions like these to matters which polite society never speaks of above its breath. She would keep up appearances at her own fireside, as elsewhere, and, though sheltered by its privacy, she did not hesitate to reply to her husband's grim and satiric observations on their neighbors in a vein of light and easy commentary; yet, when he turned his batteries upon her, some underlying womanly sense of the fitness of things kept her silent. She only said quietly, the look of frozen dignity melting into one of patient endurance, "I don't understand you in these moods," and, turning away, proceeded to wrap a white knit shawl about her head and shoulders. "It is time to go," she added, as she saw that he was not following her preparations for departure.

He looked at her as she stood there in her fleecy wrappings and shining draperies. With the look of gentle grievance on her face, she seemed the picture of sweet and patient wifehood. Either through compunction or because he could not help it, he approached her with a quick, impulsive movement, and, throwing his arms about her, strained her to his breast and pressed his lips to hers. It was a rough lover's embrace, and she struggled to extricate herself.

"Crushed roses," he laughed, as he noted her look of dismay. "Excuse me, but you look dangerously pretty with that thing wrapped round your

head. "I'm sorry if I annoyed you," he went on in a lower tone, and standing in a half-pleading attitude before her, "but I've been horribly vexed all day. Bestow a little of your clemency on me, seeing that I too am in love with you."

It did not appear that Mrs. Sharpe objected to this style of love-making. She listened with a complacent half-smile in which a pout was faintly discernible, and smoothed her ruffled fineries, when one of his remarks seemed suddenly to arrest her attention: "Horribly vexed? What about?" raising an apprehensive face to his.

"I have been waiting to tell you. Stowe will get it."

"What!" a slight rasping quality making itself felt in the usually smooth accents. "How could that happen? I thought everything was settled."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Everything was settled,—on the slate. I'm sorry, my girl," laying a hand on her shoulder, and half smiling at the look of mystification and alarm on her face. "We deserve better things than to waste our beauty and talent in this dull town; but if our respected fellow-citizens don't see it in that light, we can't help ourselves."

"Don't be nonsensical," she said, face and voice betraying the irritation she felt. "What do you mean? Couldn't you prevent it? Oh, I wish I was a man!"

"Don't do that," he replied, with a touch of his old sardonic humor. "Don't wish you were a man, I mean. Maintenon wasn't a man, nor—nor—but never mind," hastily recalling his previous blunder. "The game is up," he went on, in a harsher tone. "Tyler says my chances are not worth a straw since—" Here he came to another abrupt pause.

"But it was only yesterday that he was sure you would get it. Why has he changed his mind? I want to know all about it," in the slightly imperative tone the best of wives will occasionally use.

"Well, then," he said soberly and with deliberate emphasis, "the plain truth is just this. Morey has got back,

and his word is law in a matter like this. He has got the inside control of things, and it will be for him to say who shall represent the virtue and intelligence of the Tenth District. He won't choose me." This last with still slower emphasis. "Tyler had a talk with him this morning, and says he was as surly as a bear."

"I thought this was a free country," said Mrs. Sharpe, who, taken unaware, sought refuge in the first trivial remark that came to hand.

"I am glad you take it so lightly," he said, and turned away. But she did not appear to take it so lightly. The mention of Mr. Morey's name seemed to produce a variety of emotions: surprise and annoyance at the news of his return were mingled with a certain sense of amusement that her cherished plans were to be thwarted by such means. Her face crimsoned under a flood of unpleasant memories, while her foot beat a restless tattoo on the carpet where she was standing. Her husband stood watching her from the opposite side of the room, a curious mixture of eagerness and resentment mantling his countenance. When she spoke, it was with the air of one who seeks to cover an embarrassing pause.

"He is a temperance man," she stammered. "How can he support a man like Stowe? At least his wife is. And they are going to petition to have a temperance man sent,—I mean the Red Ribbon Club. His wife is president."

Under other circumstances Mr. Sharpe would have felt inclined to slightly ridicule this incoherence, but he let it pass, and resorted to his natural vein of light irony: "A politician's conscience is like—a lady's slipper," his eyes falling on the dainty sandal just visible beneath the cream-colored silk,—"made for stretching. But the whole thing lies in a nutshell," with a gesture of impatience. "I am the last man Morey will consent to support. He's not the man to miss the chance of a small revenge, and some of us are likely to learn the wisdom of the proverb which warns against playing with edged tools."

"I call Mr. Thomas Morey a very dull tool," said Mrs. Sharpe rather pertly.

"He is sharp enough to spoil the plans of many of his betters,—to prevent Mrs. Vincent Sharpe from achieving the distinction of an entrance into Washington society, for instance."

The lady looked as if there might be two opinions about that. It was rather singular that since the introduction of Mr. Morey's name into their discussion husband and wife had carefully avoided meeting each other's eyes, and, in spite of the manifest excitement of both, each wore an air of painful constraint. As they were about to leave the house, Mrs. Sharpe, with an apparent effort, turned and faced her husband.

"So it's all settled?" she asked, with a little tightened pressure of the lips. "If—if Mr.—if he could be induced—if he were to give his support, would everything be safe?"

Mr. Sharpe was busy searching his pockets to make sure of his night-key, and took time to reply. "Ye-es," he said finally, in the drawing tone he sometimes affected. "One nod from those ambrosial curls would be all-sufficient. But," in a tone of virtuous suspicion, "I hope you don't think I would court the favor of a man like that?"

"Of course not," she replied soothingly. "I quite understand."

B—— was a small inland town in one of the older Western States, and presented no more striking features of interest to the passing stranger than were to be found in its neat row of business blocks lining the main thoroughfare and the commodious well-kept dwelling-houses standing far back from the maple-lined streets. The monotony of the front yards of B—— suggested a corresponding similarity of taste and disposition in their owners, who dwelt together in that neighborly confidence and ease which distinguishes a small and old-settled community. Everything about B—— showed that the inhabitants cared more for comfort than for progress. Business—conducted after the safest and slowest methods—and politics gave sufficient

employment to the men, while, aside from their housewifery, of the most capable order, dress and church-work served as the principal occupations of the women.

B—— was the county seat and the autocratic centre of political power and influence in the outlying district. The dingy court-house which stood in the centre of the town was the scene of more political scheming and bargaining than the unsophisticated voter, confident of living under a government controlled by an honest majority, would willingly believe. The political fortunes of Green County had time out of mind been under the control of what the opposite party bitterly stigmatized as the "Court-House Ring," and we have already learned that the clasp and band of this ring was Mr. Thomas Morey. During his absence on a mining-expedition in Colorado, a lively movement had sprung up in the interests of reform, which, aided by the enthusiastic support of the temperance folk, soon gained a fair promise of success. Vincent Sharpe, whose name stood at the head of the Reform ticket, was thought to stand a good chance of winning the coveted seat in the House,—when the chief of the home forces suddenly appeared on the scene, and the Reform movement came to a sudden stand-still.

Thomas Morey was not a man whose appearance indicated the born commander. His portly figure was too unwieldy, face too broad and rubicund, lips too full, and eyes too weak and fitful in their light, to give the impression of power. His whole air and bearing proclaimed the vain, self-consequential man, strong only in his resentments and the tenacity of his grip on the few hard facts and principles which had contributed to his success as an iron-merchant. A man of petty ambitions, of loose and wandering instincts, partly held in check by a superstitious fear of imperilling his respectability here below and his eternal salvation hereafter, his nature was essentially coarse-grained and vulgar. Men of twice his brain-power submitted to the leadership of one who was willing

to pay handsomely for such privilege, and the hard-won profits of the iron-trade kept the machine in good running order.

In his intercourse with men, Mr. Morey's manner was a mixture of jovial comradeship and heavy condescension, but among women he was a mass of stupidity and folly. Mrs. Morey was a woman of the plain and discreet order, with old-fashioned instincts and beliefs, which had the effect of scaring her back from that gay worldly society in which Mr. Morey tried to mingle at his ease. He had married her at an age when prudence rather than impulse guided all his actions. She had brought him a comfortable sum of a few thousands, and by her careful management had ably seconded his more enterprising efforts to amass a fortune. Mrs. Morey greatly admired her husband, that being, to her thinking, the proper mental attitude of a woman toward the man she had promised to honor and obey. If during her married life there had been times when this feeling of admiration had nearly given way to a rising sense of disappointment and shame, she had loyally smothered it almost before recognizing it. Women did not understand men, she told herself: she did not understand her husband as well as her minister, for instance, who was always praising him for his generous subscriptions to the church and town charities. Was she a better judge than the minister? Mr. Morey was born to do great things in the world, she reflected,—to move in a wide sphere, to live in a large house, and to exert a great deal of influence. For herself, Mrs. Morey was conscious of being very inferior to her surroundings. The plain simplicity of her dress and manner gave her an air of deferential apology toward the magnificent upholstery which filled the big showy mansion where she lived and seemed to stare her out of countenance. Had it not been ungrateful, she would have wished herself back in the little frame cottage where they had set up housekeeping and the two boys were born; and Mr. Morey sometimes felt that she was not quite so becoming a companion as one of his merits had a

right to expect. Still, she had made him a good wife, and, on the whole, he could not have done better,—a sage conclusion, whose only defect was that it did not diminish Mr. Morey's appreciation of feminine charms different from those of his wife.

When Vincent Sharpe brought his young bride to B——, the susceptible iron-merchant was the first to fall a victim to her light, bewitching beauty. Led on by her love of adventure, and a little giddy with the sense of conquest, Mrs. Sharpe permitted her admirer to expose the folly of his infatuation to the utmost. Falstaff in love did not present a very heroic figure, and neither did Mr. Morey, who was as blindly obedient to the slightest beck and hint of his inamorata, and as blindly ignorant of her propensity to dupe and beguile her victims, herself remaining intact in true womanly decorum the while, as was ever the graceless companion of Prince Hal.

But Thomas Morey was not altogether the harmless simpleton he seemed, and he at last awoke from his dream to find that the pretty Mrs. Sharpe, who had received his attentions so kindly, whose fan and bouquet he had been permitted to hold while she danced with the younger men, who smiled so graciously back upon him when obliged to accept another escort to supper, had been laughing at him all this time, and the whole of B—— had joined in her merriment. All at once he became conscious of the troubled look of shame on his wife's face, the repressed smiles on the countenances of his friends. Mrs. Sharpe, suddenly reminded of the danger of playing with fire, became more pert and satiric in her manner, and transferred all her beaming looks to her husband, whose growing glumness society had hardly noted before it was obliged to confess its mistake and pronounce Mrs. Sharpe one of the most agreeable and devoted of wives.

Since this little episode of nearly five years ago, only the most formal intercourse had been maintained between the two families. It was an awkward termination of the pleasant prelude which

ushered Mrs. Sharpe into the first society of B——. Both she and her husband had been sensible more than once of the inconvenience of incurring the displeasure of one who had it in his power to sweeten friendship with so many pleasant benefits, and each had secretly cherished the idea of a future reconciliation, to be effected whenever a discreet opportunity or a weighty motive presented itself.

On their arrival at the reception, they were gently reprimanded by their hostess for being so late: "Everybody is inquiring about you, my dear. The evening would have been quite spoiled without you." Mr. Sharpe, to whom the principal attraction of such occasions lay in the champagne and oysters furnished at another's expense and the chance of a quiet rubber of whist, sauntered idly through the rooms, bestowing a loose hand-shake on his numerous acquaintances, and then sought out a few particular cronies and retired with them to the seclusion of one of the upper rooms. Mrs. Sharpe allowed herself to be borne away to the ball-room by young Donney. She wore a pensive and *distrained* air which was very becoming and had the effect of precipitating her companion into a state of gushing sentimentality, where he was led to utter a number of nonsensical nothings, for which, when his listener awoke to their import, he was sharply reprov'd and sarcastically reminded that he was still a boy.

"You are always calling me a boy," said the young man in an injured tone. "At least I have a man's feelings."

"Oh, have you, indeed?" she replied, with a little derisive smile. "I suppose that is the reason you wear such tall hats and smoke so many cigars. You'll ruin your health." This last with the severe air of a sisterly Mentor.

"I'll stop smoking if you wish me to," said the infatuated youth; but she made no reply save to declare her fatigue and request a seat. They moved toward a group of older people who were watching the dancers, and where Mr. Morey stood in the midst, distributing his gallantries among two or three elderly matrons. Mrs. Sharpe paused and smiled

a greeting to the entire circle one by one, not omitting to extend a hand in the most friendly and unconscious manner to her ancient enemy, whom she welcomed back in cordial tones and with her own easy natural grace. If the small circle of witnesses to this pretty scene experienced a slight shock of surprise, it was cautiously distributed from one to the other by means of secret nods and winks, which did not appear to include the chief actor within their circuit.

Mr. Morey, whose mental processes, except in the hardware line, were of a slow and blundering order, replied to the questions of his fair interlocutor concerning his health and the beneficial effects of the Colorado climate with mingled surprise, constraint, and delight, though the last was plainly uppermost. Mrs. Sharpe continued her pleasant chatter for a few moments longer, when, yielding to Donney's importunities, she surrendered herself for the final round of Strauss, which she executed with great spirit, conscious that admiring eyes were following her.

As she stopped a little way from where Mr. Morey now stood alone, that gentleman himself took the initiative and made his way to her side: "How well you dance! You are as young as ever." He spoke as an old friend might who had not seen her for years, and in a tone of paternal interest, but with a halting eagerness of manner not exactly paternal.

"Oh, no, I am not," she replied, with a little sigh.—Then to the waiting Donney, whose arm she had dropped, "Did I leave my fan in the parlor?" He immediately went to see. "I shall not dance any more," she continued. "It is too tiresome. Doesn't that sound as if I was getting old?" And she lifted her laughing face to his.

"It is very warm in here. How pleasant it looks in the conservatory!" He offered his arm. People stared and whispered a little as they passed by, but he did not heed it. The memory of past humiliation was lost in the bewilderment of the present, and Mr. Morey realized nothing fully but the soft, cling-

ing pressure on his arm and the music of the voice addressing him.

Seated on a rustic bench near a trickling fountain, Mrs. Sharpe made her companion tell her all about his recent travels, asked innumerable questions about the mining prospects of Arizona and the railroad enterprises of New Mexico,—all in that artless, infantine way in which some women affect a craving for knowledge, and which the masculine mind, in intervals of rest from more solid occupation, delights to gratify. All the world might have listened to their talk. Mrs. Sharpe was one of the most appreciative of listeners: she knew just when to cast her eyes down thoughtfully, just when to raise them inquiringly. Encouraged by such signs of flattering attention, Mr. Morey continued to expand on that mighty theme, himself, until a full hour had elapsed, and Mrs. Sharpe began to feel that she was paying very dearly for whatever benefits were likely to accrue from this repaired friendship. She rose to go, murmuring, "We must not be selfish."

Before offering his arm, he looked down into her face with a gaze somewhat bolder than that of an hour before, but irresolute still and appealing. He was not an imposing figure as he stood there before her. His fat cheeks trembled, his eyes blinked feebly, and a silly smile hung round the corners of his mouth. Mrs. Sharpe had a keen sense of the ludicrous, which had acted as a marplot in several laudable schemes like the present. She turned her head to one side, and drew down a branch of heliotrope to inhale its fragrance.

"You—you have been very kind," he faltered. "Are we to be good friends again?"

"I hope so," she replied, looking at him with the clear, direct gaze of a child. Then, with an air of conscious embarrassment and averted eyes, "I have wished it for a long time, but it was not for me to make the first advances."

He could hardly have reminded her, even had he remembered it, that it was not himself who had made the overtures to the present reconciliation. He liked

this insinuation against his cruelty: it gratified his rampant self-esteem. "I think we have misunderstood each other," he said, with his magniloquent air. "I have done you injustice; but," laying his hand over the ample region of his heart, "it shall be the endeavor of my life to atone for my unworthy suspicions. Let no harsh thoughts come between us more." He bent over to take her hand, but, becoming apprehensive, she seized his arm and led him away.

"You were the first friend I had in my new home," she whispered, as they re-entered the crowded rooms: "I can never forget that." And his face shone with satisfaction.

As the day of the fateful convention drew near, public opinion, which for the past few days had wavered helplessly between the merits of the opposing factions, showed a decided inclination to again foster the chances of the Reform candidate. There were signs of intestine strife and confusion in the Ring, and the leaders of the opposition wore an air of repressed hope and cheerfulness which boded ill to that sacred institution. It was rumored that Mr. Morey was about to sever his connection with his old associates. The reason for this sudden rupture was not clearly understood. Some said he had conscientious scruples against supporting the too convivial Stowe, and others were of the opinion that he sought only to win the honors of leadership in a new and popular cause; but the majority declared that Mr. Morey was always on the side of good morals, and hoped he would not forget his responsibility as leading citizen in the present crisis. It looked as if he would not. To place himself at the head of a rising movement in favor of uncorrupted politics and good government would have quite accorded with Mr. Morey's notions of public duty, even had he had no ulterior object to accomplish; and as for the displeasure of the Ring, he could afford to be indifferent to that, inasmuch as on the ruins of the old *régime* a new order

of things would spring up, in which he would still hold the position of chief. He listened with an air of pompous attention and good will to the discourse which the temperance ladies had prepared in the form of a petition to the citizens of Green County, and granted several confidential interviews to that ardent apostle of reform, Dick Tyler, whom he had sent out from his presence in such depressed spirits a short time before.

At last the great day arrived which witnessed the complete destruction of the Ring and proved that B—— had lost none of her *prestige* as the controlling centre of her district. She had elected her man as the successful nominee of the convention, and the delegates from adjoining towns retired with a crestfallen air. Mr. Sharpe, who, to prove his indifference, had absented himself from town the past few days, was not on hand to receive his congratulations, which were transferred to the chairman of the convention, who was regarded as the hero of the hour. The order-loving citizens of B—— pressed forward to thank him for his services in the overthrow of a corrupt organization, and the city band played "Hail to the Chief" as he elbowed his way through the crowd to his carriage.

A little knot of Mr. Stowe's friends gathered on the court-house piazza to condole with each other.

"It beats me," said Reynolds, the chief henchman of the overthrown Ring, on whom devolved the unpleasant duty of riding out to Stowe's farm and imparting the news of his defeat. "I never thought of his going back on us like this. And to take up with Sharpe, of all men, when they've been such bad friends all these years."

"Oh, he's got on one of his moral streaks," said Giles, savagely whittling a stick in his hand. "His minister's been talking to him, probably. I always knew he was a soft old fool." Giles had been in office for the last ten years,

and felt rather vicious over the new prospect.

"Depend upon it," piped up little Perkins, "there's a woman at the bottom of it."

They pricked up their ears at this, and Arthur Donney, who, a good deal mystified at things in general, was hanging about to secure all the information he could, clinched his hand and looked hard at the speaker.

"It's his wife's doings," Perkins went on. "She's one of the quiet kind, but she's got a head-piece equal to any. She is president of the temperance society, and they've made a regular row about Stowe. Take my word for it, she made him support Sharpe."

Reynolds, who had all along scouted the notion that the temperance people could do anything, bent his shaggy eyebrows together and looked reflective.

"Bah!" he exclaimed at length. "I hate women in politics. They always make a muss of things. My wife stays at home and minds her business."

Young Donney turned on his heel and walked down the street.

The two people who speculated least about the nomination, and seemed indeed to avoid the subject, were Mr. Vincent Sharpe and his wife. The latter had a very brilliant season in Washington the next winter. Though she was only in the "House," she received many distinguished attentions from the reigning dignitaries of the Cabinet and Senate Chamber, and her presence soon became as indispensable to the *fêtes* and receptions of the Capital as it had been to the smaller festivities of B——.

The popularity of so charming a woman was naturally shared by her husband, whom, however, society regarded with a shade of distrust, pronouncing him "satirical" and doubting if he appreciated his wife. But there were a few who professed superior discernment, and shared the opinion of this historian,—that they were a perfectly congenial couple.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

NEWBURGH AND ITS CENTENNIAL.

NEWBURGH, New York, is familiar to most voyagers up the Hudson, because it flashes upon them so prettily as they emerge from the frowning pass of the Highlands. It will gain a wider circle of admirers during the coming year, without doubt, since it is to be the theatre wherein will be re-enacted the closing scenes of the great drama of the Revolution. The public is to be congratulated on the fact that the accessories to the drama are so fitting and convenient.

The city lies on the west bank of the Hudson, along the irregular surface of one of the green hills of Orange county, sixty miles above New York, and ninety-five south of Albany. It is both old and new: the old quarter—the Newburgh of the Revolution—covers a bit of level space at the base of the hill along the water-front, and is almost wholly devoted to business. The new town—a bright, cheery city of homes—occupies a moderately wide plateau near the summit of the hill, and commands a view of the finest imaginable variety of river-, cliff-, and mountain-scenery. The chief interest of the celebration will centre about the old house which was Washington's head-quarters during the last year of the war, and with which the several important events it is intended to commemorate are intimately connected. It stands on a green plateau several acres in extent, on the southern verge of the city, commanding a view far into the crooked pass of the Highlands,—a little old Dutch farmhouse, so quaint and primitive in style that it is well worth preserving merely to tell how men planned and builded in old colonial days. Viewed externally, the building seems to have been erected quite as much for defence as for shelter. The low, thick walls of roughly-hewn stone, the heavy roof, oaken doors, and windows like casemates, suggest the idea of resistance. It stands on ground given

by Queen Anne in 1719 to the unfortunate exiles from the Palatinate of Newburgh on the Rhine, and was built in 1750 by Colonel Jonathan Hasbrouck, a descendant of one of the Huguenot settlers of the Hudson Valley, and later a colonel of militia in active service in the Revolution. He died in 1780, and when Washington fixed his head-quarters here in the spring of 1782 the place was tenanted by the wife and children of the deceased colonel. The precise date of Washington's occupancy has not been determined, but it was early in April, 1782. The first of the long series of letters written by him here—included in Sparks's edition of his writings—is dated April 19, 1782. One of his first acts after taking possession was to send an escort to Mount Vernon for Mrs. Washington. She came "in a plain chariot, accompanied by postillions in white and scarlet liveries, and attracted no little attention as she passed through the country." With her advent the pleasing domestic life of the head-quarters began, some details of which, gathered by local antiquaries, we reproduce as necessary to a full understanding of our subject. "When at New Windsor and Newburgh, Mrs. Washington, in accordance with her regular practice, sought out the poor, that she might relieve them, and cultivated the acquaintance of her neighbors. She was fond of gardening, of raising plants and flowers by her own care and labor. Her garden was on the east side of the house, and the red tile or brick which formed the sides of the walks remained for many years as she left them. If report be true, on one occasion at least she exercised the privilege of her sex in giving a curtain-lecture to her husband. The general had perhaps stayed out too late when visiting Mrs. Knox, who was often his partner in the dance, or it may have been after a ball at her house which he opened with

Maria Colden, one of the belles of the neighborhood. On one of these occasions, or at some other time, she was overheard, by a person sleeping in the adjoining room, calling the general to account. When she had entirely finished, his only response was, 'Go to sleep, my dear!'

"The habits of the household with regard to their meals were much after the English manner of living. Breakfast was informal; after which all the members of the family followed their own inclinations, or filled such engagements as they might have, till the dinner-hour, being present at lunch or not as they chose. Washington always wanted Indian cakes for breakfast, after the Virginian fashion. He usually mounted his horse soon after breakfast, expecting to meet his officers during the morning. He broke his own horse, was a bold and excellent rider, leaping the highest fences and going extremely fast without standing upon his stirrups, bearing on his bridle, or letting his horse run wild. Dinner was a formal meal, at which all were expected to be promptly present in appropriate costume. It was usually served at five o'clock, Washington always appearing in a blue coat with brass buttons. Five minutes were allowed for the variation of clocks, and then the dinner commenced, whether the family and guests were present or absent. He is said always to have asked a blessing in a standing posture, unless the chaplain was present, who, in such case, was requested to perform the service and also to return thanks. Three or more officers in order were regular guests by invitation. . . . The general and Mrs. Washington occupied adjacent seats. There were generally three courses,—the first consisting of meats and vegetables, then pastry, and last walnuts and apples. There was an abundance of madeira and claret, and sometimes other French wines, drunk with toasts and sentiments to enliven or check the conversation as might be necessary, but no one was ever pressed to drink. The dinner lasted about two hours, and the first toasts were ceremonious ones. After dinner,

the table, which was long, was made round, and tea and coffee were served by Mrs. Washington, she always presiding at this part of the entertainment with her accustomed dignity, her set of silver, which she carried with her always brightly polished, being brought into daily requisition. A supper-table was spread at nine o'clock, which lasted till eleven. It was composed of three or four light dishes, with fruit or walnuts. The cloth being removed, toasts and sentiments were given over a glass of wine without order or ceremony, each guest being called upon in turn."^{*}

On Washington's relinquishing it in August, 1783, the head-quarters lapsed to the former tenants, and remained in the Hasbrouck family until 1849, when it was purchased for its historic associations by the State of New York, and shortly after placed in the care of the board of trustees of the then village of Newburgh. The legal successors of those gentlemen still discharge the trust, and have committed to a curator the care of the house and grounds and the fine museum of historic relics gathered there.

Entering the head-quarters by the east entrance, one finds one's self in what was the dining-room of 1782. The trustees have restored it to nearly its original condition. Huge whitewashed beams are overhead; the uncarpeted floor echoes to footfalls; on the left is a wide, smoke-blackened fireplace, with a teakettle depending sociably from its crane; a round table awaits its burden of simple viands; straight-backed wooden chairs are ready for the guests; the sun comes gayly in through the one window on the east. Seven doors open from this room. One on the northeast gives access to the former bedroom of Washington; a small room adjoining was his office, and is historic, because at a little desk here he wrote the letter declining the kingly crown, the masterly address to his disaffected officers, the paean of joy and thanksgiving that announced to the army the return of peace, and the circular let-

* "Washington's Head-Quarters." By J. J. Morrell.

ter to the governors of the various States. On the west is a door opening into a moderate-sized hall, in which is a stairway leading to the chambers above, and an outer door opening on the grounds to the west. On the south and southwest are doors giving access to the apartments occupied by the Hasbrouck family, and which were in no way connected with Washington's occupancy. The parlor in which Madam Washington received her guests was the northwest room, adjoining the office, and opening into the hall before mentioned.

Immediately on the acquisition of the head-quarters by the State, citizens of Newburgh and its vicinity began forming here a museum of Revolutionary relics, which in the process of time has become one of the most interesting collections of this character in existence. The old arm-chair of Washington has resumed its former post in his bedroom. Portraits of General and Madam Washington and of Lafayette grace the walls of the former office. The watch with which Madam Washington timed the coming of her guests is one of the trophies of the dining-room. So also is the dingy, battered, copper teakettle that hangs in the fireplace, and which once formed a part of the camp-equipage of Lafayette. Aaron Burr's sword hangs in its iron scabbard in the southeast room; while a collection of several hundred letters and private papers reveals to the student the whole minutiae of the Revolution and acquaints him with the secret thoughts and purposes of its leaders. The printed catalogue of the collection enumerates nearly eight hundred articles, which it is to be presumed the intelligent visitor to the Centennial will study at his leisure.

In the spring of 1782 the Northern army returned from the victory at Yorktown and resumed its old duty of guarding the passes of the Hudson, Washington, as we have seen, establishing his head-quarters at the Hasbrouck House and stationing his army at various points in the vicinity,—at Newburgh, at Fishkill on the opposite side of the river, at New Windsor three

miles southwest, and at West Point, whence it could be readily massed should Clinton's ships attempt to force the pass of the Highlands. The general officers were quartered near by,—Knox at the farm-house of John Ellison in New Windsor, where he was joined by Greene on the latter's return from the South, Gates and St. Clair at Edmonston's, near Ellison's, Wayne at the old hotel of Martin Weigand in Newburgh, Lafayette in a farm-house in the outskirts of that village, and Steuben at the Verplanck mansion in Fishkill.

The first marked event in the history of the Newburgh cantonment was the conspiracy on the part of the field-officers to confer the kingly power on their idolized commander-in-chief. Probably nine-tenths of their number honestly believed that a modified form of the English government was the only one possible for the now practically freed country. There was much to stimulate the belief. Congress had become a mere mass of discordant elements, and had effectually demonstrated its inability to govern. The noble system of government which later the best minds of the infant nation were six years in evolving was chaos then; and, in the absence of experience and precedent at home, what more natural than that thoughtful minds should turn for both to the long-tried, stable forms of the mother-country? Manifestly, the head of such a government could be no other than Washington, the leader and deliverer. In the enforced idleness of the camp the project assumed shape, and it was decided to approach the commander-in-chief upon the subject. The latter's first intimation of the plot came on the 22d of May, 1782, when, seated in his office at head-quarters, an aide handed him a letter which had just been received. Glancing over it, Washington saw that it was signed and purported to have been written by Colonel Nicola, a gentleman of years and judgment, and his warm personal friend. It was a specious letter,—a fine example of special pleading. noticed rapidly various forms of govern

ment, and skilfully worked out the conclusion that of all governments republics were the most unstable and insecure and the least capable of securing rights of freedom and property to the individual. America, it prophesied, never could become a nation under such a form. It instanced the English system of government as the most successful ever instituted. After recounting the difficulties in the way of prosecuting the war and the burdens then pressing heavily on the people, it concludes with these significant words:

"This must have shown to all, and to the military men in particular, the weakness of republics, and the exertions the army has been able to make by being under a proper head. Therefore I little doubt that, when the benefits of a mixed government are pointed out and duly considered, such will be readily adopted. In this case it will, I believe, be uncontroverted that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power to victory and glory, those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of an army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother paths of peace. Some people have so connected the ideas of tyranny and monarchy as to find it very difficult to separate them. It may, therefore, be requisite to give the head of such a constitution as I propose some title apparently more moderate; but, if all other things were once adjusted, I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king, which I conceive would be attended with some material advantages."

Washington considering this letter in the little bare room of the Hasbrouck farm-house affords one of the most dramatic scenes in history. There could be scarcely a doubt of the feasibility of the plan, and the thought that by making himself the responsible head of the government he could still the divisions of Congress and lead his country out of her difficulties must have presented itself. His letter in reply, however, expresses only surprise, grief, alarm, at

the character of the proposition submitted.

"Be assured, sir," he writes, "that no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and I must view them with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. . . . Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself a sentiment of the like nature."

Washington, in this letter, pledges himself to a conditional secrecy: nevertheless, rumors of the affair leaked out and were spread broadcast throughout the country. They exerted an important influence on the subsequent course of affairs, awakening the sober thought of the masses, inspiring the rank and file with the sentiments expressed in Billings's anthem, "No King but God," led to the birth of the republican idea, and in the end made a monarchical form of government impossible on American soil.

Throughout the summer the army lay encamped about the Newburgh hills. In July, Washington went on a tour of inspection along the frontiers, visiting Schenectady and Saratoga. On July 9, he writes to Greene that Mrs. Washington is to set off on the morrow for Virginia. From the 15th to the 27th he was absent in Philadelphia, arranging the plan of the summer campaign with Rochambeau, whose troops were then marching up from the South. On August 6, he

wrote to Greene that negotiations for peace had been commenced at Paris, and on the 29th issued orders which placed General Knox in command at West Point, and ordered the main army to Verplanck's Point, to effect a junction there with Rochambeau's forces. At the same time his head-quarters were removed to the Point, and for five or six weeks the Hasbrouck farm-house resumed its wonted quiet and sedateness. On the 26th of October the army broke camp at Verplanck's Point, and returned to Newburgh and vicinity for winter quarters, the Hasbrouck farm-house again becoming the centre of events. Thacher, in his "Military Journal," thus refers to the movement: "At reveille on the 26th the left wing of our army, under command of General Heath, decamped from Verplanck's Point and marched to the Highlands: took our lodging in the woods, without covering, and were exposed to a heavy rain during a night and a day. Thence we crossed the Hudson to West Point, and marched over the mountain called Butter Hill: passed the night in the open field, and the next day reached the ground where we are to erect log huts for our winter quarters, near New Windsor." This ground, now called Temple Hill, which is to play a prominent part in the proposed centennial celebration, is three miles southwest from Newburgh in a direct line, though by the highway some two miles farther. The traveller on the Newburgh branch of the Erie, by alighting at Vail's Gate Junction, will find himself within half a mile of the historic spot. The hill, wooded in the Revolution, is now nearly destitute of trees, and its topmost summit is occupied by a meadow and wheat-field. No finer theatre for a military or civic display could be imagined. Southward one looks directly into the grim pass of the Highlands, barely three miles distant, and beyond, along the shimmering bosom of the river, far into the heart of the valley. West and northwest a wider vista opens. Masses of mountains form a background,—south and southwest the jagged cliffs and spurs of the Highlands,

north and northwest the ranged Shawangunks, with the blue domes of the Catskills in the horizon, and between them the green hills and intervalles of Orange County. Temple Hill, on the west, falls sharply into a narrow valley having a deep morass in its centre. Beyond this morass, at the base of the opposite hill, the main body of troops—comprising nine brigades—formed their camp. The ruins of a causeway across the morass, built by them, are still plainly to be seen, as well as the remains of the camp. The officers' quarters were fixed on the summit of Temple Hill, an airy spot of a winter's day, which could only have been selected from its advantages as a post of observation. One who stands upon the historic spot to-day, amid the clover- and wheat-fields that clothe its summit, and looks down along the sinuous path of the Hudson, cannot but admire the judgment and tact which posted here an army that was expecting the approach of an enemy from below.

After the barracks and other necessary adjuncts of a winter cantonment had been built, the army proceeded to erect on the topmost summit of the hill a temple of logs, rude and primitive, but strong and defying shocks from without, typical in some degree of its builders. This building vies in historic interest with Independence Hall or the Old South, though little enough of it has been made by historians. In letters and papers of the day it is called indiscriminately the "Temple," the "New Building," and the "Public Building." The precise purpose for which it was erected has caused much debate among local antiquaries, but it has been established that it was built primarily for the practice of Masonic rites.

Freemasonry had its stronghold in the army. American Union Lodge accompanied the post under a travelling dispensation. Washington was a craftsman, and Lafayette assumed the obligations of the guild, it is said, in the building which we are considering. Its use for Masonic ceremonies gave it the name of "The Temple." It was, however, used

for many other purposes. We have it on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Gano, a chaplain in the army, that three religious services were held there each Sabbath, the different chaplains officiating in turn, and one of which the family at headquarters regularly attended. It was also used as a hall in which public meetings, balls and other entertainments were held, and as a club-room in which the officers met to lounge, smoke, read when anything readable offered, and discuss the burning questions of the day. The building was eighty feet long by forty wide, and is described as being a structure of rough unhewn logs, oblong-square in form, one story in height, a door in the middle, many windows, and a broad roof. The windows were square, unglazed, and about the size of ordinary port-holes in a man-of-war. There was a small gallery or raised platform at one end for speakers and presiding officers.

The officers had occupied their quarters about the Temple four long dreary months, idle, listless, ragged, sick, their pay long in arrears, their future doubtful, seemingly forgotten by a corrupt Congress and an ungrateful country, when a youthful Roscius appeared in their ranks, and, in one of the best specimens of declamatory appeal extant, boldly urged the expedient of marching on Congress and securing a redress of their grievances by force of arms.

This letter forms an important part of the history of the Newburgh cantonment, and is interesting as showing the state of feeling existing in the army at that time.

It was addressed to the officers, and recounted in a most effective manner their sacrifices and privations, categorized their fruitless appeals to Congress for redress, and continued, "If this, then, be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary for the defence of America, what have you to expect from peace, when your voice shall sink and your strength dissipate by division,—when those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides, and no remaining mark of military dis-

tinction left but your wants, infirmities, and scars? Can you then consent to be the only sufferers by the Revolution, and, retiring from the field, grow old in poverty, wretchedness, and contempt? Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of dependency, and owe to charity the miserable remnant of that life which has hitherto been spent in honor? If you can, go, and carry with you the jest of Tories and the scorn of Whigs, the ridicule, and, what is worse, the pity, of the world. Go, starve and be forgotten."

The writer, however, presents an alternative: "If your determination be in proportion to your wrongs, carry your appeal from the justice to the fears of government; change the milk-and-water style of your last memorial; assume a bolder tone, decent, but lively, spirited, and determined; and suspect the man who would advise to more moderation and longer forbearance. . . . In any political event the army has its alternative: if peace, that nothing shall separate you from your arms but death; if war, that, courting the auspices and inviting the direction of your illustrious leader, you will retire to some unsettled country, smile in your turn, and mock when their fear cometh." The letter was accompanied by an anonymous call for a meeting of the field-officers at the "Public Building" for the succeeding Tuesday at eleven o'clock, "to consider the late letter of our representatives in Philadelphia, and what measures (if any) should be adopted to obtain that redress of grievances which they seem to have solicited in vain." The author of this letter was long after discovered to be Major John Armstrong, a young officer of twenty-six, aide-de-camp to General Gates, but at the time it was supposed to have emanated from Gates himself. That that officer was cognizant of the letter, if indeed he did not inspire it, is a familiar fact; and it is certain that other well-known officers were in the plot. This letter, with the anonymous call, was at once conveyed to Washington.

It could not have taken him unpre-

pared, for that the course pursued by Congress toward the army could end in no other way must have been long apparent to him. Be this as it may, a graver danger never confronted him, not even in the presence of the foe; and the skill and address with which he met it add lustre to his fame. A moment's thought convinced him that stern measures were not needed here, and he decided not to forbid the called meeting, but himself to assume control of it and cause it to serve lawful and patriotic ends. He at once issued an order appointing a meeting of the officers at the New Building on the approaching Saturday, to hear and act on the report of their committee recently returned from Congress, and designated General Gates as the presiding officer. This done, he began the preparation of an address to be delivered on the occasion, while to trusty friends, men of influence and approved judgment, was deputed the work of personal effort among the disaffected.

Washington never appeared to better advantage than at this Saturday meeting in the Temple. It was a large and, in some respects, an imposing assemblage. Gates occupied the chair. Putnam, Greene, Knox, Heath, and other trusted counsellors of the commander-in-chief gathered near, while the large hall was filled by the field-officers in uniform, scarcely a regiment being unrepresented. Amid a solemn stillness, the commander-in-chief rose to read his address.

Pausing to adjust his spectacles, he remarked, with touching pathos, "You see, gentlemen, that I have not only grown *gray*, but *blind*, in your service."

The first sentence of the address, while it conveyed a gentle rebuke, was well calculated to gain the attention and sympathy of all present. "Gentlemen," it began, "by an anonymous summons an attempt has been made to convene you together; how inconsistent with the rules of propriety, how unmilitary and how subversive of all order and discipline, let the good sense of the army decide."

With a compliment to the author of

the address "for the goodness of his pen," and a stern rebuke for his evident design "to impress the mind with an idea of premeditated injustice in the sovereign power of the United States, and rouse all those resentments which must unavoidably flow from such a belief," the speaker entered on a personal appeal to his hearers: "If my conduct heretofore has not evinced to you that I have been a faithful friend of the army, my declaration of it at this time would be equally unavailing and improper. But, as I was the first who embarked in the cause of our common country, as I have never left your side one moment but when called from you on public duty, as I have been the constant companion and witness of your distresses, and not among the last to feel and acknowledge your merits, as I have ever considered my own military reputation as inseparably connected with that of the army, as my heart has ever expanded with joy when I have heard its praises, and my indignation has arisen when the mouth of detraction has been opened against it, it can scarcely be supposed at this last stage of the war that I am indifferent to its interests. But how are they to be promoted? 'The way is plain,' says the anonymous addresser. 'If war continues, remove into the unsettled country; there establish yourselves, and leave an ungrateful country to defend itself.' But who are they to defend? our wives, our children, our farms, and other property which we leave behind us? or, in this state of hostile separation, are we to take the two first (the latter cannot be removed) to perish in a wilderness with cold, hunger, and nakedness? 'If peace takes place,' says he, 'never sheathe your swords until you have obtained full and ample justice.'

"This dreadful alternative of either deserting our country in the extreme hour of her distress, or turning our arms against it, which is the apparent object, unless Congress can be compelled into instant compliance, has something so shocking in it that humanity revolts at the idea. My God! What can this

writer have in view by recommending such measures? Can he be a friend to the army? Can he be a friend to the country? Rather is he not an insidious foe?—some emissary, perhaps, from New York, plotting the ruin of both, by sowing the seeds of discord and separation between the civil and military powers of the continent?"

Turning from this subject, the speaker next remarked severely on the advice of the pamphleteer to suspect the man who should recommend moderate measures, labored to disabuse his hearers' minds of the impression that Congress was of design hostile to the army or its interest, and closed with this fine exordium: "While I give you these assurances, and pledge myself in the most unequivocal manner to exert whatever ability I am possessed of in your favor, let me entreat you, gentlemen, on your part, not to take any measures which, viewed in the calm light of reason, will lessen the dignity and sully the glory you have hitherto maintained. . . . And let me conjure you, in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, and as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes, under any specious pretences, to overturn the liberties of our country, and who wickedly attempts to open the flood-gates of civil discord and deluge our rising empire in blood.

"By thus determining and thus acting, you will pursue the plain and direct road to the attainment of your wishes; you will defeat the insidious designs of our enemies, who are compelled to resort from open force to secret artifice; you will give one more distinguished proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the pressure of the most complicated sufferings; and you will, by the dignity of your conduct, afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind, had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection that human nature is capable of attaining."

The last was the master-stroke: with its utterance the speaker withdrew, but with the proud consciousness that he carried the hearts of his audience with him. Knox at once moved, and Putnam seconded, a resolution tendering a vote of thanks "to His Excellency, and assuring him that the officers reciprocated his affectionate expressions with the greatest sincerity of which the human heart is capable." The resolution was carried by a unanimous vote, and a committee appointed to prepare resolutions expressing the sentiment of the convention on the business that had brought them together.

The resolutions were reported in half an hour, and were passed unanimously. They expressed a firm confidence in the justice of Congress and its desire and ability to liquidate the claims of the officers against the country. It was also resolved, "That the officers of the American army view with abhorrence and reject with disdain the infamous propositions contained in a late anonymous address to the officers of the army, and resent with indignation the secret attempts of some unknown persons to collect the officers together in a manner totally subversive of all discipline and good order."

Thus right triumphed, while the spirit of misrule withdrew abashed.

A few weeks later—April 19—the Temple was the theatre of another most impressive scene,—the publishing of the proclamation of Congress announcing the cessation of hostilities.

Washington had been in receipt of news of peace for some days, but hesitated to publish it to the army, lest the troops who had enlisted for the war should consider their engagement filled and demand a discharge. But on the 18th, unable longer to conceal the good news, he issued his orders, directing that the proclamation of Congress should be published on the 19th, at the New Building, at twelve o'clock, in the presence of the several brigades. By a happy coincidence, it was the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, fought eight years before. When the day ar-

rived, it was ushered in by salvos of artillery. At noon the nine brigades were marshalled in the open space before the Temple door. They stood many ranks deep, brigades, regiments, companies, battalions, ragged, penniless, homeless, diseased, forlorn, with long years of unrequited service behind them, and a sombre future before. On these war-worn veterans the words of the commander-in-chief—words that were not the mere formal citation of a fact, but a pæan of joy and thanksgiving—must have exerted the most beneficial effect.

"On such a happy day," the address began, "a day which is the harbinger of peace, a day which completes the eighth year of the war, it would be ingratitude not to rejoice, it would be insensibility not to participate in the general felicity. The commander-in-chief, far from endeavoring to stifle feelings of joy in his own bosom, offers his own most cordial congratulations on the occasion to all the officers of every denomination, to all the troops of the United States in general, and in particular to those gallant, persevering men who had resolved to defend the rights of their invaded country so long as the war should continue.

... While the general recollects the almost infinite variety of scenes through which we have passed, with a mixture of pleasure, astonishment, and gratitude, while he contemplates the prospect before us with rapture, he cannot help wishing that all the brave men, of whatever condition they may be, who have shared in the toils and dangers of this glorious Revolution, of rescuing millions from the hand of oppression, and of laying the foundation of a great empire, might be impressed with a proper idea of the dignified part they have been called to act, under the smiles of Providence, on the stage of human affairs; for happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced hereafter who have contributed anything, who have performed the meanest office, in creating this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire on the broad basis of independency, who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature and establishing an asylum

for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions."

Hearty and continued applause greeted the eloquent words; then there was a stir in the audience, and ten thousand voices took up the strains of the grand anthem, "Independence."

Why has not some industrious writer prepared for us a paper on the lyrics and minnesingers of the Revolution? He would find here an untrodden field. History ignores their existence, yet their stirring strains rose on the air at the beginning of the conflict, and continued until they fitly celebrated the dawning of peace and the settlement of the quarrel. John Trumbull, captain in the Connecticut Line, Timothy Dwight, chaplain of the same, Joel Barlow, who later achieved fame as the "Hasty Pudding" bard, William Billings, of Massachusetts, and others whose memory is lost, were well endowed with the poetic faculty, and by their patriotic odes and lyrics exerted a most beneficial effect on the morale of the army. The most popular of these productions was an anthem by Billings, styled "Independence," which has no literary merit, but was vastly popular, because it voiced so well the democratic sentiments of the rank and file.

As the anthem has never been placed within reach of the general public, I reproduce it here entire.* The reader may imagine it as being sung by a choir, the whole army joining in the chorus:

The States, O Lord! with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice,
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

Chorus.

To the King they shall sing, Halleluiah!

Thy goodness and thy tender care
Have all our foes destroyed.
A cov'nant of peace thou mad'st with us,
Confirmed by thy word.
A covenant thou mad'st with us,
And sealed it with thy blood.

To the King they shall sing, Halleluiah!

* I copy it from Mr. E. M. Ruttenber's "History of Orange County," Mr. Ruttenber receiving it from Dr. Lowell Mason, of Boston.

And all the continent shall sing,
 "Down with this earthly king.
 No king but God."

To the King they shall sing, Halleluiah!
 And the continent shall sing,
 "God is our rightful King. Halleluiah!"
 And the continent shall sing,
 "God is our gracious King. Halleluiah!"

May his blessings descend,
 World without end,
 On every part of the continent.
 May harmony and peace
 Begin and never cease,
 And may the strength increase
 Of the continent.
 May American wilds
 Be filled with his smiles,
 And may the nations bow
 To our royal King.
 May Rome, France, and Spain,
 And all the world, proclaim
 The glory and the fame
 Of our royal King.

God is the King. Amen.
 The Lord is his name. Amen.
 Loud, loudly sing
 That God is the King.
 May his reign be glorious;
 America victorious,
 And may the earth acknowledge
 God is the King.
 Amen. Amen. Amen.

This gathering, however, was but the precursor of a grand jubilee in honor of peace, which occurred some days later, and which was celebrated by the entire army at Newburgh, Fishkill, West Point, and at all the scattered outposts far down the river. Great preparations were made for the event. In front of the Temple a huge framework, containing nearly one hundred pieces of timber from ten to thirty feet long and seven inches wide, was erected for the display of lanterns and fireworks alone. Arms were furbished, cannon charged, tattered regimentals darned and brushed, and the great beacons built on every projecting headland along the Hudson were piled high with fresh combustibles, ready to break into long lines of fire at the word of command. Soldier and citizen were alike intent on celebrating the day. It dawned at last, and was ushered in with a salute of thirteen cannon from Fort Putnam, at West Point, which were answered, while their echoes were still calling in the Highlands, by thirteen

from the old head-quarters at Newburgh. This was followed by a general *feu de joie* along the lines, and by loud huzzas from the soldiers and citizens massed upon the hill-tops, all proclaiming that peace and freedom had dawned upon the happy land. The day was spent in speeches, parades, salutes, banquets, and other demonstrations of joy at the auspicious event. With the evening a more imposing spectacle was presented. At a given signal the beacons along the Hudson were lighted, and at once the breathless spectators saw

Headland after headland flame
 Far into the rich heart of the South.

Fort Putnam again thundered a salute to the meek maiden with the olive-branch, while the Head-quarters, New Windsor, and Fishkill responded; musketry blazed all along the lines, and the mountains resounded with the shouts of excited thousands. Brightest of all blazed the framework erected at the cantonment and aflame with fireworks and lanterns. The day closed with a grand ball at the log Temple, which had been brilliantly decorated with flags and colored lights for the occasion, and at which the heroes of a hundred fights danced with Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Knox, and a score of accomplished and high-bred ladies of the country-side who lent their gracious presence to the festivities.

This was the last event of importance in the history of the cantonment at Newburgh, and will form the closing scene of the proposed centennial celebration. If properly managed, the general effect must be magnificent, and will fitly symbolize the closing events of the great drama which we have been considering.

After the proclamation of peace, military discipline at the camp was less sternly enforced, furloughs being freely granted, and many availing themselves of them to return to their homes. In June the army was removed to West Point, and there, and not at Newburgh, as has been stated, Washington's Farewell Address was read, and the war-worn ranks formally disbanded.

THROUGH TIME AND ETERNITY.

I HAVE done at last with the bitter lie,—
 The lie I have lived so many years.
 I've hated myself that I could not die,
 Body as well as soul. What! tears?
 Tears and kisses on lip and brow :—
 What use are tears and kisses now?

'Twas not so hard. Just a kerchief wet
 In the deadly blessing that quiets pain,
 And backward the tide of suffering set,
 Peace swept over the blood and brain,—
 Utter peace, to the finger-tips;
 And now these kisses on lids and lips.

Sweet caresses for lips all cold,
 And loud laments for perished breath,
 For the faded cheek and the hair's wan gold,
 But not a tear for the sadder death
 I died that day. How strange the fate
 That brings your sorrow all too late!

All these years, with my dead, dead heart
 I've met the world with smiling eyes :
 I feigned sweet life with perfect art.
 And the world has respect for well-told lies ;
 And I fooled the world,—for no one said,
 " Behold this woman : she is dead."

And no one said, as you passed along,
 " Behold a murderer." No one knew :
 You carefully covered the cruel wrong :
 That the world saw not, was enough for you.
 You had wisdom and worldly pride,
 And I had silence,—for I had died.

The world says now I am dead ; but, oh,
 Lean down and listen. 'Tis all in vain :
 Again in my heart bleeds the cruel blow,
 Again I am mad with the old-time pain,
 Again the waves of anguish roll,—
 For I have met with my murdered soul.

Oh, never to find the peace I crave,
 'Twere better to be as I have been.
 In the peace of the fleeting years I have
 Eternity now to love you in,
 Eternity now to feel the blow
 Your dear hands gave in the long ago.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

DECKER'S SECOND WIFE.

I.

AT the close of a clear, cold day in early December, a man plodded doggedly along the turnpike that leads into the village of Shandaken. Ankle-deep in mud was this turnpike in the spring, and in summer ankle-deep in dust; but now it was frozen fast and hard, and the fall of the traveller's heavy boots resounded sharply. On either side of the road stretched dreary fields, with here and there a lonely tree standing up black and gaunt against the sky, through which the setting sun had striven to infuse a pinky flush. There were no farm-houses near, no red-painted barns, but only the rickety buildings of the brick-yard, deserted now, and with the great wheel that a blind gray horse had pulled round and round all summer frozen fast in a heavy black slough. The whole landscape had a chilled, despondent aspect, and the bare trees and fields seemed to pray the tardy snow to come and cover their nakedness.

It was a steep pull up the hill yeilded "Brick-yard," and when the wayfarer reached the top he sat down upon a boulder to rest. Just below him lay the village, from whose comfortable houses the evening lamps began to shine out one after another. The chimneys sent up delicate curls of smoke, that to an imaginative person might have wafted an odor of hot suppers. But the traveller seated there on the boulder did not look like an imaginative person given to weaving delicate fancies or spinning sentimental reveries. He was tall, gaunt, and bearded, clad in a cheap, ill-fitting suit of gray, and his large, ungloved hands were those of a man who swings a hammer. His whole appearance was quite congruous with the hard, lonesome landscape. There was a joyless look on his face as he sat and gazed down at the village: it was the look of a man who would be welcome in none of those snug

dwellings, by none of those cosy fire-sides; and it was with a sort of sigh that he finally picked up his satchel and trudged forward again along the frozen turnpike. A gig drawn by a wiry roan mare rattled suddenly up behind him, and as the driver passed he bestowed a shrewd, inquiring look on the wayfarer.

The man afoot smiled a little. "The doctor's mare is good for another ten years, I guess," he said to himself.

On down the road, through the dilapidated toll-gate, over the bridge, the man tramped steadily and with the easy confidence of one to whom every rod of ground is familiar. He passed through the straggling village street, by the post-office, blacksmith's shop, and tavern, and halted finally before a neat cottage standing in a small, well-kept yard. He paused irresolutely at the gate for an instant, then lifted the latch softly and stole up to the window, whence a gleam of light streamed through the blinds. He could see into a small room, simply furnished indeed, but with an air of comfort pervading it. There was a table in the middle set for supper, and the lamp cast a cheerful gleam over a shining metallic teapot, some cups and saucers, a great pile of fresh white bread, a pot of butter, and a generous dishful of raspberry jam. There was a little boy sitting at the table,—a rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired, ten-year-old lad, who drummed impatiently with a spoon. Soon there entered a slim, trim woman, whose large, light-brown eyes had an indefinable expression of hardness in them. Her hair was brought smoothly down over her temples, and her collar was spotless. She looked neat, methodical, energetic, and as coldly unsympathetic as a china doll.

But the little fellow at the table ruled her with a rod of iron. He ate jam and bread-and-butter manfully, drank a great tumbler of milk, made the cat sit up and submit to having her meek

nose smeared with jam, since she declined to eat it, and indeed comported himself with grave independence and silent disregard of his mother's remonstrances.

The man outside the window watched and waited patiently until the supper was ended and the dishes put away. Then he stole softly up to the porch and rang the bell.

The door was opened by the boy.

"Is your—your father at home?" the stranger asked hesitatingly.

"He is dead," answered the boy, evidently much astonished to find that all the world was not acquainted with this fact.

"Your mother, then?"

"Yes, she's in here. Come along." And the child piloted the tall stranger into the sitting-room.

"Mrs. Decker, I suppose?" said he.

The woman looked up at him quickly: a patch of red flashed into each cheek.

"I am Mrs. Decker," said she. "Won't you sit down?"

He seated himself deliberately in a large rocking-chair, and put hat and satchel on the floor.

"I called to see your husband," he observed.

"I told you she hadn't any husband," broke in the boy. "I told you he was dead."

"Tommy," said Mrs. Decker, "go and sit in the kitchen for a while."

She turned sharply toward the child, who stood staring gravely into the stranger's face.

"No; I guess I'll stay here," Tommy answered with much deliberation.

"Now, you run along, sonny," said the man persuasively. "You must do as your ma says."

Very reluctantly Tommy turned and went into the adjoining room.

"I do not care to talk about my husband before the child," said Mrs. Decker, resuming her sewing. "It is best he should know as little as possible about his father. Mr. Decker died West some four years ago."

"So he died West," repeated the man in a reflective way. "I was a great

friend of Eben's, and I am sorry to hear he's dead. Did he leave you comfortably off?"

"He ran away from me, left me in debt to everybody, and with a child to support. For a week before he went, he lay dead-drunk at the tavern. I had to pay the bill for the liquor myself." Mrs. Decker never looked up as she spoke, and her tones were quiet, but her lips tightened ominously.

The stranger seemed, however, rather affected by this curt recital of what she had suffered at her husband's hands. He brought out a large red handkerchief and wiped his face as though it were bedewed with perspiration. "He wasn't much of a husband, I guess," he said at last.

Mrs. Decker laughed. "Do you call that being much of a husband?" she said, pausing in her work and looking straight into the stranger's face. "You say you were a friend of his; and perhaps you can defend him."

"No, no; I can't defend him!" the man cried hastily. "Nobody could defend him. But I'm sorry to hear he is dead. I had business that brought me this way, and I thought I'd look Eben up. I'll say good-night now, Mrs. Decker."

He went out again into the nipping air, and walked rapidly back to the tavern. Entering the bar-room, he found no one there but the landlord himself, Josiah Bedle,—a great, hearty, rubicund fellow, a Falstaff to the life. "It is a cold night," he said with stentorian geniality. "Won't you have something to warm you up?"

"I don't drink," the stranger replied.

"What! Temp'rance?"

"Yes, temp'rance,—teetotaler."

"Gosh! you don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Bedle, looking at his guest suspiciously.

"I'd like to have some hot supper, though, and I suppose you can give me a bed for the night," said the stranger, walking up to the stove and stretching out his benumbed hands.

"Yes, you can have supper and a

bed, of course." And therewith Bedle waddled heavily out of the bar-room.

The stranger, left alone, gazed about him curiously, and finally deserted his post by the stove to inspect a dark spot under the bar-room counter. He was bending down over it when Bedle re-entered.

"Halloo! What the devil are you doing there?" he cried sharply.

"I saw a queer-looking spot just under the counter, and I wondered what it was," his guest replied, tranquilly seating himself near the stove.

"That's a blood-stain," said Bedle, pausing and looking at it. "Eben Decker once fell just about there and bled a quart. The blood kinder soaked into the wood."

"Was he drunk?" the stranger asked indifferently.

"Drunk as a lord," was Mr. Bedle's reply. "In fact, for about a year before he cleared out he was drunk pretty much all the time. You couldn't keep him away from a bottle of whiskey."

"Did you try very hard?" said the stranger by the stove.

There was a certain dry, peculiar intonation in the words that made Bedle turn about and look at him sharply. "Gosh! I ain't no man's keeper," he exclaimed. "If a chap comes here and wants to buy whiskey, and I have got it to sell, it ain't my lookout whether he gets drunk on it or not. But you're a temp'rance man: any one could see that you don't know about the ways of men who take a glass once in a while."

The stranger spoke not a word for some time; then he said slowly, "I used to know Eben Decker."

"You don't say so!" Mr. Bedle exclaimed. "Did you know him out West?"

"Yes; I knew him out in Colorado. He was a hard chap, was Eben; but he wasn't *all* bad."

"All bad?" echoed the landlord. "Well, I should think not. There wasn't a kinder, better-hearted man in the country than Eben,—that is, till he got drunk. But there was a queer streak in him. He cleared out one day without

saying a word to anybody, and the next we heard was that he had been killed in a row somewhere West. I guess his widow wasn't very sorry. She led a pretty life of it with him; but she gets along first-rate by herself,—takes boarders in the summer, and does all sorts of things. She's smart. Fact is, I always thought she was a little too smart for Eben; kinder sharp, you know,—snap your nose off. The fellers used often to say that Eben Decker never would have been a sot if he hadn't had such a 'tarnal smart, sharp sort of a wife."

The stranger shook his head very gravely. "You are wrong there," he said. "From what I know of Eben Decker, I am sure he set great store by his wife. But the drink was too much for him. It is too much for most men."

With this the stranger rose and faced the fat, prosperous landlord solemnly.

"There, there!" cried Mr. Bedle in dismay; "don't treat me to a temp'rance lecture. Come along and get your supper. It must be ready by this time." And he led the way to the dining-room, a great, barn-like place, with long tables scattered irregularly through it. On one of the tables stood a dingy lamp, that illuminated a little space and cast queer shadows through the gloom surrounding it. A small cloth was spread over a tiny area of this long table, and here Mr. Bedle motioned his guest to be seated, and then left him to the tender mercies of a slatternly, sleepy wench, who brought him in some smoking tea and a dish of ham and eggs.

The stranger ate his supper hastily, and then returned to the bar-room. A group had formed round the stove by this time, and he took his place in the circle, lighted his pipe, and smoked it in silence. At first his presence cast a restraint upon those convivial souls, but a few glasses of hot whiskey-and-water loosened their tongues and set them to talking and joking together. Once or twice they tried to draw him into conversation, but his short answers soon quenched their curiosity. One young farmer did indeed try to banter him a

little, but there was something about the stranger's tall, muscular frame and brawny fists that impressed the drinkers of whiskey-and-water. Temperance man that he was, he looked as though he might be very unpleasant if his anger were excited, and he was allowed to smoke his pipe in peace. At ten o'clock he bade them a grave good-night and followed Bedle to a small, cold bedchamber. Outside, the wind whistled sharply and came through the ill-fitting window in gusts that made the tallow dip flicker fitfully.

"Hope you'll sleep well," said Mr. Bedle. "Good-night." And he rejoined his friends in the bar-room.

The sun the next morning shone down bravely on the fields that glittered with hoar-frost. After an early breakfast, the stranger went out on the narrow piazza that ran along the front of the tavern, and stood there, evidently undecided whither he should direct his steps. A group of children, chattering together, came past, and went up the road toward the school-house that clung to a bleak hill-side a quarter of a mile away. Some distance behind them appeared Tommy Decker, alone, and rather overloaded with a big geography, an equally big slate, and two or three smaller, chubby books, that kept slipping out from under his arm. Just as he reached the tavern he felt the books sliding, slowly but surely. He gave one look at them and one at his overladen hands, and then gravely backed himself up against the fence, and thus shoved the books into place.

The man on the tavern piazza smiled at this pantomime, and then slowly descended the steps and followed the sturdy little fellow trudging so bravely along, with the ends of a gay red scarf fluttering out behind. A few long strides, and Tommy Decker felt himself overshadowed by the tall figure of the man who had been at the house the night before.

"You've got too much to carry, Tom," said the man gently. "Suppose you let me put some of those books in my pocket."

Tom looked at him shyly. "But I'm going to school," said he.

"Well, I'll go 'long to school with you," the man replied, with a smile. "I want a walk this morning."

Tommy, still feeling rather shy, gave him a dog-eared arithmetic, a spelling-book, and a Second Reader, and these three volumes were slipped into the stranger's capacious pockets.

"Now let me have hold of your hand, Tommy," said he, grasping the little red-mittened paw and accommodating his strides to the chubby legs of his companion. For a while they walked on in silence. "Do you like to go to school?" said the man at last.

"I have to," Tommy answered concisely.

"Your mother says you must, eh?"

"Yes: 'cause I've got to be educated, you know. You ain't the new school-master, are you?"

"If I was, would you be afraid of me?"

Tom looked up into his face, then said, with a confidential smile, "No."

They walked on after this in silence almost to the foot of the hill. Then, at the school-house door, there appeared a spectacled young man, who shook a big bell fiercely.

"I must run," said Tommy, disengaging his hand. "I shall be late."

The stranger halted, gazed earnestly at the child for an instant, then lifted him, pressed him close to his breast, and kissed him twice. "Be a good boy, Tom," said he, as he set him upon his feet and handed him his books. He stood there and watched the youngster race up the hill, and, as he stood and watched, two big tears rolled down his cheeks and trickled into his bushy beard. Lost in thought, he turned and retraced his steps to the Widow Decker's cottage. He did not ring the bell this time, but went round the house and knocked at the side-door. In response to the summons to "come in," he entered the warm kitchen, where Mrs. Decker, neat and calm, was ironing.

"Good-morning," said she, in a tone that asked as plainly as words why he

was troubling her at such an unseemly hour. She did not for one minute pause in her work, but, taking a fresh iron from the stove, applied a moist forefinger to the under side of it in a critical way. The hot iron sizzled satisfactorily, and thereupon she began to pass it with swift dexterity over a small embroidered collar.

The tall man paused in the open doorway, the crisp air blowing in about him, and stared at her for a moment in a silence that was weighted with import. "Jane, don't you know me?" said he at last.

Mrs. Decker replied not a word, but the color flamed into her face, and she pressed her lips tight together.

"Jane," said he, "I'm Eben. I can prove it easy enough."

"You needn't to," she answered dryly. "I knew you the minute you came in last night."

He seemed paralyzed by this, and stood motionless, then entered the kitchen, closing the door gently behind him. "You ain't very glad to see me," he said in mild accents.

She ironed the collar viciously. "I don't know why I should be glad to see you," she returned.

"Well, I don't know; it would seem sort o' natural if you were glad to see your husband again."

She laughed, a short, fierce laugh.

"Yes, yes, I know, Jane," he exclaimed hastily. "I wasn't an over-and-above good husband; but I ain't the same man now. I work hard, and I don't drink a drop."

She looked incredulous. "I suppose you found a gold-mine out West," she said with quiet irony.

"No, I didn't find a gold-mine; but I came East two years ago, and ever since that I have been working in a foundry at Hartford. I have got a good place, Jane, and I could keep you and the child first rate."

"We can keep ourselves, thank you," said she dryly.

He passed his hand over his beard and looked at her steadily. "I ain't going to use force or law to get you

back," said he, "but I'd like to take you and Tommy to Hartford. We could live nice, and I'd insure my life."

"Yes; and how long would it be before you got drunk and came home and gave me a scar to match this?" she cried with intense passion, lifting up a lock of brown hair that hid a small red mark on her forehead.

The man put his hands up before his face: her reminder was a blow between the eyes for him. "Jane," he said at last, "you must forget all that. I want you and the boy: I am all alone, and I can't stand it. I could do well by you and Tommy. It ain't natural for a man to live as I do."

"Then get another wife," said Mrs. Decker. "I won't trouble you any if you want a dozen wives. There are plenty of women in Hartford who would like to marry a prosperous, steady man like you."

He gazed at her in silence.

"You ain't hardly human, Jane," said he slowly. "I made up my mind last night to go away without troubling you again, after hearing you speak of your husband as you did; and then you knew it was me all the time! I thought it would be best just to go away without saying a word; but this morning I went along to school with Tom, and"—his voice broke. "Jane," he cried, "the child is as much mine as yours!"

Not a line of his wife's face softened.

"I see," said he, "it's no use urging you." He brought a scrap of paper out of his pocket and scrawled a few laborious lines thereon. "Here is my address," he continued. "If you ever want help, or if anything should happen to Tom, you might let me know." He held out the paper to her, but she would not even look at it. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "you ain't human." He dropped the paper on the table beside her, and then, without a word more, left his wife to her solitude.

II.

THE long winter finally gave way to spring. Mrs. Decker might be seen in

her little yard, digging flower-beds and planting seeds, and setting out the plants that she had cherished so carefully in the house all winter. She was not the sort of woman one would picture cultivating flowers; but nevertheless she had a passion for them, and was never happier than when down on her knees before a verbenas-bed with a trowel in her hand. But she could not inspire Tom with any enthusiasm. He regarded a rake and spade as implements of torture, and would wield them only under compulsion. And it grieved her, as some mothers who love books are grieved by children who consider reading a bore. Mrs. Decker had a dim notion that if Tom would only find pleasure in monthly roses he would grow into a great and good man.

"Here is a package of seeds for you," he cried, running into the yard one day. "Mr. Ward says they are sweet peas, and that nobody will have any like them but you and him."

Mrs. Decker dropped the long vine that she was training over a trellis, and took the package eagerly. The seeds were wrapped loosely in a newspaper, and she saw the heading of the sheet. It was an old copy of the "Hartford Courant." Filled with an indefinable curiosity, she glanced up and down the columns of the paper. This paragraph caught her eye: "Married.—On the 14th March, by the Rev. John Grant, Ebenezer Decker and Mary Lasher, both of this city." In her astonishment, she let the seeds fall out of the paper, and then with a beating heart bent down to gather them up. She was free! Eben could never trouble her any more,—could never come and take Tom away, as she had been fearful he might. She smiled triumphantly, and carried the newspaper and the seeds into the house. The latter she put into a drawer carelessly, but the newspaper she locked up in an old desk where she kept some relics, her marriage-certificate, and Eben's Hartford address. She wondered what Mary Lasher looked like,—whether she was dark or fair, young or old, prudent or giddy. She tried to picture Eben as a

bridegroom, and her mind reverted to the day when she had been married to him. He was a merry-eyed, blithe young fellow at that time, full of jokes, and always singing or whistling. And now—a queer sensation stole over her, and for some unaccountable reason she seized the broom and swept the kitchen as it had not been swept before in years.

"Why, this is a regular house-cleaning," said Tom discontentedly when he came in and found his mother with an old green veil tied over her head and sweeping like a tornado. "You clean house all the time. I'd like to know where I am going to sit." And he gazed at his mother with reproach.

"It is all done now," she answered humbly. "Go into the other room for a while, till I get things dusted." Eben married! This Miss Mary Lasher must have been a fool, to marry a man she knew nothing of. Very likely she was one of those flighty things who would die unhappy unless she could have "Mrs." on her tombstone. And she wasn't his wife, after all! Ay, there was the best part. A thought flashed into Mrs. Decker's brain. Suppose Eben was really very fond of this new wife,—as fond as he had been of his first? She was probably a young girl, and he was foolish about her, as middle-aged men always are over girls. But, after all, what did it matter?

The next morning Mrs. Decker found a long gray hair in her brush, and the sight of it discouraged her. She leaned over the old-fashioned dressing-table and gazed at herself intently in the mirror. The forerunner of a deep wrinkle lined itself across her forehead; but, as she looked, a faint blush stole into her face, and she smiled in triumph: she was not so plain, after all.

When she dressed, she put a scrap of ribbon at her throat, instead of the accustomed old brooch, and then she went down-stairs and prepared a most tempting breakfast. She wondered if Eben's new wife made such coffee, such light biscuit. The thought that she was probably some giddy young thing who did not know how to set forth tempting

viands was exhilarating. Eben had always been very appreciative of a well-spread table, and the widow's bosom swelled with a sweet sense of revenge as she gazed about her sitting-room that morning. It was the picture of cheerfulness. Through the eastern window came the spring sunshine, and in the warm rays sat the big gray cat, purring and blinking, too contented even to look at the birds that outside were twittering blithely together. There was a clean, pungent odor of coffee pervading the atmosphere, and the table with its white cloth and shining china was an object that carnal man would have gazed upon with satisfaction. And then there was Tom, rosy and serene, taking all the goods the gods—that is, his mother—provided, as no more than his due.

From that day Mrs. Decker entered into rivalry with her unknown successor. Always the most methodical and neatest of housekeepers, she now vexed her soul over the problem of the beautiful. She strove to follow the advice of the domestic column of the weekly paper, and in accordance with its instructions she one day placed a vase with flowers upon the dinner-table, and then awaited Tom's comments with anxiety. But Tom said never a word: he looked at the nosegay with great gravity. There was, however, a comical twinkle in his eye, such a twinkle as his father had once had, and before which Mrs. Decker felt rather shamefaced. It was the twinkle in the eye of a man who is amused at feminine caprice, but is loftily indulgent.

Æsthetics, however, soon lost their charm for Mrs. Decker, and she wearied of trying to excel so vague an adversary as Eben's new wife. Her feeling of emulation gave way to one of pity. She felt sorry for the poor girl whom Eben had so deceived. Once, as she sat in the twilight thinking of the wrong that had been done, the tears almost came to her eyes. Great was Tom's astonishment when he found his mother sitting thus alone in the fading light and looking out of the window with an expression of sadness on her face.

"Are you sick?" he asked.

"No; I am not sick," she replied, "but I feel badly."

"You are thinking about papa," he said with awe.

The widow made no answer, but, with something very like a sigh, rose and lighted the lamp.

Mingled with her pity for the victim was resentment toward the deceiver, and this feeling grew as fast as the dandelions in the grass. She could not banish her false husband from her thoughts. As she worked about the house, mended Tom's trousers, even when weeding her beloved garden, the memory of his perfidy rankled in her heart. Her first waking thought was one that made the color flash into her cheeks and her eyes snap, and she found that in the night she awoke to dwell upon the faithlessness of the man she had once trusted. Sometimes an uncomfortable sensation crept over her as she remembered how she had treated him when he came to implore her to live with him again; but she comforted herself with the reflection that her conduct could not palliate his crime. A longing—vague at first, but that grew momentarily—to confront the guilty man, to wither him with her scorn, scorch him with her blazing indignation, took possession of her. At last, one day in early summer, a man walked into the bar-room of the tavern and announced that the widow Decker had gone to Hartford on business. The assembled cabinet listened to this news and discussed it gravely.

"You needn't tell me it's business," said Mr. Bedle emphatically. "She has lived here all her life, and never had any business in Hartford before, and it's very likely she's had business there all of a sudden. Oh, very likely, very likely!"

His sarcasm was so severe that it silenced the other members of the cabinet for a full minute.

"Well, what's your idea?" quoth one at last.

"My idea? Well, when a smart, spry widow takes to wearing ribbons and looks as though butter wouldn't

melt in her mouth, and then goes off on business, my idea is that the business is with a parson."

A white-haired old toper, whose lips were always trembling as though with the weight of the profanity that was ever upon them, chuckled in senile delight. "I guess you've hit it, Josh," said he.

Mr. Bedle looked as though it were impossible for him not to hit it every time; but he said nothing.

Meanwhile, the clerks in the office of a certain large foundry at Hartford had looked up from letters and ledgers to stare at a slim, neatly-dressed woman who stood in the door-way. She was no longer very young, but as she stood there the color came into her face and made her look youthful and even pretty. "Is there a workman here by the name of Eben Decker?" she said.

A portly, bald-headed young man who sat at a desk near the window smiled affably. "Yes," said he: "Eben Decker has been in our employ two or three years."

This was the junior partner, a bachelor and gallant, and his light-blue eyes rested approvingly upon the trim figure before him.

The unaccustomed scene and the eyes fixed upon her abashed the widow Decker and gave a touch of soft, womanly timidity to her appearance. "I would like to see him," said she.

The junior partner sent a clerk out to call in Decker. "And, as I suppose you would like a private interview," he added, with a smile, "just step into this room."

Thereupon he led her into an inner office,—a small room containing a large table and six arm-chairs. A minute later Decker entered.

He had on a big leather apron, and his rough flannel shirt was open at the neck, and the sleeves were rolled up, disclosing his brawny arms. He looked in these familiar trappings twice the man he had in his ready-made Sunday suit. "Jane!" he cried. He closed the door behind him and came up close to her, the ruddy color fading out of

his face and an anxious look gathering in his eyes. "Is Tom dead?" he said, almost in a whisper.

"No," answered his wife, gazing at him fixedly. "Eben," she continued solemnly, "I know all about it."

The guilty man looked at her in perplexity. "What do you mean?" said he roughly.

A smile of scorn curled her lips. "Ah, you would like to deceive me," she said.

"Now, see here, Jane," said he, in a brisk, matter-of-fact tone: "I can't leave off work to be blown up. If you have got anything to say, say it."

"Then I will say it," she exclaimed hotly. "I mean that I know you are married."

A droll look flashed into his face: "Well, I don't know as there is anything wonderful in that. If you ain't aware I'm married, I don't know who is."

"I didn't come here to be laughed at," she continued, her eyes snapping with anger. "I came here to tell you that I knew you had gone and married some other woman; and you are a bigamist, Eben Decker,—that's what you are."

He pursed up his mouth and whistled. "Somebody has been lying to you," he said good-naturedly.

"Lying!" she repeated, her voice trembling. "I saw it in the paper with my own eyes,—Ebenezer Decker and Mary Lasher."

"Well, it ain't me," said Eben. He looked at his wife curiously for a moment, then added, "But, if it had been, you'd have been pretty mad, eh, Jane?"

She made no reply.

"I guess, Jane, you've got a kind o' soft spot in your heart for me yet,—because otherwise you wouldn't have cared if I had married fifty Mary Lashers."

Mortified and overwhelmed at the mistake she had made, she said nothing. The fiery speeches she had composed were useless now.

"But you had no business to suspect me of any such dirty doings," he con-

tinued. "Ebenezer ain't my name, and Decker is as common, 'most, as Smith. You ought to know that, whatever my failings were, I never was the kind o' man that goes around getting girls into trouble. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"How do I know it ain't true, after all?" she murmured, not quite daring, however, to look him in the face.

He was silent a minute, then said, "Jane, you ought to have your ears boxed. But, if you want proof, go out and ask any man in the yard. They all know that I am living alone in a boarding-house; and a devil of a way to live it is, too."

"I believe what you have said," said

she quite humbly. "I'll go now, I guess."

But he stretched out his hand and took hers. "Hadh't you better say you will come back and be my second wife yourself?" said he.

She looked up into his face, her lips quivered, and unaccustomed tears sprang into her eyes.

"There, there, Jane," he exclaimed hastily, putting his arm around her and patting her cheek with awkward tenderness.

Again she looked up, a smile struggling around her lips now. "Oh, Eben!" she cried; "what do you suppose Tom will say?"

CHARLES DUNNING.

THE EARLIER AND LATER WORK OF MR. HOWELLS.

WHEN an author makes his first appearance before the public with a work which is obviously tentative or immature, we note what promise it contains, and follow his after-course with curiosity to see whither his talent will lead him. But in the case of a writer who has begun by presenting us with deliberate, finished work, who has ranged himself by the first strokes of his pen with a distinct school, we forget to look for any change: we are apt to take up his latest book with the certain expectation of finding the same thing done again with the same skill. Our anticipation is the livelier that we know just what to anticipate. But it is not safe to take an author for granted while he is still holding the pen. He may disappoint our knowledge, or, what is just as likely to happen, we may lose a part of what he is doing in remembering what he has done. Mr. Howells is a case in point. He has perhaps never surprised his readers or led them to any reversal of their early judgments, and yet in the dozen years during which he has been

before us as a novelist he has passed through several phases of art, and has changed to a considerable degree his style, and indeed his whole manner of writing. When "The Wedding Journey" first appeared, nobody thought of it as promising: it was already a complete performance, a book with marked limitations, but within those bounds almost perfect. It was hardly to be counted as a first novel, for the observation, the satire, the neat turns of thought and phrase, were only a little more noticeable there than in the clever essays which had preceded it. Thus each of Mr. Howells's books has prepared the way, in a measure, for the one which was to follow. But if we put "The Wedding Journey" beside "A Modern Instance" we shall see the difference. The one is simply an essay, the other is actually a novel. In the one book the characters are outlined by a few clever strokes, half their individuality lying in the cut of a whisker or a fantastic curve of drapery. We should hardly recognize Isabel if we were to meet her with-

out the travelling-hat which reposed so gracefully on Basil's shoulder. How far the personages in "A Modern Instance" are more life-like or complete is a matter which we shall discuss farther on: it is obvious at the first glance that they are more minutely and solidly painted.

The transition from essayist to novelist has been such a gradual and assured thing on Mr. Howells's part that in tracing it in his books we feel as if we had assisted at some mechanical process and carried away the receipt in our pocket. There is only one break in the continuity of the work. In "A Foregone Conclusion" Mr. Howells had already written a novel, with a slight but definite plot, four distinctly-drawn characters, and a situation which was dramatic and tinged with pathos. It remains the most perfect in construction of all his books, and by many of his admirers is alluded to with a gentle regret as marking a height which he reached but once, an aberration of his talent in the direction of genius. To our mind, the passion which forms the key-note of "A Foregone Conclusion" is every whit as extraneous as the lighter mood of "A Wedding Journey." It is a tragedy watched at a railway-station, instead of a comedy,—a tale of failure caught from the sad face of a fellow-traveller and pieced out with the finest and daintiest imagination. It is the passion of a dream, not of an actual occurrence. In style as well as in tone the book belongs to the earlier period of Mr. Howells's art. With the change of scene we find, a little later, a change of plan. In suppressing "Private Theatricals" Mr. Howells destroyed the bridge which connected the two periods. Here the theme was again a passionate one, and in this respect the book belongs with "A Foregone Conclusion," though far inferior to it in interest; but the fidelity and charm of its New-England landscape and the accurate touches in the delineation of rural character showed that Mr. Howells's cosmopolitan talent was becoming very much at home among the granite hills, and the roots have been getting

firmer ever since. While Mr. James has remained abroad and retained for his subject the typical American, the man of the New World and of unfettered conditions, as distinguished from the tradition-haunted and polished European, Mr. Howells has shown more and more a tendency to localization, a preference for New-England types and home scenes. He has become by his later novels the interpreter of New England, as Auerbach is the story-teller of the Black Forest.

The distinctive features of Mr. Howells's work during the last four or five years (what we may call his new style) are a closer and finer diction and a somewhat deeper study of life. Yet, after everything has been said in praise of his cleverness, his realism and keen observation, his highest quality must be acknowledged to be, like that of Daudet, his charm. His realism is more or less allied to that of the conventional New-England novel, which is forever testifying to the ubiquity of the bean and the angularities of horse-hair sofas. His cleverness brings him into competition with Mr. James, who has spent a lifetime in the practice of saying exquisitely clever things in a neat and delicate manner, and who could hardly be rivalled in that accomplishment. But Mr. Howells's charm is all his own. It is as delicious in its way as Daudet's, and it is not marred or contradicted by the forced contrasts with which the French romancer cheapens and adulterates the delicacy of his art. Daudet's inveterate habit of heightening the purity of his idyllic scenes and characters by surrounding them with morbid and sinister shadows gives the reader a constant suspicion that he is the victim of some trick, and makes him finally doubt whether the white he sees have not specks of black in it. We remember that mould cannot be kept from spreading, or fair fruit and rotten lie cheek by jowl without contamination. Daudet seems always seeking to take back the pleasure he has given us. But in reading Mr. Howells we can surrender ourselves to the spell without any danger of being rudely awakened. His charm

is like a subtle flattery, and we are constantly beguiled into the belief that it springs less from the fancy or artistic sense than from a superior fineness of heart.

In "A Modern Instance" Mr. Howells has allowed himself very little opportunity for the graceful semi-idyllic writing to which he has accustomed us of late. We miss the inactive comedy which spun itself out so daintily on the deck of the Aroostook, the exquisite rural pictures and decorative borders which made "The Undiscovered Country" a book to delight in, independently of its rather slight human interest. But, if the charm is less potent, the sympathetic quality is still present. Mr. Howells's superiority to all other New-England novelists of his day comes out nowhere more strongly than in his insistence on the beauty of common scenes and characters. He has brought out perhaps more minutely if not more distinctly than anybody else the aridity and gloom of village life, its hard necessities and scanty compensations. Its humorous side has been treated by other writers with a broader and sometimes a keener sense of the ridiculous than belongs to Mr. Howells. But the coarseness of the subject has often been too much for the novelists. The ordinary New-England novel smells of the kitchen: it is a raw concoction, like hasty pudding. Mr. Howells has never dipped his pen in molasses. He keeps in view the fact which is familiar to all Old-World writers on homely life, that crude things may be painted with art, and commonplaces treated in a rare manner. Notice his handling of the difficult and rather unsympathetic character of Marcia. Now and then we meet in the country some young girl badly dressed, yet with the air of being well dressed, young and fresh-looking and confident, intent on her own narrow aims, and the eye rests upon her with a certain tenderness. There is a momentary impression of youth ignoring both its own possibilities and the forces around. It is some such impression as this which Mr. Howells has embodied in Marcia; but he has not

stopped at the outside. He has followed up and studied with the closest interest a character which is not easily accessible and which at first sight promises little material to the literary worker. Marcia is as distinctively a New-England type as the cultivated Miss Bessy Alden or the over-conscientious Dr. Breen. She is one of those women in whom hardness and narrowness are not faults, but simply inherent qualities, inseparable from the conditions of their birth, the result of shrewdness and calculation in their ancestors, or of the chill conditions in which they were brought up. Marcia's indifference to her father and mother does not appear to spring from any positive lack of affection, but simply from the fact that she has always been accustomed to regard them as conveniences, that being the attitude into which they have themselves fallen. She is more countrified than even Lydia, whose "I want to know" was uttered in the most lady-like tone, and who had only a few trifling habits of this sort to overcome in order to develop into a cultivated woman and charming hostess. Marcia has no interest in intellectual matters, nor any religious motive to soften or broaden her. She throws the entire unsuspected strength of her nature into her love for the flashy young journalist who is her ideal at least in exterior. It is a narrow love, an *égoïsme à deux*; and yet the very intensity of her feeling, the fierceness of her jealousy, lends a certain largeness to her character. Her quick indignation at anything dishonorable points, moreover, to a nature which is not small, however narrow and wrong-headed. The finest touch in Mr. Howells's delineation is shown in the result which Olive Halleck notices, that Marcia's grief has made her common. In her abandonment to a perpetual sorrow without the check of religious or mental effort, the finer possibilities of her nature drop out of sight, and she becomes merely rebellious and tearful,—a commonplace, suffering woman,—a Rachel refusing to be comforted. If Mr. Howells meant to show that the limitations of Marcia's nature would have prevented

any real happiness in a union between her and Halleck, he should have made this in some way the text of their separation. If, on the other hand, he wished to intimate a possibility of regeneration for Marcia in Halleck's love, it was an excess of cruelty to shut the door upon her future with a moral bar which is imperceptible to herself.

How far Mr. Howells intended the disquisition on divorce toward the end of the book to be taken as marking its purpose we are unable to tell. The story is far too common a one to be disposed of in such a commonplace manner. When a novelist undertakes to show us moral solutions, it should be with a deeper spiritual discernment and from a loftier point of view than would be possible to every-day conventional men like Atherton. It would be unjust to Mr. Howells, however, to intimate that he has not done so. The story of "A Modern Instance" has a far graver significance than the moral which the author has allowed Clara Kingsbury's husband to draw from it. It is written throughout in a tone which is full of earnestness and sympathy. If the ending is a little unsatisfactory, this is not to be wondered at. A commonplace end would simply have begged the question. A tragic conclusion would have answered it with more force; but Mr. Howells has not gone so far as this. He has been content to make a set of prison-regulations take the place of an avenging fate.

Gradually, but surely, Mr. Howells has defined his position as the leading novelist of New England,—the author to whose pages we must turn to find the social features of that country mapped out in all their relations. He began with a pretence of disdain,—with clever outside sketches of Boston as we meet it in the street-cars or on the Common. He has ended by painting in charming detail the more gracious side of New-England life, and by entering more closely than any one else has done into its meaning. We have only to glance through his novels to see how many aspects he has illustrated, how many types are transferred to his pages. In

"The Undiscovered Country" he showed us some of the most prominent but least permanent, the foredoomed community of Shakers, and that strange fungous population of quacks and clairvoyants which crops out in mysterious sign-boards all over Boston. It was a picture of ruins which the artist's brush had covered with verdure and painted in moist, delicate hues. "Dr. Breen's Practice" is a study of the New-England conscience,—that curious, morbid development which surpasses health and is superior to nature. "A Modern Instance" may almost be regarded as a sequel to "Dr. Breen's Practice," in that it deals with the dangers which lie in a weakening of this conscience. That the buckram virtue infused into our national life by Puritanism depends on a sort of mental tension, and must inevitably relax with time, has become, in our own day, tolerably evident. The question of what is to take its place has already begun to trouble the minds of moralists. Shall we finally become no better than other nations who dance on the Sabbath and override the seventh commandment? Or will there be, as visionaries tell us, a larger and more intellectual religion invented for our salvation? Or must we perforce step back into the old bondage and try to look as if the armor fitted? That is what Halleck does. We question whether in real life he would not have gone into the Catholic Church; but Mr. Howells's disposition of him is certainly finer, as showing a sterner asceticism, softened by the harmony with his early traditions.

Mr. Howells has written no novel which covers so wide a field as "A Modern Instance,"—none in which the interest is so absorbing. Indeed, no other work of fiction by an American writer combines in the same degree the chief essentials of a good novel,—fidelity to life and a climactic interest in the story. The characters hold our attention from beginning to end; we follow their course almost with anxiety, and we no more think of criticising the sequence of events than of suggesting alterations in the

happenings of actual life. Yet, with all their vigor and *vraisemblance*, we should hesitate to speak of any of Mr. Howells's characters as creations. They impress us as real from their resemblance to persons whom we have seen, not by the sheer force and vividness of their conception. Each is an aggregation of particulars, not an absolute individuality. The same thing is true of Mr. James's characters, with this difference, that Mr. James builds up his delicately-organized men and women by a molecular process in which art and intuition play the chief part, while those of Mr. Howells appear to be the result of a marvellously fine and active observation. If there be an exception, it is in the character of Marcia, which is throughout artistic and well sustained; but we cannot help the suspicion that Marcia was already in existence before Mr. Howells met her and saw the pathos which lay in her crudities and latent powers. If he did not invent Marcia, he has done everything else for her, and almost recreated her in the care and skill with which she is represented. The other *dramatis personæ*—Bartley Hubbard, the old squire, the man with a baked-bean theory—lay more ready to hand. We need not to be informed, but merely to be reminded, of their appearance and idiosyncrasies. We should have known without being told how the squire wore his hat, and how totally at sea he found himself in Boston; but we like to come across these little things and pay our

tribute of admiration to their accuracy. This precision of detail has always been familiar to the readers of Mr. Howells. The realism of "A Modern Instance" is of a larger sort. In the matter of vigor and importance the book is decidedly in advance of anything else that Mr. Howells has done; but it cannot be pronounced his best work in the same sense in which "The Portrait of a Lady" is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr. James. It is rarely indeed that an author produces a single work combining so perfectly all the qualities and excellences displayed in his various productions as did Mr. James's last novel. "The Portrait of a Lady" is a summing up.

"A Modern Instance" is the strongest and most thoughtful of Mr. Howells's novels; but no complete or final estimate of his powers could be formed from a book so largely wanting in the charm which we have pointed out as constituting his finest and most enduring claim upon our affections. We are grateful for the earnestness, we admire the determination of purpose which has made of his latest book a compact and serious novel, not an essay in dialogue form: still, we cannot but look back a little way with regret to stories in which the action loitered here and there, giving an opportunity for delicious bits of idleness and poetry. We would have Mr. Howells continue strong and serious, but we would not have him forget to be charming.

DELAY.

I DO affirm that thou hast saved the race
 As much as thou hast ever made it lose.
 Men of quick action may thy name abuse,
 But the world's life and theirs attest thy grace.
 An hour of thee doth sometimes turn the face
 Of men and kingdoms, bidding them refuse
 What, chosen last, it had been death to choose:
 Through thee alone they missed the fatal place.

How often dies the guileful thought or end
 When guileless eyes detain us on our way!
 What sin and shame that hindrance may forefend
 Which we so hate and storm against to-day!
 What mighty evils over all impend
 Averted graciously by kind Delay!

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

MRS. GALLUP ENTERTAINS A FRIEND AT TEA.

DON'T tell me you won't take no more bread, a'ready! Nor crackers neither? Why, you ain't no eater at all, Mis' Silliman. 'Twas for all the world the same way with husband when he was alive,—never cared a row o' pins about what he et in the evenin', so long as he'd had a good dinner in the middle o' the day. Let me fill your cup, though,—oh, come, I re'lly must insist upon't. And, Janey, pass Mis' Silliman the cake (not that side,—the other, you heedless critter), and then hand me them presarve-plates. I dew hope you'll excuse this quince-sass. I ginerally have good luck with my sasses, but the heft o' this's taken to workin', and I'm afraid I'll have to send it over to the orphan asylum: 'tain't fit for nothin' else. Janey, spoons.

Lemme see,—where was we? Oh, you was a-sayin' that Parson Bascom was settled over to White's Creek. Well, I wish 'em joy of him: hope 'tain't a very hilarious section o' the country, for their sakes and his'n. Married ag'in, d'you say? Well, well, well! and his second wife tew,—did you ever? Rachel Parrott? Yes, but that was fifteen years ago. You don't mean to say yer aunt Van Horn hain't never told you how *that* affair was broke up? Why, Rachel herself's been married years to Ashbel Piper: they're livin' at Leicester. We was all dreadful worked up at the time, for fear Rachel was certainly goin' to marry the minister in spite of all her friends could do or say about it; but when that circumstance over to the Synod at Baskerville occurred

it just cut short the hull matter. 'Twas awful funny, too, when you think of it. Never can help laughin' when I happen to call it to mind. That's right, help yourself; I can recommend that angel-cake, if I *did* make it myself.

Ever see Parson Bascom? No? Well, I'll wager he ain't a bit changed, extarnally or intarnally, from what he was when he come here that summer of the freshet to supply Parson Kittell's pulpit. Parson Kittell had the bronkeeters. Mr. Bascom was quite a young man then,—not more'n thirty,—had been preachin' over in Northwestern New York for a year or so. He was a terrible clever, deep-thinkin', conscientious young man, powerful in the pulpit and an onwearyin' worker. But what struck everybody precisely alike, from the first identical minit he come here, was his solemnness. That was his distinguishin' p'int! He was, without exception, the solemmest man, no matter what he was doin' or sayin', that I actilly ever encountered in my hull nateral life. Husband used to say that every day was a funeral twenty-four hours long to him, and that he was bent on enjoyin' it to the full. 'Twasn't that he was always talkin' so much about death, an' the welfare o' souls, the desolation o' Jerusalem, the triffin' o' the perfessers, and so on, though them was his principal topics. Whatever he was speakin' about, crops, the blessin's of Providence, children, 'twas all the same thing; his long face and dretfully earnest never-a-smile never-a-laugh way was re'lly all but unbearable,—used to git me so narvous I

sometimes felt I couldn't sit still. When he come to a little tea-party of an evenin', first thing you knew, all the young folks'd have slipped into another room. He married 'Lias Wells's daughter and Franklin Bennett, over to Gamblesboro', and they say he got bride and groom, father and mother, and all the weddin' party, into hystericks before he got through his address to the young couple. One evenin' he was walkin' slowly past Mis' Deacon Runkle's gate, when her little Kit, that was then, run up and ketcht holt of his knees, callin' out, "Minister,—how do, minister?"—and Mis' Runkle told me that she seen him gravely pick her up and kiss her (for he was a real tender-hearted man, spite of all his solemnness), and, holdin' the little thing kind o' aukerdy, he says to her, almost with tears in his eyes, "Dear, thoughtless innocent! Can it be possible that, young and joyous as you are, you are by nature a child of wrath and a vessel of damnation?" Did you ever? Kit run off roarin', and nobody could say "Minister" to her for six months without she become sober as a judge.

I don't dare to offer you no more quince: I'm dizgusted with it.

When I heard that Parson Bascom was attentive to Rachel Parrott, I thought I should die laughin'! "That handsome, lively, high-sperrited girl," says I: "why, she'll never give him the *chance* to be attentive to her. Rachel's a good girl, and a real Christian, if there is one, but she won't endure to think of bein' a minister's wife,—above all, the wife of a man like Mr. Bascom." When I heard their engagement announced, I couldn't believe it! What in the world had got into her? It seemed perfectly onaccountable to me at first. But, after all, it turned out not to be so extraordinary. You see, that spring her sister Hetty'd died. Rachel hadn't gone out none after that; or, when she did, she'd made such an effort to seem like her old lively self that we hadn't none of us realized how grave and settled she'd become. 'Twas nat'ral enough Parson Bascom should see her frequently. She'd got to have a deep

respect and admiration for his gifts,—a kind o' awe of him. More than all, he actilly'd got to exert over her a reg'lar fascination, just as some critters does over birds. When he discovered he'd fell in love with her, after his solemn, terrible-earnest fashion, why, what with her previous acquaintance with him durin' the family's affliction, and her admiration an' respect an' awe, she was completely under his influence. So she promised to marry him. I re'lly believe that she thought she loved him. The engagement was giv' out, and they was together day in and day out from that week.

Her father and mother, Judge Parrott and Mis' Parrott, 'twas reported, felt very badly about it, an' for exceedin'ly sensible reasons. One day Mis' Parrott came over here with her knittin' for the afternoon (her and me was always more or less intimate), and she told me very frankly all their objections. You see, Rachel was now the only child they'd left. They was completely centred on her happiness. They was sure 'twas in a false state of mind she'd got since Hetty's death. She was always an exceedin'ly good girl, but they didn't think she was by natur' suited at all for marryin' a minister, especially Parson Bascom. When she'd git back her health and spirits she'd think so too,—perhaps too late. They'd had a good deal to say with both her and the young parson, but it hadn't done no good, and they was both of 'em old enough to have a right to stick to it that they knew their own minds better than the Judge and Mis' Parrott. "All I can hope for, Mis' Gallup," says Mis' Parrott, says she, "is that some little thing'll occur before the weddin'-day's talked about, that'll all of a sudden 'sort o' shake Rachel out o' the stupor she's fell into,—make her think and act like her old fun-lovin' self for five minutes. That'll be the beginnin' of her wakin' up, as 'twere; and then, I conceit, she'll discover in a flash that she ain't the wife for the Reverend Amos Bascom, nor he the husband for her. *Our* Rachel was a real light-hearted, laughin',

high-speritted girl,—not this sober, grave creetur that's made such by Mr. Bascom, and that he wants to marry."

I met the two several times shortly after this. Occasionally they'd be walkin', or ridin', or visitin' some sick person, or somethin' of the sort. 'Twas perfectly amazin' how like Mr. Bascom Rachel seemed to be gettin' every day. She seemed to be clean bewitched,—no longer made any effort to appear cheerful. She never stopped to speak to a friend in the street: "Mr. Bascom thought 'twas wastin' minutes that'd ought to be better spent." And so they'd ought; but who's ever goin' to spend 'em better? She couldn't accept no invitations to tea any more (unless he happened to be invited too, and so could keep with her the majority of the time), for "Mr. Bascom always expected to read aloud to her evenin's." She never read no more light entertainin' books, nor opened her pianna: "Mr. Bascom was of the opinion that general litteratoor, and music, 'cept sacred music, was largely snares to one's sperritoal progress," and so forth. It's an actual fact that for a month, as regular as the clock, you'd see him and her walkin' soberly up the street here to observe the sunset from the hill where the graveyard is, every clear afternoon: "Mr. Bascom thought 'twas exceedin'ly edifyin' durin' our pilgrimage to meditate on the onsartinty of life." Ondoubtedly. (Excuse me: how forgetful I be! Won't you re'lly take nothin' more?) Husband said 'twas the worst case of the kind he'd ever known of. "But," says he to me one day, "I believe Mis' Parrott's right. It may be it'll only take some small thing to, all of a sudden, start Rachel right clean out of this onnatural condition she's fell into. I've heard o' folks gittin' into such states afore, and comin' out o' 'em surprisin' quick."—"Well," says I, "if that's the case, I wish somebody'd kind o' let off a speritoal fire-cracker in Rachel's head and completely conflaggerate her all to oncet."

That year Synod was to be held over in Baskerville. In those days, holdin' Synod made a great time in any town,

—a deal more than it does nowadays. Of course the ministers and elders come to it from far and near, and up our way 'twas quite the custom for 'em, if 'twas convenient, to fetch their wives along with 'em, and *they* looked forward with a deal o' pleasure to attendin' the meetin's, bein' entertained in the town, seein' each other, and so on, I assure you.

As it happened, Rachel Parrott had an aunt, Mis' Capten Bissell (she 't was Ann Blauvelt, the teacher), settled over to Baskerville; and she, havin' a large house and expectin' to entertain three or four clergymen and their wives, sent for Rachel to come up and spend the week and help her. Parson Bascom was to stop there durin' Synod. He drove Rachel over there the day before 'twas to begin. Husband was to foller with me the next mornin'.

Janey, hand Mis' Silliman that fan on the shelf. You run out into the kitchen and begin your supper.

We arrived there, accordin'ly, safe and sound the next mornin', and was very han'somely received. Besides Parson Bascom and us, there was the Reverend Luke Chandler, from Gander's Mills, and his wife, and the Reverend Ethan Scullem, from Apple Hook, and *his* wife, and a couple more whose names I disremember,—quite a houseful. And the second evenin' we was there, as if we all wa'n't enough, what does Mis' Bissell do but invite a hull mess more of people to come in after the meetin' was over and take some refreshments? You see, she lived right close to the big church. When they was all come in, 'twas quite a party,—mostly clargical, of course, but still quite a number o' the leadin' members and the young folks in the congregation there, as well as strangers. We had conversation an' a little sacred music and promenaded from the piazza to the back parlor and the back parlor to the piazza: 'twas an exceedin'ly agreeable occasion altogether. Amongst all the rest I could see Parson Bascom, walkin' about, or sittin' sober and silent in a corner. He looked as if he disapproved o' the hull affair; but it seemed

to me Rachel appeared a little more chirked up than common,—ondoubtedly with seein' so many new faces and bein' spoke to by so many new voices. What with Parson Bascom's bein' occupied with the meetin's and her 'tendin' to her aunt and the house, the couple'd re'lly seen precious little of each other since the Synod begun.

Well, the evenin' was pretty well over and the company considerable broken up, when—as 'twas quite customary then on such occasions, though you don't recollect it, I expect—Capten Bissell speaks up loud, and says, "Well, my friends, suppose we all be seated as soon as convenient: Reverend Mr. Bascom's a-goin' to lead us to the throne o' grace.—Wife, 'll you kindly give Mr. Bascom the Bible and hymn-book?" For nearly always there'd be readin' o' the Scriptures, and a hymn sung by all the company, and then a prayer'd be offered, after which the folks'd bid one another good-night. But 'twas a sing'lar fact that while down in our section 'twas always the practice for the prayer to follow direc'ly upon the readin' o' the Scriptures, and, last of all, on risin', for the hymn to be sung, why, up in the Northern parts 'twas jest as invariably the practice first to read, and then to sing, and finally to offer the prayer. 'Twas a curious little difference between them and us; but 'twas the case for all that.

I shall never to this day understand what was the matter with Mr. Bascom, without that his seein' Rachel durin' that evenin' so interested in everythin' and everybody in the room except himself had kind o' disturbed his mind. Besides, he was always apt to be aukerd and confused in such conspicuous sittings out o' his pulpit. He took the Bible from Mis' Bissell, and sat down in an ongainly kind o' way alongside the stand where the candles was, an' crossed his legs. We was quite a large circle 'round the room,—as many as two dozen folks, old and young,—though most had gone away earlier. Rachel sat next to husband, behind her come Reverend Mr. Scullem and his son Luther (he'd been a school-mate o' Rachel's, and if ever there

was a limb he was one), and on her other side sat Capten Bissells cousin, Bethiar Kip, a deaf-mute, poor soul! who'd lived with 'em for years. Mr. Bascom opens the Bible, lets fall two big markers out o' it, picks 'em up, wonderful confused by their droppin', and then reads a chapter out of Lamentations. Then says he slowly, "Let us unite in—" Of course the hull roomful expected he was goin' to say "prayer." So, prompt as a regiment, and—as I know husband and I, at least, done—the hull roomful gets up with a tremendous rustle, men, women, an' all, and kneels down properly on their knees, leavin' poor Parson Bascom bolt upright in his chair, so consternated with the suddenness o' what they'd done that he completely lost his head. For he'd intended to say, "in 'All Hail the Power,'—tune 'Coronation;'" thinkin' that hymn too well known to require readin'. At any other time, I've no doubt, he'd either have reminded himself, before he begun, o' the difference between the way of conductin' such exercises here and that where he'd formerly lived, or else he'd have "adapted himself to the majority," as husband used to say, in a jiffy. But, you see, what with the suddenness and unexpectedness o' the performance, his confused state o' mind owin' to Rachel, and the dear knows what, he jest set there, as red as fire, with his mouth open, starin' helplessly at the rows o' backs and waterfalls surroundin' him.

Meantime, none o' us moved,—couldn't tell what might be delayin' the minister,—then begun to get dumfounded as he; and he never said a syllable, but set there with the perspiration pourin' down off his face, I dare say. Then, a few seconds later, each solitary individual in that hull circle, of course thinkin' himself or herself the only one darin' to do it, slyly turns his head round, and meets somebody else's eyes a-turnin' too. Nobody spoke a syllable. The hull thing, recollect, didn't take half the time I'm tellin' about it. Poor Mr. Bascom, by this time utterly unable to git the best o' his embarrassment, set

there in perfect agony. Finally, husband ketches Capten Bisselles eye, and husband had a wonderful onlucky sense of humor, an', besides, was always an awful hand to laugh jest at the wrong times. First *he* begun to grin, an' then every other head begun to grin, and the next second—you know how ticklish such a sittivation is, especially when there's many young folks about—somebody else spluttered, and "Ch-e-e-e!" goes another, an' then, I declare for it, we all give up in a bust; and such a laughin' and stranglin' and gurglin' I actilly never heerd in my born days. It *was* re'lly shockin'. But 'twa'n't no use to help it. We was all completely upset; and when, in the middle of it all, we all seen poor Miss Kip kneelin' there placidly, and entirely unconscious o' the hull mistake, with Mis' Bisselles best tidy stickin' fast to her back, *that* didn't help matters. But the worst of all was poor Rachel Parrott. I was really afraid she was goin' into a fit. It seemed as if all the fun she'd kept shut away somewheres in her so long, and all her sense o' the ridicakulous, had broke out to oncet. She laughed and laughed, and finally kept on laughin' from pure nervous excitement.

Parson Bascom didn't so much as look at the rest of us. He marched straight up to her, where she sat on a stool, and, lookin' at her very sternly, says he, "Rachel Parrott, is this *you*?"

"I—I don't know," says she, lookin' back up into his eyes, with her own all swimmin' with tears o' laughter, and her long brown curls tumblin' down her back; "but I'm afraid—I'm dre'dfully afraid, Amos—it must be."

Mr. Bascom stood there a second or so, lookin' fixedly at her,—she with smiles strugglin' out o' both corners of her mouth. Presently he says, very slowly and re'lly hatefully, as 'twere, "A minister's wife with so ready a conception o' the humorous would be a treasure indeed," turns square around, ketches up a candlestick off the stand, and walks out o' the room without another syllable or look to anybody.

By that time we was all quite sobered

again, and re'lly ashamed of ourselves for all actin' so like folks possest. But poor Rachel! it did really seem as if she actilly was clean bewitched the wrong way from what she'd been. She went straight off the minute Mr. Bascom's back was to her; and off it was, with a vengeance, for it took us women-folks an hour to get her quieted down. Several o' the company went up-stairs to apologize to Parson Bascom. He received 'em stiffly, declined to accept any o' their excuses, or to come down-stairs and afford any o' the rest o' us a chance to make ourn. It was too bad, wasn't it? But to this day I can't explain how it was we was all so struck all to once by the drollness o' *our* sittivation and *his'n*, when, one by one, we all turned so slyly round. Besides, I don't think he'd ought to have behaved so stiffly afterwards; do you?

But, to finish up tellin' the story, the next mornin', when we come down to breakfast, lo! Mr. Bascom was gone. He'd left a letter for Mis' Bissell, excusin' his sudden departin' in some way or other. He'd likewise left a note for Rachel Parrott. She showed it to me: 'twas a formal breakin' o' the engagement on his part, and 'twas never renewed. She was a changed girl. From that night she seemed to be just her old, merry-natered, happy self. The Bascom spell had been broke forever by that occurrence. When we got back home, after the Synod was over, we found that the parson'd been here, made all his arrangements, and left the village for good; and all while we were at Baskerville. He got over his anger after some while, and wrote to Rachel, beggin' her pardon for his share in the affair toward *her*, and askin' for a renewal o' their relations. But she'd seen herself in a new light by that time, and told him so; and a while later she married Asbbel Piper, as I've said. She'd had a narrow escape from the most dangerous misunderstanding in' any woman's likely to have in life,—a misunderstandin' with herself.

Walk right into the parlor, Mis' Silliman. 'Tis a warm evenin', ain't it?

EDWARD I. STEVENSON.

A DAY IN COYOTEVILLE.

"I WILL show you," said my companion, "a typical frontier village."

"Just what I want to see above all things in the world," I replied, "for conflicting accounts of such villages have completely mystified me."

"I am not surprised," said my friend, with a significant smile. "Life in these rural settlements is very peculiar. If there is one word which more forcibly than another expresses the condition of society in these same places, that word is 'mixed;' but you shall judge for yourself."

There were two of us—two women—scurrying along one of the ragged streets of a Territorial capital as fast as the shaggy, one-eyed pony attached to the wide-seated phaeton could carry us, our destination a settlement twenty-five miles farther up the Missouri. My friend and companion for this occasion, a native Western girl, quick and alert, held the reins, and drove with the reckless abandon which characterizes the driving of all women who are not afraid of horses. Our turn-out, I suspect, was not exactly such as to please her fastidious tastes, and so, to escape prolonged inspection on the part of early risers, who might be stirring, she put the pony to his best paces, and we fairly whirled away like a young tornado into the country.

It was midsummer of 1881, and the sun was just rising as we reached the city outskirts. The air was soft and cool, and fragrant with the odor diffused by the blooming plains. Striking the prairie road, we sped onward, leaving behind us the little white town, which lay nestled among the clustering hills, the clear, radiant sunrise dimmed only by the smoke of a river steamer rising dark against the rosy sky. It was lovely in its summer-morning freshness, that green waterless sea, which spread with a mighty sweep away to the far, far north and the snowy ranges of the

west. Its rolling waves rose and fell as far as the eye could reach, and were dappled here and there with waving corn and fields of golden wheat. See, there are light mists hovering over the course of the great Missouri, and along the distant horizon; there are fleecy, rose-colored clouds in the sky, and all about you the long, rich grass ripples and tosses in the gentle breeze. The air is filled with sweet, glad music: birds are singing; in the rustling grass you hear the soft chirping of the prairie-chickens as they call their young; and there is also present, as a never-ceasing refrain, the lively hum of countless insects, while from the wheat-field yonder, where some inveterate pilferers are revelling, comes the familiar merry whistle of "bob-white."

The hour, the air, and all this loveliness had a subtle effect upon my companion and myself. Leaning back in our seat, we permitted the horse to jog along as he chose, while we sought to drink in the spirit of the scene, so that we might remember it forever. Whole regiments of tall, vigorous sunflowers saluted us as they marched past in review. Bright-eyed daisies, roses, both white and pink, bachelor-buttons of wondrous size, and tangled masses of morning-glories, trailing along the ground or clinging to anything which offered them support, grew by the roadside and in the grass everywhere. The entire absence of fences, which the herd laws render unnecessary, inspires one with the same delightful sense of freedom as being far out upon the deep with no land in sight. Sometimes we saw a diminutive farm-house, which looked as though it might have tumbled from the clouds, so solitary and out of place it seemed. There it stood without a vine to shelter it,—a target for the midsummer sun, a toy for the winter tempests. But the sturdy, brave-hearted pioneer may look from his door and see fortune

smiling at him from his broad, fertile acres. Ah, what possibilities lie in that glorious country! A hundred and sixty acres of the best land in the world may be had by the man who is courageous enough to set his face to the western sun and there turn the virgin soil. There is room for all in that broad, new country, and secure prosperity for those who press on to these goals with stout hearts and unflinching purpose.

Occasionally a tuft of cotton-wood, with its dense, dark foliage, stood out against the delicate blue of the sky. These trees grow with extraordinary rapidity in that soil, and afford a grateful shade and a defence from the winds. Most trees common to Northern forests thrive here, if protected from the winds and the prairie-fires. The storms are so violent, however, that it is doubtful if scattered trees can be made to grow anywhere, except among the bluffs, for a good many years to come. The method in vogue for obtaining a grove is simply to plant cotton-woods first, and then after two or three seasons to set out other trees among them. When the latter are well rooted, and strong enough to endure the winds, the guardian cotton-woods are removed, and the owner has a treasure which is the envy of all his neighbors. But the first season he neglects to plough around it, it is devoured by that fiend of the prairies,—fire.

The road we were travelling is interminable; at least, I have never been able to learn its extent. It is the "up-country" road, and it stretches away, away, for hundreds of weary, dusty miles, to forts and Indian agencies, whose very names suggest tomahawks and scalping-knives and call up visions of Indian massacres which may well cause an icy sensation to creep along the spinal column. A guard of telegraph-poles, some of them blackened by the fires that every year sweep over this vast meadow-land, marches by its side, now on the right hand, now on the left. But, while we were noting the features of the country,—and there is little variety for a matter of several hundred miles,

—the sun had been rising higher and higher, and the cool, dewy breeze of dawn was becoming dry and hot. All the morning country wagons on their way to town or the fields, mowing-machines, reapers, and cultivators, had been rattling past. One can soon learn to tell the nationality of the people by the harness of their horses: it is as varied as the attire of the people themselves. While we were giving our attention to a haying-outfit made up of three horses harnessed abreast, two wagons hitched together, and a mule tied behind, the salutation "How!" caused us to start involuntarily. The voice came from a party of harmless Indians, located at one of the older agencies, who were jolting past in two heavy wagons drawn by wretched-looking little ponies called *Indian*, after the ill-starred race to which their owners belong. Swarthy faces, dark eyes, and long, uncombed locks had the men who occupied the front seats. The squaws, wrapped in blankets, although it was a blistering hot day, sat in the straw behind. One held a diminutive papoose in her arms, which she displayed quite proudly when I turned to look after them. We passed anon a prairie "schooner" (a sort of nondescript vehicle much used on the plains), with two bronzed, haggard, and disappointed-looking men in ragged clothes, whose raw-boned horses seemed ready to drop from fatigue. The charcoaled words on the canvas cover explained it all: "Black Hills—Hot Winds—Busted—Better go Home." Then came men on jaded, dusty animals, with packs strapped to their saddles, who had come from the far "up-country," and now and then children trudging past to school, with bare brown feet, and hands filled with flowers.

It was ten o'clock when we stopped at Ford's Ranch that our horse might slake his thirst and rest a little. An ugly, hunch-backed old woman came hobbling down the crumbling steps with a bucket. In a harsh, quavering voice, she demanded her pay in advance, and when we dropped the silver into her

wrinkled palm she clapped it into her mouth, displaying by the act a sunken jaw with two fang-like teeth. Ford's Ranch is a two-story, weather-beaten house of wood, shutterless, and unsheltered by tree or shrub or vine. In earlier days it used to be, as almost anybody on the Upper Missouri can tell you, a favorite resort for rough characters, whose voices on a winter's night, as they shouted their sturdy songs and caroused and brawled, were borne far out upon the frozen plain. Not unfrequently were their revels interspersed with the, to them, diverting pastime of promiscuous shooting; and perhaps in the gray dawn a band of outlaws would gallop over the white prairie, leaving behind, in a room with blood-stained walls and broken furniture, the lifeless form of a companion stretched upon the floor. It is only a wayside tavern now, with a bar, where the sun-browned traveller may rinse the dust from his throat with a draught of lager or something stronger, and a trough before the door, where the jaded teams may stop and drink. There is a whole colony of out-buildings, whose thatching of earth was prolific of grass and weeds, with an occasional sunflower, which looked comical enough planted here high up, as though stationed to perform the responsible duties of lookout over its lowlier sisterhood.

The sun, when we took up the reins again, was beating down in all his fierceness, and the wind was like a blast from some smelting-furnace. We pitied the men at work in the fields, and the women most of all. Those Scandinavian and Russian women seem always to perform the most laborious drudgery of the fields. The cattle in the great herds along the way, and over on the bluffs, were quietly grazing, or lying asleep in all the light and heat; and the cow-boys, with huge spurs and long black whips, rode here and there, swift as the wind itself.

As we ascended a slight acclivity, a cluster of buildings came into our field of vision a mile or so ahead, and my companion joyfully exclaimed, "Coyoteville!" There is no tree or shrub near it: it is a village of to-day, with no

more reason for its present site than have a hundred other mushroom hamlets of the West that spring up one day and are likely enough to be deserted the next.

We drove up to the broad veranda of the village tavern,—I think they called it a hotel,—and were met with a welcome that was thoroughly Western in its heartiness. Our hostess was perhaps a trifle effusive; but the good woman knew that the eyes of the village were upon her, and, next to the personal appearance of her guests, the manner in which they were received and entertained would be the all-absorbing theme of gossip for at least a fortnight to come. She conducted us triumphantly into the house, and there, screened from the gaze of curiosity, she became her plain, genuine self. With kindly consideration we were presently shown to our rooms, and in the stillness and coolness, with the sweet smell of new-mown hay wafted to us through the open windows, we sat down to rest. An hour later I was roused by a confusion of noises in the yard below, and, upon looking out, saw that two stages, white with dust, had just arrived; and simultaneously came the welcome sound of the dinner-bell.

I noted with much interest the people who assembled in the dining-room. There was an old gentleman, with white hair and beard, who wore the uniform of an army-officer; there were two younger officers, one of them accompanied by a lady and a little boy; two ladies—Indian-mission teachers—of uncertain age, one with short hair and blue spectacles, the other with curls and a well-developed moustache; a typical Western cattle-dealer, large, strongly built, face bronzed and beaming with smiles which betokened a love of good-fellowship; and an Indian Agent with a bald head,—not that there is anything remarkable in an Indian Agent's being bald-headed: such, I believe, is usually the case, the government having learned that a luxuriant growth of hair is too strong a temptation for an ambitious chief to resist. Then there were other

gentlemen, in bare feet and cool and easy undress. Everybody seemed in good humor, and there was no lack of conversation during dinner. The free-and-easy gentlemen talked and joked and laughed with their mouths full; the cattle-dealer entered into a conversation with an army-officer who sat at the other end of the room, about a beef-contract he was going to fill for the government; and the mission-teachers spoke glibly concerning a project for furnishing hats and hoods for the little natives at their mission.

Dinner over, and the two stages and some private vehicles disappearing in a cloud of dust, our host proposed a little stroll about the village. We took an oblique path across the common, where all the village horses were picketed, and where the sunflowers and grass were sometimes taller than our heads, to the county jail, which, except for its barred casements, might be mistaken for a small country school-house. A handsome young fellow, with a broad hat of gray felt decorated about the brim and crown with a cord of mottled red worsted, sat on a bench before the door, reading a newspaper and daintily smoking a cigarette. He looked up as we approached, and nodded to our friend, who greeted him with, "How are you, Bluff?" and while we waited for the jailer the two engaged in a conversation about a lawsuit that was in progress over at the court-house. The young man was not more than twenty-three or four, tall and slender, with hands like a girl's; he had dark eyes, hair, and moustache, and there was a certain dash of dare-devil in his general make-up. I supposed him to be one of the young men of the village who had casually stopped there in the shade to smoke and read his paper. My surprise was great when I happened to remark a pair of shackles about his ankles. He observed the look of astonishment which came into my face at the discovery, and looked a trifle amused, —not in the least disconcerted.

The jailer ushered us through a little vestibule into the common living-room. It was small and cramped. Three or

four quite young prisoners, browned and sunburnt, were lounging upon the table and benches. A boy came in just behind us with the dinner, and they all started up and watched him with comical eagerness as he placed it on the table. When everything was ready, the jailer unlocked the two cells, and a young man walked out of each. Both had forbidding countenances. The young man we had first seen came in now, and all the prisoners turned their attention to dinner.

From the jail we bent our steps toward the court-house, hard by. This court-house, which is the pride of Coyoteville and of the county, is a two-story building of wood, with a little square observatory, not unlike a chicken-coop, on top.

"Mr. Carter," said I to our host, "what is the charge against that some young man,—Mr. Bluff, I think you called him?"

Our host laughed. "Excuse me," said he; "your mistake is perfectly natural, but it sounds funny to have a handle put before that name. 'Bluff' is a nickname they gave him out in the Hills, on account of his nerve in playing poker; and as 'Harry the Bluff' he is known from the Missouri to the mountains. His record in the Black Hills has made him quite a famous character. He shot four or five men out there, ran a drinking-saloon and faro-bank, cleared out some road-agents who attempted to rob the Sydney stage, and, at the time of the Deadwood fire, dashed into a burning house, that was just ready to fall in, and dragged out a sick woman and baby. Last year he came over to Coyoteville and started a saloon, and a few weeks ago he shot a man who insinuated that his reputation for veracity was somewhat under a cloud, so to speak. He's a good-hearted fellow, but, as they say here, 'he won't stand any foolishness.'"

We both caught our breath as this bit of personal history was concluded.

"Will he be hung?"

"Hung? Oh, no," said the landlord: "there's not the least danger of

that. There are not twelve men in the county who would agree to convict him. No; his trial comes off next month, and he will be cleared.

"The other prisoners? Those two rough-looking customers are house-breakers and road-agents. They came up here to hide, and went to herding. They would never in the world have been found out if they had kept themselves straight; but it wasn't a month before they attempted to run off some stock, and got caught at it. We know just who they are now, and they are wanted in half a dozen places; but this county will settle her account with them first. They tried once to get away, and since then the jailer keeps them locked in the cells. Those boys are in for petit larceny."

We climbed into the observatory of the court-house. From thence we looked down upon the green, flowing, sunlit plain, with its broad, gleaming river winding among the bluffs into the far distance, where a thin veil faintly obscured the horizon. There was not one sharp outline in the whole of that summer landscape: all was soft and harmonious.

We found a lawsuit in progress in one of the lower rooms as we descended. Most of the male population of Coyoteville was present; the jailer, even, was there with his prisoners, all except the cattle-stealers: their offence was too grave to be favored with any such clemency. A goodly number of country-people also were on-lookers. Coatless and hatless were most of the spectators, who, in the absence of chairs, sat huddled together on the floor, or in wagons drawn up before the windows outside. Several women of rustic appearance, who had been summoned as witnesses, occupied places on a dry-goods box. The room itself was large and dingy. The rough, smoky walls were garnished with cobwebs, and elaborate devices in ink and tobacco-juice ornamented the floor. A pine table, surmounted by a cupboard filled with shelves and pigeon-holes, stood in one corner, and a rusty stove, with but one length of pipe, fur-

nished a resting-place for the brawny person of the counsellor for the defendant in the suit. The plaintiff, an angular, thin-faced man, with a countenance expressive of cunning and hypocrisy, had perched himself upon the table; his lawyer sat at his elbow. The justice occupied the only chair in the room, and his spectacles and expression of dignity and wisdom befitted his position and the occasion. An empty soap-box stood on end at his right, for the accommodation of witnesses. The defendant, a scared-faced Norwegian, occupied a reserved seat in the orchestra, so to speak: that is to say, he squatted on the floor in front of his honor the squire.

The suit was brought to recover three dollars for the keep of a cow,—the plaintiff claiming that he had found the animal roving at large, and had taken her up and kept her for two weeks before he could find the owner.

The examination of the last witness was about concluding when we looked in, and a few moments later the plaintiff's lawyer began his speech. He made an introductory eulogy upon his client, laying great stress upon his being a church-member, a Sunday-school teacher, and a most exemplary citizen. "Look upon that benign and open countenance, your honor and ladies and gentlemen—"

Here the speaker was interrupted by peals of laughter from the spectators: by an unfortunate coincidence, he had called attention to the open countenance of his client just as the latter was indulging in a prodigious yawn, which he struggled in vain to abbreviate. The justice pounded upon the table with his fist, and shouted in a thundering voice, "Order! order! Gentlemen, we must have order!"

"Why did he make that charge?" said the attorney, when the outburst subsided. "Was it from greed of gain? Did he do it because he coveted the three dollars? No, your honor; no, ladies and gentlemen: he did it from duty,—from that motive which is the most just, the purest, and the best,—a motive which has its birth in heaven. The plaintiff had at heart the public

good,—the rights of all free-born American citizens. His pastor, as I happen to know, went to him and tried to persuade him not to bring forward this suit. 'Look,' says he: 'this man has a wife and eleven children to support. He is a poor man.' How did the plaintiff reply? He burst into tears. 'Don't,' he said, as soon as he could speak, 'don't, I beseech of you, make my duty any harder for me. Do you not know me well enough to understand my motive? It is not alone this poor, ignorant Norwegian and his little children that I must take into consideration,—heaven knows I pity them!—but I must not forget my duty to others. If American citizens do not appeal to the courts to protect their rights when they are invaded by foreigners, are they not guilty of a wrong to their countrymen?' The speaker then digressed to rail against the "heathen hordes swooping down upon the Pacific, and the insurgent tribes which every breeze wafted across the Atlantic." Then he spoke of the danger of having an unruly animal running at large about the country, and introduced an anecdote about a woman who was gored by a cow, which was so affecting that it caused many of the listeners to wipe their eyes. But the crowning effect was spoiled by the defendant's lawyer inquiring, with seeming innocence, if the cow was hurt.

The attorney for the defendant was a tall and burly Irishman, with a pair of lusty lungs, a rich brogue, an astonishing disregard for every grammatical rule, and a special fondness for long words, over which he stumbled like an awkward boy attempting to jump the rope. Rising to speak in reply, he first opened his collar and wrist-bands and bared his brawny arms to the elbows, remarking, with a swagger that would have made the impersonator of "Moriarity" in "The Broadway Squad" wild with envy, that there were some people who would want to move out of the country by the time he had finished showing them up. He stated, by way of preliminary, that he had no affecting stories to tell, and, in

fact, had no intention of "boring for water," but that he should show how a poor, hard-working man had been imposed upon and abused by a rich old hypocrite, with a countenance like a steel trap, and a disposition like the same when it is sprung. "Who is there in Coyoteville," he exclaimed, "or, in fact, in the whole county, that doesn't know old Pennysnatcher, the wolf encased in lamb's-skin, the cheat who sells bad eggs at the grocery? Four dozen at a time, ladies and gentlemen."

"It is false!" screamed the plaintiff, purple with rage.

"Who dares impeach the veracity of Dennis O'Brien? Let him do it again at his peril!" cried the defendant's lawyer, striking an attitude which displayed to advantage his magnificent physique, and holding up a pair of fists as big and solid as sledge-hammers. His appearance was so threatening that the plaintiff, in fearful apprehension, edged toward the window, and the defendant, who could not comprehend what it was all about, crept under the table. The room was in an uproar, and the plaintiff's lawyer was heard above the laughter and confusion, calling upon the court to protect his client from insult and violence, while his honor, joining in the Babel roar, vociferated his "Order! order! Gentlemen, we must have order!" When quiet was restored, the justice sharply reprimanded the pugnacious lawyer, and told him that he must speak to the case in hand, and that if there were personal animosities they could be settled in the usual way at the close of the suit.

The attorney for the defendant next alluded to the attempt of the prosecution to create a prejudice against the defendant on account of his nationality. He compared this part of the gentleman's speech to the sputtering of a wet skyrocket. He referred to evidence showing that the cow had disappeared between two days, and intimated that she did not go of her own accord. He concluded by a wild flight of eloquence, in which he spoke of other lands, iron heel of "tyranny," swelling plains, humble

hearths and happy hearts, "boranzer" kings, rattlesnakes, American eagle. He roared, he stamped, he waved his arms, he clutched the air. The listeners were electrified, the defendant sat cowering under the table, and the plaintiff crawled out of the window.

At the village school-house we stopped a few moments, of course. School was in session. As we entered, the scholars, from a common impulse, stopped work and stared at us with wide-open eyes and mouths,—all except a tall girl with yellow hair, on the back seat, whose flaming cheeks threatened to consume the book which she held before them. It was in vain that the teacher tried, by winks, and motions, and taps upon her book, to get the attention of five small boys who stood leaning against the black-board. They paid no heed to her until she sternly commanded them to stand erect: then they half obeyed, only to slide back into the old position a moment later. Presently, however, they were all sent to their seats in disgrace for misspelling "crumb," with the warning hint that if the lesson was not learned by afternoon they knew what they might expect, which dark threat seemed to make little impression upon them, for they were soon engrossed in carving their desks, making grimaces, and trading marbles. We remained to hear the class in parsing, and it afforded me great pleasure to listen to those girls as they ran glibly through the whole order for each part of speech, giving the reason for every property, qualification, and agreement, and finishing with the rule which clinched the whole. What matter if one did say, in parsing the word "apples," "Apples are a noun,—because they are the name of an object"? She parsed it correctly, the teacher said, and that, surely, was paramount to everything else. It gave me great pleasure, I say, because I remembered when I could have done the same (who does not?), and it was a comfort to know that such an essential feature as parsing is not omitted in the schools of to-day.

Coyoteville has a population of only about three hundred; but it has three

churches and five beer-saloons. There is a store and post-office combined,—to obtain an adequate idea of which the reader has only to visit any such establishment which is twenty-five miles from town or railroad. The houses were all small and new. In some of the yards were beds of bright flowers, and madeira, morning-glory, and other vines of rapid growth were trained before the windows and over the verandas.

Active preparations were afoot, when we returned to the hotel, for an evening company, and, when the last faint flush of a marvellous prairie sunset had faded from the western sky, the guests began to arrive. It was with surprise and a great deal of pleasure that I noted the elevated, and even to a certain degree refined, status of society in Coyoteville. I met people of culture, ladies and gentlemen who would have been ornaments to society anywhere. I learned that Yale had four, Harvard two, and nearly every college of note in this country one or more representatives there. The place numbers about twenty young professional and business men who as yet have made no matrimonial venture. And, for the benefit of any it may chance to interest, let me say that there is a great dearth of young ladies; in fact, there were but two residing in the village: of course they were rival belles. Young ladies who are scarcely in their teens help to equalize matters at their social gatherings.

The lights were all out in the little dwellings, and deep slumber had fallen upon the village, when we went to our rooms. Out of the window the moonlight was broad and white upon the village common, where the horses and cattle were placidly lying, and upon the prairie beyond. The stillness was broken only by the distant baying of coyotes, to which a village dog occasionally responded. While we slept, the clouds along the horizon crept up, and by and by the rain and wind and thunder joined in a grand chorus. Little disturbed, we slept through it all.

Shall I ever forget how Coyoteville looked that summer morning when my

friend and I drove away? The brightest and bluest of skies smiled above it, and rain-drops were glittering everywhere in the brilliant sunlight which flooded all the earth and air. Down the street, past the white cottages, the court-house,

and the churches, a dash and a turn, and we were once more upon the interminable river-road, drinking in all the sweetness and beauty, and breathing the light, intoxicating air.

LAURA WELLS MORSE.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The Elections.

THE dejection felt by a defeated party in a political struggle is seldom equal to the elation experienced by the victors. The natural tendency of the human mind to throw off painful thoughts and to "make the best of things" is especially efficient when the misfortune is a general one and, except in the case of a few persons, entails no individual loss. It is characteristic, too, of the American people to accept reverses with an equable mind, and to count on the compensations that attend them, as well as on the turn of fortune that must come sooner or later. This tendency was never more strongly displayed than after the recent elections. It might almost be said that the mass of the Republicans were hardly less satisfied with the result than their opponents. One great reason of this was, of course, the disaffection or apathy that extended through the Republican ranks,—a feeling not confined to those who were in open revolt, or who stayed away from the polls, but embracing, as is well known, many who, nevertheless, voted the "regular ticket." Another cause lay in the very completeness and extent of the overthrow. Had the contest been anywhere a close one, or if the line had been firmly held at some points while giving way at others, the reflection that a little more zeal and exertion might have thrown the balance on the other side would have been a source of regret

and of mutual recriminations. But a prostration so general and overwhelming could only have come from an irresistible force, and had to be accepted as something inevitable and belonging to the natural order of things. In point of fact, it was taken not only philosophically but good-humoredly, as well as with an acknowledgment, more or less open, that it had been well deserved.

After the first surprise, which was general, it was seen that the event had not come as a sudden and inexplicable catastrophe, but might have been anticipated as one of a series led up to and foreshadowed by all that had preceded. That the Republican party had lost its preponderance in the country was shown in the last two Presidential elections. That it was shaken internally, and threatened with disintegration, had become equally evident. The Ohio election left no doubt that the Democratic party was in a condition to profit by this state of things; and its nominations in New York and Pennsylvania, coupled with the weakness and blunders of its adversaries, insured its success in these two States. The unexpected magnitude of the victory indicates the extent to which the gross misconduct of the Republican managers and the criticisms that have been showered upon it have acted on the mass of the party and roused a spirit of resistance. In New York this feeling had but one means of expressing itself, and its force and determination are seen in the astounding majority given to the Democratic candidate for governor.

In Pennsylvania the same sentiment was, of course, the controlling influence, but it found a divided outlet; and, while the Independent vote is far from giving the measure of its strength, it must be conceded that the result is a disappointment to the friends of Reform and proves that this cardinal principle has failed to take deep root in the popular mind. So far Reform has acted simply as a destructive agent, and there is at present no prospect either of a remodeling and reunion of the Republican party or of the rise of a new party strong enough to take its place. The Massachusetts election points to the same conclusion. The result in that case seemed at first sight like a grim joke, a cynical acceptance of the doctrine that high principle is not to be looked for in political matters, that the stronger the professions of it the emptier they are, and that the best mode of showing contempt for them is by an open preference for that frank avowal of views and motives of an opposite nature which must be reckoned a virtue in its way. But the simpler and more probable explanation is that here, too, the general dissatisfaction with the course of the Administration and the Republican leaders chose the one mode by which it could make itself effectively felt. Everywhere, too, the natural desire to be on the winning side must be taken into the account, but, above all, the general tendency to consider the transfer of power from one of two great parties to the other as the only practicable method of condemning and checking abuses. The time seemed to have come when the Democratic party might safely be allowed to regain the ascendancy, and to show by its work whether or not it was worthy to retain it.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

A Tendency to Monotony in Heroines.

JUST at present we seem to be threatened with what might be called a literary epidemic of female doctors. Though these medical heroines could not fail to

be interesting were their characters always developed with the skill and delicate intuition which are the gifts of the author of "Dr. Breen's Practice," there may be some danger of their becoming professionally monotonous. To avoid all risk of verifying the old saying about "too much of a good thing," would it not be well to introduce as heroines some youthful lawyers or ministers of the feminine gender? How would the following skeletons of stories do if clothed with the firm flesh of epigrammatic conversation and vivid description?

A young man, handsome, cultured, rich, is spending the summer in a seaside village. He has a narrow escape from drowning (chance for telling realistic writing), becomes impressed with the uncertainty of life, and wishes to make his will. Inquires the way to the nearest lawyer's office. Arrived there, finds a young girl of twenty-three (tall, fair, singularly grave), who, to his surprise, answers his demand for the man of parchments, with the words, "I am he." (Difficulty about pronoun here.) Several pages of conversation, and conclusion: the attorney and counsellor-at-law becomes the wife and sole legatee of the would-be legator.

An even more telling plot, and one that would require the glowing pen of a Mrs. Southworth to develop all its harrowing possibilities, might be on this wise. Young man about to marry young woman to whom he has been plighted since infancy. The wedding-day arrives, and, as the supposed-to-be-happy pair approach the altar, and the clergyman—woman—(again that troublesome gender) advances to meet them, the intended groom receives the glance of her bewildering eyes, and recognizes in a flash the other soul for whom he has so long yearned in secret. Conclusion: fainting-fits, suspension of ceremony, and a general exchange of partners, such as we find at the close of some of Shakespeare's comedies.

These, of course, are the merest outlines. Properly worked up, it seems to me that they might be made effective: at least they would serve to avert the

danger which now threatens us of being obliged to read our magazine stories with the aid of a medical dictionary.

M. H. B.

Household Decoration and Sweeping.

No doubt our old-time ideas of internal decoration were crude and false to all canons of art. The rectangular marble mantel, with its big bouquet of wax flowers under glass, the square, uncarved piano, the shiny horse-hair furniture, the carpet of many hues, the long mirror, and the pictures in gilt frames, gave a cold and hotel-like air to a room; but then how easy it was to keep it clean and in order! A few touches of the broom and feather duster, a little picking up and replacing, and not a sign of dust or disorder remained. Compare such a task with the herculean labor of putting to rights the modern internal-decoration-craze sitting-room after a *musicale* or "small and early," or even after a few days of careful use by the family. Such a room it were madness to trust to the unskilful hands of the ordinary servant. The mistress of the house, or the daughters, must attend to it personally; and what a labor for them it often is! The tapestried or embroidered hangings, the tiger- or leopard-skins, the heavy rugs, and the central carpet, must be taken out and carefully whipped and shaken; the polished parqueted floor must be swept with a hair broom. But this is only the beginning. The worst is the dusting and polishing of the brass fireplace-furniture, elaborate sconces, old crockery, faience, bronzes, and wood-carving. Ordinary endurance is after a while exhausted, and the duster adopts the favorite theory of artistic souls, that dust in carving "relieves the shadows," and so heightens its beauty,—a theory as comforting, no doubt, as it is comprehensible. And then the bits of old armor, old bric-à-brac generally, old clocks, old spindle-legged first-empire chairs, old spinning-wheel,—what a task to remove even one day's accumulation of dust from these! Dust has a passion for sticking to such

things, and specially to the oil-polished surface of parqueted floors. To remove it from these floors there is but one way: first, sweep with the ordinary French hair broom, and then get down on the knees and rub briskly with woollen or silk rags. The ordinary servant may assist in this part, only it will generally require one or two members of the family to keep guard, lest she upset a vase of peacock feathers or cat-tails with her heels, or a mediæval candlestick with her elbows.

A modern magazine-writer says, "Nothing can be more beautiful than a modern New York house which has blossomed out in this fine summer of perfected art." This may be all true; but the opulent are better able to take care of such houses. They can have better servants, and also humble relatives glad to take an upper servant's position, in fact if not in name, for the honor of inhabiting a princely mansion. For people of ordinary means to feebly imitate such artistic luxury is folly. They cannot afford separate rooms wherein to arrange and preserve collections of rare old things, and so their drawing-rooms often look like old bric-à-brac shops. A museum is the only proper place for useless old pottery and other things, like spinning-wheels and spindle-legged furniture, which the art-craze collector has a passion for. Would that every family could afford such a museum! Until then, the only consolation for the victim of mediæval art dust is the reflection that these crazes are of short duration. By and by all the cat-tails, old crockery, candlesticks, etc., may be gradually removed one by one to the barn-loft, and none will miss them.

M. H.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Early Home of Adelaide Nelson.

MANY a year had elapsed since I had felt the clear cutting airs from Rombold's Moor and Otley Chevin in my face and trod the narrow streets of Guiseley village. Then it was a York-

shire hamlet of the most primitive kind, given up to hand-loom weaving, and doing that weaving pleasantly and leisurely in its pretty cottages. Everywhere one heard the clatter of the looms in the upper stories, and saw through the open doors the handsome women standing at the wheels, reeling the yarn on their own hearth-stones. The peculiar noise of the driving shuttle, and the singing of Methodist hymns, were sounds tossed to and fro on Guiseley streets then; and I could always bid my ears give back the echoing memories. But steam-power and railways had since taken possession of the place: the blended noise of song and shuttle was silent. In its place there was a thundering reverberation in two or three mysterious-looking buildings, like model prisons, with curling black smoke above them and gurgling black water below. And also there had sprung up those monotonous rows of stone cottages that mills and railways always call into existence.

But, apart from these things, Guiseley was Guiseley yet. The great moors and hills and the winding Aire were just the same. The Yorkshire homes, with their delightful "best kitchens," revelling in warmth and comfort and color, were unchanged; the hearts of their owners were young as ever. As I wandered about, full of joy, from the best parlor to the best kitchen, two familiar faces on a wall struck me. One was that of President Garfield; the other, that of Adelaide Neilson. Garfield's picture I had become used to seeing in all kinds of out-of-the-way places, and it roused no particular sense of wonder; but Adelaide Neilson, in the charm of her wondrous Juliet, in the house of a Yorkshireman who believed with all his soul that the road to heaven lay right through "t' Methodist meeting-house," did affect me curiously.

Still, perhaps I should have taken no further notice of the singularity had I not casually lifted an album and opened it on Adelaide Neilson. There was no mistaking the face, though the dress was that of an ordinary lady. In a few

pages I came upon Adelaide Neilson again and again and again: it seemed to me that it was almost a Neilson album.

I carried the book into the house-place and sat down by my hostess. "We'll hev our dinner directly," she said radiantly: "there's nothing like a bit of good eating."

"What a beautiful face!"

"You are right there. She wer a bonny lass, she wer that *for sure*. And she wer always reckoned a clever one, particular after t' Queen and t' Prince of Wales and all London thought so too."

"You knew her, then?"

"I should think I did know her. Deary me! I'd rayther hev lost a bit of brass than she should hev died yonder way,—and 'mong them French people, too. Poor Lizzie Ann!"

"But her name was Adelaide."

"Whya! maybe so to them as didn't know her. She wer brought up i' Guiseley, but she wer niver quite like other lasses. When she wer a slip of a thing, she wer always reading. I can mind her often coming to our shop for a pound of sugar, or the like of that, and being so taken up with t' reading on t' paper bags as niver was."

"The reading on the paper bags?"

"Yes. The bags we bought then for wrapping up goods had always a bit of poetry or a description of some foreign place on them; and often she'd say to me, 'Give me this other bit of paper too, Mrs. B——,' and I'd say, 'For sure, and welcome, Lizzie Ann.' Eh! but I can see her yet, half leaning over t' counter, and that taken up with some bit of paper she forgot iverthing, till I'd say, 'Why, Lizzie Ann, *niver*! Art thou here yet? Thou'd better be framing home with thy parcel, or thy mother will be fratching at thee, and serve thee right too.' Then she'd go her ways quick enough, but with a kind of yonderly look in her eyes."

"So her mother lived here also?"

"She lives none that far from us now. We'll go and see her when we've eaten summat."

"I should like that very much. Is her father living?"

"Her father! Hum!—well, her step-father it was,—he's dead. He painted and glazed this very room, and it was reet well done. No one could say Bland wasn't a good workman; and a man who does his duty by his work is worth summat. Come, now, and we'se hev some Yorkshire pudding of t' reet sort: I'll be bound thou niver sees it in America."

"And you'll go with me after dinner to Mrs. Bland's?"

"For sure I will. Thomas'll put t' horses in, and we'll ride up to Chevin top, and call as we come back again."

The promised call was at a small, pretty cottage standing in a strip of garden fragrant with a bush of southernwood and a sweet-brier. A dark-eyed, solemn-looking woman, sharp and cutting as the east wind, opened the door.

"Could we see Mrs. Bland?"

"Whya! it's like enough. Come yer ways in and sit ye down."

The parlor into which we were taken, I saw at a glance, was a shrine dedicated to the fair Neilson's memory. Pictures of her in every character and mood covered the walls; and these walls were remarkable in a little village like Guiseley and in a cottage whose rent could hardly be more than twenty pounds a year. They were of the richest and most dazzling white, picked out with a quaint pattern in gilt. The room was otherwise indicative of quiet and refined tastes: a few very comfortable chairs, good books, some fresh primroses in a vase, and a plate of fine purple plums on the table.

In a few moments Mrs. Bland came to us. She is still a handsome woman, about fifty years of age, with manners singularly dramatic and demonstrative. There was no difficulty in introducing the object of our visit. The poor, heart-broken mother could talk of only one thing,—the child who had perished in the very zenith of her beauty and fame. I began to ask her about her youth, and she brought me a little

colored daguerrotype taken when the actress was in her eleventh year. The face was exquisite; not even the disfiguring style of the dress and the wide muslin pantalettes down to the ankles could injure its beauty. But even in this early picture there was that inexplicable shadow of early death or sorrow which few or none of the best likenesses of Miss Neilson are without.

My friend took the portrait from me and looked at it. "I remember her in that very dress," she said. "Eh! but she wer bonny, she wer that! she wer even-down bonny!"

"I'll show you the very hat she wore with it," said the fond mother, going upstairs, and returning with a pretty round flat of fancy Tuscan straw, having a faded blue satin ribbon tied round it. A dainty little hat it was, and I took it in my hand with a very curious sensation: in fact, I think we were all crying softly over it.

I asked the mother then if the future actress had displayed any histrionic talent in her childhood.

"When she was four years old she was inventing and acting characters," she answered. "She seemed to seize on any peculiarity people had, and not only did she try to imitate them, but often invented a new manner for them, trying to realize her ideal in all sorts of queer ways. When she was five years old she had formed her own opinion of what a ghost ought to be like, and how it ought to walk and act, and she begged me often to let her be a ghost."

"A child's conception of a ghost! Do tell us about it."

"I would not allow her to translate it; she was already too nervous and imaginative; but she clung to the idea a long time, and I dare say satisfied herself in private. She was very persistent, and she returned and returned to a fancy till I was often angry at her."

"Was it from yourself she inherited this dramatic instinct?"

After a moment's hesitation, she answered, "Her father was an actor."

"I heard she was born in Leeds."

"Nobody but myself knows where

she was born," she answered, with a trifle of irritation. "I have told no one, and I don't mean to." Then, with a smile at my friend, "I think we may say she was a Guiseley girl, Mrs. B——."

"We're none like to give her up," Mrs. Bland. "We're proud as iver can be of Lizzie Ann. Horsforth may boast itself about t' Longfellows, we'd rather be half hev our lass. Beside," she added, with a triumphant toss of her head, "*Horsforth is in Guiseley parish*. Now, then, what can they say to that?"

"Did Miss Neilson know her own father?"

"No. Let me show you her grandfather and grandmother,—my parents." She took from a drawer two strong, rugged faces in photograph,—faces of the purest Yorkshire type,—the man having a kind of ministerial look, which I remarked upon at once.

"Yes: he was a Wesleyan local preacher," said Mrs. Bland.

"And one of t' strictest Methodists as was iver known," added my friend. "He wer always ready for t' Methodist Chapel, he wer."

Mrs. Bland was silent, and a singular expression flitted over her face. I thought back thirty years or more: a stern, religious father, a lovely, impulsive girl, a handsome actor, a first absorbing generous passion,—these were the elements out of which had sprung the beautiful and gifted child.

Then we examined some of her needlework, and some souvenirs of her theatrical life,—theatre-bills printed on white satin for royalty, bouquets from princes and princesses, etc.—and, finally, photographs of her last resting-place. The mother's remembrances of her daughter's professional career were told with fast-flowing tears and sometimes hysterical sobs. "She came to see me as often as she could," she said; "and, oh, how sweet and kind and good she was! Once when we were riding together we found a great patch of bluebells; the ground was as blue as the sky for quite a bit with them. 'Stop, mother!' she cried; 'I must go to those flowers!' and

she got out and knelt down beside them and stooped and kissed them. Then, gathering a handful, she said, 'Oh, happy, innocent flowers! Oh, happy, innocent flowers!' and the tears rolled down her cheeks. I could not understand her at all, and I said something,—I have forgotten what now. 'Mother,' she answered, 'I have stood up to my knees in flowers on the stage; and never felt so happy as I did kneeling there by those bluebells,—those happy, innocent flowers that God has just fresh made.'"

This little incident, combined with the mother's passionate tears and the sweet face of Juliet looking down upon them, made an impression upon me that cannot be translated into words. A little afterward, pointing to the gay walls, she said, "They were done at her request. She wrote to me when I took this cottage, 'Do make the walls white and bright, and have everything as cheery as possible. Never mind the expense. I am coming very soon to see you, and shall want to find you in a pretty home.'"

"But she never came! She never came!" the poor soul continued passionately; and then she plunged into the subject of the apparently inexplicable will of the kind daughter and wealthy artiste. Her strictures upon the conduct of the noble residuary legatee I should think it unjust to repeat; nor am I able to agree altogether with the opinion that many express as to the unnatural conduct of Miss Neilson or the injustice of her heir. Mrs. Bland said positively that Miss Neilson was on the point of marriage with him, a fact warranting her disposition of the bulk of her wealth; and the annuity left to her mother is, in a village like Guiseley, a most comfortable income.

"Well," I said, as we drove away, "Miss Neilson seems to have had a happy and tenderly-cared-for childhood. I had heard a whisper of something different."

"I'll be bound you heard none so far from t' truth. Mrs. Bland was a dress-maker, and made a bit of money for herself; and when Lizzie Ann wer a

little one she took a pride in dressing her up: plenty said she dressed her more like a circus-lass than should hev been. Bland was niver a man to make brass or to save it; they were often at a pretty pass for a bit to eat. Lizzie Ann worked in t' Greenbottom Mills then; but even as a mill-hand she wer a strange one; she niver wer seen to lake [play] with t' other lads and lasses."

"Was it not strange she left her half-brother nothing?"

My friend straightened her lips queerly: "There's a why for ivery wherefore. There's nobody in Guiseley will blame her. It's an ill bird 'files its own nest, and Lizzie Ann said little to any one about things iverybody knew she had to put up with. I think she did better by her home than many another would hev done. She looked over a deal, I tell you."

"Was she long in the mill?"

"Not so long. She went to be nurse at Mrs. John P——'s: you remember her; for sure you must."

"For sure I do. Let us go and see her." In a few minutes we stopped at one of those lovely, comfortable Yorkshire homes, set deep in shady, sweet old gardens. Mrs. P—— had been a belle when I saw her last; she was now a handsome matron. After some private recollections and chatter, I told her where I had been; "and I hear her daughter lived with you before her theatrical *début*," I said.

"Poor girl! yes, she nursed my youngest daughter. She was a good, bright, loving soul as ever lived. It was from this house she ran away when her home had become impossible to her. At the time her mother was away,—I forget where,—probably making dresses for some family, and her step-father—well, we won't name him. From what she told me, I knew it was not right for her to enter his house again. She came to me one night weeping bitterly. 'I am going away,' she said, 'far away, and no one will hear of me again unless they hear something wonderful of me.' I begged her to wait till her mother came back. 'What for?' she asked

sadly: 'it is no use. I must go; I feel it.' The next day she was missing, and nobody did hear of her again till she took London by storm as Juliet. I remember the day she came back here to see her mother. The whole village was out to welcome her; and Dr. H——, you know, took his own carriage and drove her from the train."

"And eh! but she wer dressed! T' queen herself couldn't hev been grander. T' mill lads and lasses stood watching for her, and many a rough welcome—rough but hearty—she got. I'll niver believe that any one said an unkind word of her that day,—niver!"

"She could not have had much money when she went away?"

"Very little, and very few clothes. I really did not believe she was going, or I would have helped her."

"She got into London without a sixpence," said my friend. "Poor lass! And she slept t' first night there on a bench in Hyde Park. There, now! To think of that! A kind-hearted policeman saw her crying, and fetched her home to his wife; and the woman took to her bonny face and ways, and got her some coarse sewing to do,—very coarse it wer, and badly paid; but she managed to live until she got a place in some little theatre, just to go on and off like. But Lizzie Ann needed only that. If she got one foot on t' stair, she was bound to get to t' top of it; that wer she."

With Miss Neilson's public career I need not meddle; it is well known; but the incidents of her childhood revealed to me in such an unexpected, truthful, and kindly manner are surely worth repeating, although they are but another variation on the old story of genius triumphing over adverse circumstances. Those inclined to blame her must visit Guiseley for the key to what seems unkind in her conduct, and perhaps they may then stand with a fresh admiration and sorrow by the grave of one who died so early and so sadly,—

The gifted and the beautiful.

AMELIA E. BARR.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Swift." By Leslie Stephen. "Sterne." By H. D. Trail. (English Men of Letters Series.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

SWIFT and Sterne are usually and not improperly coupled as the two greatest of English humorists, the humor of each being not only pre-eminent in its way but predominate over the other qualities, not, as in Fielding,—the only prose writer who possessed the faculty in equal measure,—subordinate to the art of the story-teller, or, as in Shakespeare, balanced by a like superiority of every other intellectual gift. In almost all other respects the two are so dissimilar that we can associate them only for the purposes of contrast. Swift belongs to the school of Rabelais, Sterne to that of Cervantes. The imagination of Swift found its scope in grotesque conceptions utterly remote from actual life, and suggestive of reality only on the principle of inversion or of a world turned upside down. Sterne, on the other hand, with all his eccentricity, never wanders beyond the province of human nature as seen in its actual workings and relations, and is always at his best when dealing with its simplest forms and manifestations. In bitter irony, in savage and cynical mockery, Swift exceeds all other satirists, while Sterne is the gentlest of laughers, inviting sympathy rather than ridicule for the foibles he points out. The excesses by which they repel us lie in opposite directions: Swift grows inhuman in his fierceness, Sterne becomes maudlin in his tenderness. Their merits are equally divergent: one is profound, the other subtle; one has a piercing vision, the other a delicate scent; one illuminates a subject, the other follows the windings of an idiosyncrasy. There were strange coincidences in their lives, with a strong diversity in their characters. Both were Irishmen, and both clergymen of the Church of England; both were constitutional invalids; both involved themselves in singular and questionable relations with women; both indulged in a style of writing which is the most abhorrent to good taste. But no contrast could be greater than between the commanding personality, the stern energy, the gloomy tragedy, of the one existence, and the fantastic weakness, the butterfly frivolity, and

the mere commonplace pathos of the other.

As a subject for biography Swift's life is, of course, incomparably the more important and attractive. Unfortunately, it is one that baffles as often as it invites attempts at elucidation, and each fresh contribution whets without satisfying curiosity. No research seems capable of clearing up the mysteries connected with it, and the psychological problems involved in the study need for their solution those rare powers of intuition which, when applied to biography or criticism, seem to place it on a level with the creative arts. Mr. Stephen has given us what we had a right to expect from him,—the fruits of a careful study of all the accessible material, guided by a cultivated intelligence, a special knowledge of the period, and a perfectly impartial spirit. A certain flatness of tone pervades the whole performance and secures the reader against any pungent emotion or sense of irritation. It does not appear that Mr. Stephen has any peculiar aptitude for the appreciation of humor, but the well-equipped criticism of our day tests all qualities with a calm tolerance that supplies any want of insight and forbids it to impose its own deficiencies as a standard. Mr. Trail, with much more meagre material, writes with greater liveliness. His analysis is also closer, and seeks to define with precision the component elements of that charm which worked so strongly on Sterne's contemporaries and which is still felt by a limited number of readers. Why Mr. Trail should doubt whether it will long continue to be felt in the same degree we are unable to understand. The lapse of time has been sufficient to prove that Sterne had qualities which do not depend for their effect on mere surprise or on a temporary taste. The novelty is gone, but the flavor remains,—a flavor so fine and rare that it can never fail to give delight unless the sense by which it is perceived and enjoyed becomes extinct.

"The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford. As recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents." Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is with a sense of incongruity that

we take up, from among a number of new books in regulation suits of green or red cloth, a volume like this, whose contents carry us back to the days of floral annuals and souvenir albums. This garland of epistolary effusions addressed to a once popular authoress has a very *passé* appearance to-day, not because the habit of mutual admiration in literary circles has become extinct, but simply because in that as in other literary matters we have *changé de style*. The first of its many contributors to take up the pen is Miss Mitford's mamma, whose letters, with their allusions to Ranelagh masquerades, and their elaborate descriptions of dinners, with top-, bottom-, and side-dishes, would have read "vastly well," to borrow from the lady's own vocabulary, in some eighteenth-century novel. The rest of the volume is of a more modern antiquity, but it continues to preserve a certain old-fashioned flavor even when the letters are dated 1855 instead of 1805 or thereabouts, where the correspondence begins. Enthusiastic ravings about the grace, the beauty, the pallor and earnestness—above all, the simplicity—of Louis Napoleon strike upon the ear of to-day as curiously and as remotely as personal anecdotes which go back to wigs and lace ruffles. When we come across a name belonging to our own day, it is with a sort of surprise. A few notes from Ruskin have all his earnestness of exaggeration, his power of absorbing himself in the thought of the moment and speaking out of the heart. They throw little flashes of light on a personality of which we should like to know more, and give a suggestion of what Ruskin's correspondence will be when it makes its way into print, as it inevitably must some day. Some letters from Mrs. Browning (written before her marriage) are also very interesting,—graceful, affectionate, and individual in tone. But the mass of the correspondence is neither very entertaining nor very valuable. Many of the letters have the formality which is found in merely incidental or occasional correspondence, and others are written with a ceremony belonging to the time or the writers. The editor has limited his labors to a brief introduction of each person writing or referred to, which he makes especially explanatory in the case of Americans. There are a good many of these, for Miss Mitford's correspondence was quite an international affair, and she was kept as well informed on Boston and Cambridge matters as on

London news. American readers may amuse themselves by picking out descriptions of their fellow-countrymen from the notes, and from allusions where they appear with that little foreign touch so often imparted by English reports.

Recent Novels.

"Doctor Zay." By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"A Fair Philosopher." By Henri Daugé. (The Kaaterskill Series.) New York: George H. Harlan & Co.

"A Transplanted Rose." A Story of New York Society. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Robin." By Mrs. Parr. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

In any case "Doctor Zay" might have challenged a comparison with Mr. Howells's "Dr. Breen's Practice," even if their authors had not at the outset called attention to the similarity of motive in the two books. Given two female doctors, each of whom sets out with a rigid outline of duty marked out before her, from which she swerves and declines, then finally renounces it altogether, one naturally regards the two, holds them in the same lights, and decides on resemblances and contrasts.

The two stories, although showing a certain correspondence, differ with all the fine and subtle differences which a man's and a woman's point of view necessitates. Mr. Howells's heroine seems more life-like, while Miss Phelps has bestowed on hers more sympathetic insight and imagination. It is to Mr. Howells a delicious joke that a woman should have a profession at all: the situation offers contradictions, absurdities, and dangers about which his wit and humor play fearlessly. It is evident that he believes in his heroine only as a charming woman: he finds irresistible piquancy in her alternations of dignity and triviality; he delights in her inconsistencies, weaknesses, and caprices. That Dr. Breen should, in spite of all her inspiring dreams, fall in love and marry, is the summing up of a man's critical experience of the female sex.

Miss Phelps, on the other hand, regards her heroine and her profession with the utmost seriousness. That Dr. Zay should be at the same time a young and beautiful woman and a great physician, is a matter not to be seized by the understanding but by faith, not to be proved but devoutly believed. That she finally marries her patient and suitor Yorke, is a mere little yielding, a tender human

infirmity of womanly feeling, which rounds off the sharpness of her perfected outlines and makes her, with all her powers, distinctly human. In the process of courtship, Dr. Zay tells her lover that he has become interested in a new type of woman, which requires a new type of man to accept and comprehend her,—a man whose sensitiveness as a husband yields to his belief in the dignity and worth of his wife's separate career,—who will patiently come home to dinner in the evening and find his hearth cold, his dinner lonely, while she is fulfilling the call of duty elsewhere. Miss Phelps leaves her lovers on the threshold of all these dangers, and the reader closes the book with some curiosity as to later developments in the Yorkes' *ménage*. It seems a distinct pity that the author, who has forcible insight and is a good storyteller, should allow words and phrases, vague, grandiloquent, and incomprehensible, to mar her pages and cumber and disguise her meaning.

In "A Fair Philosopher," the author, who seems to be a woman writing under a pretty masculine pseudonym, presents, like Miss Phelps, an exceptionally gifted heroine. The story deals with a little coterie of pleasant people in a New-Jersey village, whose doings do not deprive the life of monotony and narrowness. The characterization is not strong, and, although there is a pleasant suggestiveness in the way the men and women are sketched, there is not clearness or warmth enough to light up the rather cold and gray atmosphere of the book.

"A Transplanted Rose," on the contrary, carries its own scented atmosphere and the brightness of its coloring along with it, and gives a detailed account of the splendors of New York life, which, if material and prosaic, has at least the merit of intense realism. The author is evidently no novice in polite arts: all the most delicate *nuances* of social etiquette, the mysteries and subtleties of the laws that regulate elegant behavior, are set forth with a lucidity which might alone insure the success of the book as a "guide to good manners." The society we enter is not alone fashionable, it is correct; and it is the author's function not only to show the privileges and delights of the few, but to moralize upon the weaknesses of human nature in not keeping itself wholesome under the temptations of wealth and position. The heroine, Rose, a breezy Western girl,

comes to visit her aunt in New York, and meets successes which are in themselves troubles, since she is raw, untutored, undisciplined either by experience or good taste in the code of polite manners. Her progress is, however, rapid, and the climax of her success, marriage to an Englishman of rank, shows, no doubt, the fitting reward of virtue for all American girls. If a thread of sensationalism and melodrama had been excluded from the little book, it would better have presented the ideas which the writer wished to convey, besides being pleasanter and more readable.

It is something of a relief to turn from a budget of American novels which it is a critic's duty to try faithfully and accept cordially if there be flavor, no matter how crude, to a story of the well-known English type about which there can be no mistake. "If I call bad bad, what do I gain?" says Goethe; "and if I call good bad, I do a great deal of mischief." But there are few or no new vintages in English novels nowadays, and in Mrs. Parr's at least one is certain to meet no surprise, no shock to one's prejudices or prepossessions. Her last novel, "Robin," if not equal to her first success, "Dorothy Fox," is agreeable and readable, and holds the reader's sympathies quite to the end. The story is not a new one, and the first half reminds one strikingly of "Heaps of Money," with a father and daughter living on the continent, and a young Englishman of good family established as *ami de la maison*. Robin is a fresh and frank, purely girlish creation, and fulfils the first duty of a heroine by being charming. The idle, pleasure-taking, fictitious life at Venice is well described, and makes a picturesque background for the play of the four principal characters. Jack Dorian may win the reader's interest, but his actual sympathy is bestowed upon Christopher Blunt, the finely-touched spirit of whose life and death has issues beyond those which belong to happiness and to success. The story, after the scene is transferred to England, loses much of its charm, and the character of the elder Blunt is crude, harsh, and unpleasant, the chronic petty faults of pomposity and triviality of a *nouveau-riche* being given with too much emphasis and too little humor.

Juvenile Holiday Books.

"The Bodley Grandchildren and their Jour-

ney through Holland." By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Diddle, Dumps, and Tot; or, Plantation Child-Life." By Louise Clarke Pyrnelle. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Talking Leaves." New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Wreck of the Red Bird." By George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Elfin Land." Designed by Walter Satterlee. Poems by Josephine Pollard. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.

"Christmas Rhymes and New-Year's Chimes." By Mary D. Brine. New York: George W. Harlan & Co.

Mr. Scudder has given the excellent Bodleys such a substantial, downright existence that we are glad they have increased and multiplied and now can offer us the doings of three generations at once. We have met them before, at home in town and country, on wheels, and telling stories; and they carry into their journey through Holland the same intelligence, zest, and humor that won our hearts of old. The Bodleys have married Van Wycks, and the Van Wycks have married Bodleys, and the present group of young people, instead of being Bostonians, are ardent Knickerbockers, who first study up Dutch history at home in New York, then—a real case of the Dutch taking Holland—cross the water to find traces of the ancestral tree before their graft was cut from the parent stem. The descriptions of Dutch life, character, and scenery are given with much clearness and picturesqueness, while the historical matter is cleverly introduced without any painful effort after solid information. We miss, however, from this last Bodley book certain agreeable features of the old home-life, and nothing in the way of travelling experience can make up for the absence of Cousin Ned's stories, some of which—for instance, that of the "Happy Clothes-Dryer"—possessed much of the quaint charm of Hans Christian Andersen's best work for children.

Actual flesh-and-blood colored people were never better depicted than in "Diddle, Dumps, and Tot; or, Plantation Child-Life." The author says in her preface that a chief object in preparing the little volume was "the idea of keeping alive many of the old stories, legends, traditions, games, hymns, and superstitions, which with this generation of negroes will pass away." A declared purpose for a book is generally an apology for dullness and an excuse for poverty of resource; but these sketches are really admirable, given in a simple, effective

style, and bubbling over with fancy and fun. Diddle, Dumps, and Tot are the daughters of a wealthy planter, and, like other Southern children of that date, are on terms of the most familiar association with their sable retainers, each little girl having her own black maid, and all being given over to the supervision of an excellent "mammy" of great state and dignity, while certain "uncles" of vast age and supernatural wisdom make a background for the scene. Elders will like the book quite as well as the little people. There is wit, drollery, and humor on every page. We should like to quote the account of Aunt Nancy's sanitary measures, and her stiff creed that "too much furnifuge wuz better'n none," the doings of Old Billy, Uncle Snake-bit Bob's Sunday-school, and the sermon concerning "Swords and Famines." The "Tar Baby" is already well known, and it is not a little curious that the story is current among the colored people of all the States from Maryland to Louisiana. These sketches are of permanent literary value, and will, besides, be precious to many readers as helps to bring back scenes present, alive, and glowing once, now dead, buried, only coming forth to mortal recognition as sad-eyed ghosts. The little book gives the negro dialect most cleverly, but it is a thing to shudder at when the little heroines reproduce it entire, and we should have liked a hint as to the methods pursued to bring back English to their tongues after they had stiffened into the use of present participles without *g's* and pronouns and verbs turned generally topsy-turvy.

"The Talking Leaves" is a spirited story of Indian and other frontier life, and ought to delight the hearts of all boy-readers by its moving incidents and adventures, its hints of gold discoveries, its sport, and its battles and skirmishes. The noble savage in its pages is the savage of to-day, and is as little given to the heroic vein in which he indulged in Cooper's and Mayne Reid's novels as he is to the war-cry and the free use of the scalping-knife. A bit of poetry attaches to the name "The Talking Leaves," which is bestowed upon some magazine pictures picked up by an Apache girl and her adopted sister in the trail of some emigrants. The story will tell how these "talking leaves" spoke to the heart and mind of Rita the white girl, bringing back her old life before she was stolen from her father.

"The Wreck of the Red Bird" gives

the account of the pleasure-expedition of three lads, which ends in disaster, leaving them shipwrecked on an island off the coast of South Carolina. Their experiences, their necessities, their make-shifts and resources, of course suggest "Masterman Ready" and "The Swiss Family Robinson;" but the spirit in which the boys find and accept the infinite friendly forces of nature about them is a little rough and brutal. The dedication of the book claims our respect and sympathy.

This is not the age of "Picture-Books without Pictures," which Hans Christian Andersen used to write to stimulate and nourish childish imaginations. Indeed, the artists and designers have made a great leap beyond the story-tellers of today, and literary fancy needs a balloon to effect flights bold and picturesque enough to keep up with them. One stands amazed at the beauty and novelty of a book like "Elfin Land," and the eye grows dazzled while turning the pages. The whim, the caprice, the prodigality of gay fantasies vibrating between the exquisite and the absurd, keep the mind on a stretch to see what audacity will follow next. The verses are very pretty, notably "The Moon has a Host of Children." As to the pictures, our choice inclines particularly to the frontispiece and the "Dance on the Beach," in which the elfish spirit of frolic that pervades the whole book has its acme.

There is great delicacy and beauty in many of the illustrations of "Christmas Rhymes and New-Year's Chimes," and some will, no doubt, prefer it to Mr. Satterlee's brilliant and sparkling pageant gleaned out of fairy-land. "Tableau Vivant," "A Happy Day," and "Queen of Hearts" will not easily be surpassed in any Christmas-book. Mrs. Brine has gained a wide and faithfully-earned reputation as a writer of verses which suggest the light, sunny, and tender phases of domestic life, and her little poems of themselves bring up pictures of sweet young mothers and wonderful little children with cherubic faces and witching flossy golden hair, who

"Rule by right of their summers two,
Their dimpled cheeks, and their eyes so blue."

Books Received.

Harper's Young People, 1882. New York.

Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Home-Life in the Bible. By Henrietta Lee Palmer. Edited by John Williamson Palmer. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

The Boy Travellers. Egypt and the Holy Land. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Knocking Round the Rookies. By Ernest Ingersoll. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Shakespeare's King Henry the Sixth. By William J. Rolfe, A.M. New York: Harper & Brothers. Parts I., II., III.

Gymnastics of the Voice. By Oskar Guttman. Illustrated. Albany, New York: Edgar Werner.

The Land and the Book.—Central Palestine and Phœnicia. By William M. Thomson, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of New York. By George W. Sheldon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Eras and Characters of History. By William R. Williams. New York: Harper & Brothers.

New Games for Parlor and Lawn. By George B. Bartlett. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Aubert Dubayet; or, The Two Sister Republics. By Charles Gayarré. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

New Arabian Nights. By Robert Louis Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A Little Pilgrim. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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